

SONGES AND SONETTES

written by the right honorable Lorde

Henry Haward late Earle of Sur-

rey, and other.

Apud Richardum Tottell.

Cum priuilegio.

To the reader.

That to haue well written in verse, yea & in small par-
telles, desertueth greate prayse, the woorkes of dy-
uers Latines, Italians, and other, doe proue sufficient-
ly, that our tong is able in that kynde to dooe as prayse
worthely as the rest, the honorable stile of y^e noble Earle
of Surrey, and the weightinesse of the deepe witted Syr
Thomas Wyatt the elders verse, with severall graces in
sundry good Englishe wyters, doe shewe abundantly.
It resteth nowe (gentle reader) that thou thyneke it not e-
uill done, to publish to the honour of the Englishe tong
and for profite of the studious of Englishe eloquencer,
those woorkes whiche the vngentle borders vp of suche
treasure, haue hertofore enuyed thee. And for thys point
(good reader) thine owne profite and pleasure, in these
presently, and in mo hereafter, shal answere for my de-
fence. If perhappes some myslike the flatlinesse of
style remoued from the rude skyll of common eares:

I aske helpe of the learned to defende theyr learned
frendes, the authoers of thys woork. And I
exhort y^e vnlearned, by reading to learne
to bee moze skyllfull, and to purge
that swinelike grossenesse that
maketh the sweete mate:
come not to smell
to theyr de-
light.

Description of the restless state
of a louer, with sute to his
lady, to rue on his dis-
eng hart.

The sunne hath twise brought fourth his tender grene,
Twise cladde the earth in lyuely lustinesse,
Ones haue the wyndes the trees dyspoyled cleue,
And once agayne begynnes theyr cruellnesse,
Synce I haue hvd vnder my brest the harme,
That neuer shal recouer healthfulnesse.
The winters hurt recouers with the warme,
The parched grene restored is with shade
What warinth, alas, may serue for to dysarme
The frosen hart that myne inflame hath made
What colde agayne is able to restore
My freshe grene perce, that wither thus and fade
Alas I see nothing hath hurt so sore,
But tyme in tyme reduceth a returne,
In tyme my harme encreaseth more and more
And seemes to haue my cure alwayes in scorne,
A straunge kindes of death, in lyfe that I doe tye,
At hand to melt, farre off in flame to burne,
And like as tyme lyst to my cure applye,
So doth eche place my comfort cleane refuse.
All thing aloue, that seeth the heauens with eye,
With cloke of night may couer and excuse
It selfe from traunple of the dayes vnrest,
Haue I, alas, agaynst all others vse,
That then styre by the tormentes of my brest,
And curse eche sterre as causet of my fate,
And when the sunne hath eke the darke oppress,
and brought the day, it doth nothing abate
The trauayles of myne endlesse smart and payne,
For then as one that hath the light in hate,
I wishe for night, more conuertly to playne,
and me withdraue from euery haunted place,
Lest by my chere my chaunce appeare to playne,
and in my mynde I measure pace by pace.

Songes

X To seeke the place where I my selfe had lost,
 X That day that I was tangled in the lace,
 In sempyng slacke that knytteth euer most,
 But neuer yet the trauaple of my thought
 Of better sta'e could catche a cause to boost.
 For if I founde sometime that I haue sought,
 Those sterres by whome I trusted of the port,
 My sayles do fall, and I aduaunce right nought,
 I s ankard fast, my sprites doe all resort
 To stand agazed, and sinke in moze and moze
 The deadly harme which she doth take in sport.
 No, if I seeke, how I doe fynd my soze,
 And if I flee, I cary with me styll
 The venomd shaft, which doth hys force restore
 By hast of flight, and I may playne my fill
 Vnto my selfe, vnlesse this carefull song
 Print in your heart some parcell of my tene,
 For I alas in sylvence all to long
 Of myne olde hurt, yet fele the wound but grene,
 Hue on my lyfe, or e's your cruell wrong
 Shall well appeare, and by my death be fene.

Matrimonial band

Descripcion of spring, wherein eche thing renews, saue onely the louer.

The soote season, that bud and bloome fourth bringes,
 With grene hath cladde the hyll, and eke the vale,
 The Nightingale with fethers new she singes,
 The Turtle to her make hath told her tale.
 Somer is come, for euey spray now springes,
 The hart hath hong hys olde head on the pale.
 The bucke in brake his winter coate he flynges,
 The fishes flete with newe repayzed scale,
 The adder all her slough away she flynges,
 The swift swallowe pursueth the flyes smalle,
 The busp bee her honey now she mynges,
 Winter is worne that was the floures bale,
 And thus I see among these pleasant thynges,
 Eche care decays, and yet my sorow springes.

Descrip

Description of the restles estate
of a louer.

When youth had led me halfe the race
That Cupides scourge had made me runne
I looked backe to mete the place,
From whence my wery course begunne.

And then I sawe howe my desyre,
Misguydyng me had led the waye,
Myne eyes to greedy of theyr hyre,
Had made me lose a better pray.

For when in sighes I spent the day,
And could not cloke my grief with gaynes:
The boyling smoke dyd still betray
The present heate of secreete flame.

And when salt teares doe bayne my brest,
Where loue his pleasant traynes hath sowed:
Her beauty hath the fruites opprest,
Ere that the buddes were sprong and blowne.

And when myne eyes dyd still pursue
The flyeng chace of theyr request,
Theyr greedy looks dyd oft renew
The hydden wound within my brest.

When euery looke these chekes might stayne,
From deadly pale to glowing red,
By outward signes appeared playne,
To her for helpe my heart was fled.

But all to late loue learneth me,
To paynt all kynd of colours new:
To blynd theyr eyes that els should see
My speckled chekes with Cupides hew.

And now the couer: brest I clame,
That worshipt Cupide secretely,
And nourished hys sacred flame:
From whence no blasing sparkes do flye.

Description of the fickle affections,
panges, and sleightes
of loue.

Songes.

Such wayward wapes hath lone, that most part in discorde
 Our willes do stand, whereby our hartes but seldom do accord,
 Deceite is hys delpyght, and to begyle and moche
 The simple hartes, whom he doth strike & croward diners stroke,
 He causeth thone to rage with golden burning parte
 And doth alay with leaden cold again the others hart,
 whote gleames of burning fore, and easly sparkes of flame
 In balance of vnegall weight he pondereth by ame.
 From easly ford where I myght wade and passe full well,
 He me withdraues, and doth me dryue into a depe darke hell.
 And me withholdes where I am calde and offred place,
 And willes me that my mortall foe I doe beseech of grace,
 He lettes me to pursue a conquest welnere wonne,
 To followe where my paynes were lost, ere that my fate begonne.
 So by this meanes I knowe howe soone a hart may turne
 From warre to peace, from truce to stryfe, and so agayne retorne,
 I know how to content my selfe in others lust
 Of litle stuffe vnto my selfe to weene a webbe of trust.
 And how to hyde my harmes with soft dissembling there,
 whan in my face the painted thoughtes would outwardly appere,
 I know how that the bloud forsakes the face for dyed,
 and how by shame it staynes agayne the cheekes with flaming red.
 I know vnder the greene the serpent how he lurkes,
 The hammer of the restlesse forge, I wote eke how it workes.
 I knowe and can by rote the tale that I would tell,
 But oft the woordes come fourth a wyse of him that loveth well.
 I knowe in heate and cold the lover how he shakes,
 In singing how he doth complayne, in sleeping how he wakes.
 To languish without ache, sickelesse for to consume,
 A thousand thinges for to deuyse, resolving of his faine,
 And though he lyst to see his ladies grace full fore,
 Such pleasures as delpyght his eye, do not his health restore.
 I knowe to seeke the tracte of my desyred foe,
 and feare to fynde that I do seeke, but chiefly this I know,
 That lovers must transfoarme into the thing beloued,
 and lye (alas who would beleue?) with spyte from lyfe remoued.
 I knowe in heartly sighes and laughters of the splene,
 at once to chaunge my state, my will, and eke my colour clene.
 I know how to deteine my selfe with others helpe,
 and how the Lyon chastised is by beating of the whelpe.
 In standyng nere the fyre, I knowe how that I freeke,
 fatter of I burne, in both I wast, and so my lyfe I leese.

I know how loue doth rage vpon a yelding minde,
 How small a net may take and make a hart of gentle kinde,
 Or els with seldome smecte to season heapes of gail,
 Encured with a glimpse of grace old sorowes to let fall.
 The hidden traines I know and secret snares of loue,
 How soone a loke will print a the night, that neuer may remoue.
 The slipper state I know, the fodein turnes from wealth,
 The doubtfull hope, the certain woe, and sure dispeired health.

Complaint of a louer, that defied
 loue and vvas by loue after
 the more tor-
 mented.

When somer toke in hand the winter to assaile,
 With force of might, a stue great, his stormy blasts to quail.
 And when he clothed faire the earth about with grene,
 And euery tree new garmented, that pleasure was to sene,
 Mine hart gan new reuiue, and changed blood did stur,
 He to withdraue my winter woes, that kept within the dur.
 I brode, quod my desire, assay to set, thy fete
 Where thou shalt finde the sauer sweets, for spring is euery rote.
 And to thy health, if thou wert sick in any case,
 Nothing more good, than in the spring the aire to fele a place.
 Where shalt thou heare and se a kinde of birdes prouought,
 Wel tune their voice with warble smal, as nature hath the sought.
 Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to leaue,
 And for my health I thought it best such counsel to receaue.
 So on a morow furth, vniwill of any might,
 I went to proue how well it woude my heauy burden light.
 And when I feit the aire so pleasant rounde about,
 Lorde, to my self how glad I was that I had gotten out.
 There might I se how Mer had euery blossome hent,
 And eke the new betrothed birdes proupled how they went.
 And in their songes me though they thanked nature much,
 That by her licence al that yere to lone their happe was such,
 Asight as they could deuise to chose them feres throughout,
 With much reioysing to their Lorde thus flew they al about.
 Which when I gan resolue, and in my head conceaue,
 What pleasant lyfe, what heapes of ioy these litle birdes receaue,

Songes

And saide in what estate I wery man was wrought,
By want of that they had at will, and I relect at nought:
Lord how I gan in wrath butwisely me demeane,
I cursed loue and him defied: I thought to turne the streame,
But when I well beheld he had me vnder awe,
I asked mercy for my fault, that so transgressed his law.
Thou blinded God (quod I) forgeue me this offence,
Unwittingly I went about, to malice thy pretence.
Wherewith he gaue a beck, and thus me thought he swoze,
Thy sorow ought suffice to purge thy fault, if it were moze,
The vertue of the which sound mine hart did so renue,
That I me thought, was made as hoale as any man alieue,
But here I may perceiue min error al and some,
For that I thought that so it was: yet was it still vndone.
And al that was no moze but mine expressed minde,
That saine would haue some good reliefe, of Cupide welassinde.
I turned howe forth with and might perceiue it well,
That he agreed was right sore with me for my rebel.
My harmes haue euer since, encreased moze and moze,
And I remaine without his helpe, vndone for euer moze.
A mirror let me be vnto ye louers all:
Strive not with loue, for if ye do, it will ye thus befall.

Complaint of a louer rebuked,

Loue that liueth, and raigneth in my thought,
That built his seat within my captiue brest,
Clad in the armes, wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
O he, that me thought to loue, and suffer paine,
My doubtfull hope, and eke my hot desire,
With shamfast cloke to shadowe and restrain
Her smiling grace conuerteth straight to ire.
And rowzed loue then to the hart apace
Takerh his flight, whereas he lurkes and plaines
His purpose lost, and dare not shewe his face,
For my lordes gilt thus faultlesse bide I paines,
Yet from my lordes shal not my foote remoue.
Sweete is his deeth, that takes his end by loue,
Come

Complaint of the louer disdained.

In Ciprus, syzinges, wheras dame Venus dwelt,
 A well so hote, that who so tastes the same,
 Were he of stone, as chawed yse should melt,
 And kindlede sinde his brest with fixed flame.
 Whose moyst poison dissolued hath my hate,
 This creping fire my colde lims so opprest,
 That in the hart that harborde freedom late,
 Endlesse despeyre longe thraldome hath impress.
 An other so colde in frozen yse is founde,
 Whose chilling venom of repugnant kinde
 The feruent heat doth quenche of Cupides wounde
 And with the spot change infectes the minde,
 Wherof my dere hath tasted, to my paine.
 My seruice thus is growen into disdaine.

Descripcion and praise of his
 loue Geraldine.

From Tuscan came my ladies worthy race.
 Faire Florence was sometime her auncient seate,
 The western yle, whose pleasant shore doth face
 Wilde Cambers clifs, did geue her lyuely heate,
 Fosterd she was with milke of Irishe brest:
 Her sire, an Erie: her dame of princes blood,
 From tender yeres, in Britaine she doth rest,
 With kinges childe, where she taketh costly foode,
 Honson bid first present her to myne pient:
 Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight.
 Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine:
 And windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight,
 Her beauty of kinde her vertues from aboue,
 Happy is he, that can obtain her loue.

The traitie and hurtfulnes
 of beaurie.

Beautie beaurie that nature made so fraile,
 Wherof the gift is small and shor: the leason.

Flow

Songes

Flowring to day, to morowe apt to faile,
 Tickle treasure abhorred of reason,
 Dangerous to deale with, vaine of none analle,
 Costly in keeping, past not worthe two peason.
 Slipper in sliding as is an eles taile,
 Harde to attraine, once gotten not geason,
 Jewell of iopardie that perill dothe assaile,
 False and vntrewe, enticed oft to treason,
 Enemy to youth, that most may I bewaile.
 Th bitter swete infecting as the popson,
 Thou farest as frute that with the frost is taken.
 To day redy ripe, to morow al to shaken.

A complaint by night of the louer
 not beloued.

Alas so althinges now doe holde their peace.
 Heauen and earth disturbed in nothing,
 The beastes the ayer, the birdes their songe doe cease,
 The nightes chare the stares aboute doth bring.
 Calme is the sca, the waues worke lesse and lesse,
 So am not I, whome lone alas doth wring,
 Bringing before my face the great increase
 Of my desires, whereat I wepe and sing,
 In ioy and wo, as in a doubtfull case.
 For my swete thoughtes, some tyme doe pleasure bring.
 But by and by the cause of my disease
 Gennes me a pang, that inwardly doth sting,
 When that I thinke what grief it is againe,
 To liue and lacke the thing should ridde my payn.

How eche thing saue the louer
 in spring reuiue to
 pleasure.

When wind for walles sustained my wearied arme,
 My haude my chin, to ease my restless hed,
 The pleasant plot reuested greene, with warine,
 The blossomd bowes with lusty fler pspied.

The floured meendes, the wedded byrdes so late
 Myne eyes dysceuer, and to my mynd resorte
 The ioly woes, the hatelesse short debate,
 The rakehell lyfe that longes to loues dyspozte
 wherewith (alas) the heauy charge of care
 Heapt in my brest, breakes fourth agaynst my will,
 In smoky sightes, that ouercast the ayre,
 My vapord eyes such dreary teares bystill,
 The tender spring whichs quicken where they fall,
 and I halfe bent to throwe me downe withall.

A vowe to loue faithfully howe
 focuer he be re-
 warded.

SEt me wher eas the sonne doth parche the grene,
 Or where his beames doe not dissolue the ple,
 In temperate heate where he is felt and sene,
 In presence preit of people madde or wise.
 Set me in hye, or yet in lowe degree,
 In longest night, or in the shortest day,
 In clearest skye, or where cloudes thickest be,
 In lusty youth, or when my heates are graye,
 Set me in heauen, in earth, or els in hell,
 In hyl: or dale, or in the soming flood,
 I shall, or at large, atpue where so I dwell,
 Sicke or in health, in euill fame or good,
 Wers will I be, and onely with this thought,
 Content my selfe, although my chaunce be nought.

Complaint that his lady after she
 knew of his loue, kept her face
 alway hidden from
 hym.

7 Neuer sawe my lady laye apart,
 Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
 Sith first she knew my griele was growen so great,

which

Songes

Which other fancies bypeth from my hart
That to my selfe I doe the thought reserve,
The which vnwares dyd wound my wofull brest
But on her face myne eyes mought neuer rest,
Yet synce she knewe I dyd her loue and serue,
Her golden tresses cladde alway with blacke,
Her impling lookes that had thus euermore,
And that restraynes which I desyre so sore:
So doth this cornet gouerne me alacke,
In summer, sunne, in winters breath, a frost,
Whereby the lyght of her fayre lookes I lost.

Request to hys loue to ioyne
bountie with beauty.

The golden gyft that nature dyd thee geue,
To fasten frendes, and feede them at thy will,
With fourme and fauour, taught me to beleue,
How thou art made to shew her greatest skyll,
Whose hydden vertues are not so vnknown
But lyuely domes might gather at the fyrst
Where beauty so her perfect seede hath sown.
Of all other graces follow nedes there must.
Now certesse Ladie, synce all this is true,
That from aboue thy gyftes are thus elect,
Doe not deface them than with fancies newe,
Nor chaunge of myndes let not the mynde infect,
But mercy him thy frende, that doth thee serue,
Who seekes alway thyne honour to preserue.

Prisoner in Windsor, he re-
counteth his pleasure
there passed.

So cruell prison howe could betyde, alas,
As proude Windsoz: where I in lust and ioye,
With a kinges sonne, my childishe yeres dyd passe,
In greater feast than Priams sonnes of Troie,
Where eche swete place returnes a tast full somet:

The large grene courtes where we were wont to hone,
 With eyes cast vp into the maydens tower,
 And easy sighes, such as folke drawe in loue,
 The statelie seates, the ladies bright of hewe,
 The daunces short, long tales of great delight,
 With woordes and lookes, that tygres could but rewe,
 Where eche of vs dyd pleade the others right,
 The palme play, where, dyspoyled for the game,
 With dazed eyes oft we by gleames of loue,
 Hane myst the ball, and gote sight of our dame,
 To bayte her eyes, which kept the leads aboue,
 The grauell ground with sleues tyed on the helme,
 On sompng horse, with swordes and frendly heartes,
 With cheare as though one should another whelme,
 Where we haue fought, and chaled oft with dartes,
 With siluer droppes the meade yet spred for ruthe,
 In actiue games of numblenes and strength,
 Where we dyd strayne trayned with swarmes of youth
 Our tender lymmes, that yet shot vp in length,
 The secret groues, which oft we made resounde
 Of pleasant playnt, and of our ladies prayse,
 Recordyng oft what grace echeone had founde,
 What hope of speede, what dreade of long delayes,
 The wylde, forsest, the clothed holtes with grene,
 With rapns auapled, and swifty breathed horse,
 With crye of houndes, and mery blastes betwene,
 Where we dyd chase the fearefull hart of force.
 The wyde bales eke, that harborde vs eche night,
 wherewith (alas) reuiueeth in my brest,
 The sweete accorde, such sleepes as yet delyght
 The pleasant dreames, the quyet bed of rest,
 The secrete thoughtes imparted with such trust,
 The wanton talke, the dyuers chaunge of playe,
 The frendship sworne, eche promise kept so iust,
 wherewith we past the winter night away.
 And with this thought, the bloud forsakes the face,
 The teares berayne my cheekes of deadly hewe
 The which as soone as sobbyng sighes (alas)
 Upspyed haue, thus I my playnt renewe,
 A place of blisse, reuer of my woes,
 Come me accompt, where is my noble fere,
 I hom in thy walles thou doest eche night enclose,

Songes

To other leefe, but unto me most deere
 Ecche (alas) that doth my sorowe reue,
 Returns therio a hollowe sounde of playnt,
 Thus I alone, where all my freedom grewe,
 In prison pynne, with bondage and restraint,
 and with remembrance of the greater griefe,
 To banishe the lesse I find my thiefe reliefe.

The louer comforteth himselfe
 vvith the vvorthines of
 hys loue.

VVhen raging loue with extreme payne,
 Most cruelly distraynes my hart,
 When that my teares as floudes of rayne,
 Beare witness of my wofull smart,
 When sighes haue wasted so my breath,
 That I lye at the poynt of death.
 As I call to mynd the nauy grate,
 That the Grekes brought to Troy towne,
 and how the boysteous wyndes dyd beate,
 Theyr shippes, and rent theyr sayles adowne,
 Wyl I Agamemnon's daugh-ter's bloode,
 Appealed the Geddies that them with bloode.
 And how that in those ten yeres warre
 Full many a bloudy dede was done,
 And many a lord that came full farr,
 There caught his bane (alas) to laste,
 and many a good knight ouercome,
 Before the Grekes had Helen wonne.
 When thinke I thus, with such repa-
 So long tyme warre of vallant men,
 was all to winne a lady fayre,
 Shall I not learne to suffer then,
 And thinke my tyme well spent to be,
 Seruing a woorthier wight then shee
 Therefore I neuer will repent,
 But paynes contented I'll endure,
 For like as when rough winter spent,
 The pleasant spring straight draweth in vnto.

So after raging stormes of care
 Joyfull at length may be my fare.

Complaint of the absence of
 her louer being vpon
 the seas.

O happy dames that may embrace
 The fruite of your delight,
 Helpe to bewaile the wofull case
 and eke the heauy plight
 Of me that wanted to reioyce
 The fortune of my pleasant choyce,
 Good ladies helpe to fyll my mourning doyes.
 In shyppe, freight with remembraunce
 Of thoughtes and pleasures past,
 He sayles that hath in gouernaunce
 My life while it will last.
 With scalding sighes for lacke of gale
 Hardnering his hope that is his saile
 Toward me, the sweete port of his anayle.
 Alas, how oft in dreames I see
 Those eyes that were my foode,
 Which sometyme so deliyted me,
 That yet they doe me good.
 wherewith I wake with his returne,
 whose absent flame byd make me burne,
 But when I fynd the lacke, lord how I mourne?
 when other louers in armes acrosse,
 Reioyce theyr chiefe delight,
 Drowned in teares to mourne my losse
 I stand the bytter night
 In my window, where I may see
 Before the winde how the cloudes flee.
 Lo what mariner loue hath made me.
 And in grene waues when the salt flood
 Doth ryse by rage of wynde,
 a thousand fantasies in that mood,
 assaile my restles mynd.
 Alas, now drencheth my sweet so,
 That with the spyle of my hart byd go,

Songes

And left me (but alas) why dyd he so?
And when the seas waxe calme agayne,
To chace from me annoye,
My doubtfull hope doth cause me playne,
So dreade euts of my ioye.
Thus is my wealth myngled with wo,
And of eche thought a doubt doth growe,
Now he comes, will he come? alas no no.

Complaint of a dying louer re- fused vpon his ladies iniust mistaking of hys wryting.

If winters iust returne, when Boreas gan his raygne,
And euery tree vnclouthed fast, as nature taught them playne,
In mysty morning darke, as shepe are then in holde,
I hyed me fast, it sat me on, my shepe for to vnfolde.
And as it is a thyng that louers haue by fyttes,
Under a palme I heard one crye, as he had lost hys wittes.
Whose voyce dyd ryng so shrill in vtterynge of hys playnt,
That I amazed was to heare, howe loue could hym attaynt.
Oh wretched man, quod he, come death and ridde thyss wo:
A iust reward, a happy end, if it may chaunce thee so.
Thy pleasures past haue wroughte thy wo, without redresse,
If thou hadst neuer felt no ioy, thy smart had been the lesse.
And rechelesse of his lyfe, he gan both sigh and grone,
A rusfull thyng me thought it was, to heare hym make such mone,
Thou cursed pen, sayd he, wo worth the byrd thee bare,
The man, the knyfe, and a'l that made thee, wo be to theyr share,
Wo worth the tyme and place, where I so could endyte,
And wo be it yet once agayne, the pen that so can wryte.
Unhappy hand, it had been happy tyme for me,
If when to wryte thou learned fyrst, vntoynted hadst thou be.
Thus cursed he himselfe, and euery other wight,
Sawe her alone whome loue him bound to serue both day & night!
Which when I heard, and saw, how he himselfe fordyd,
Agaynst the ground with bloudy strokes, himselfe euen there to rid
Had been my heart of flint, it must haue melted tho.

For in my lyfe I neuer sawe a man so full of wo.
 With teares for his redicelle, I rashely to him ran,
 And in my armes I caught hym fast, and thus I spake hym than,
 What wofull wight art thou, that in such heauy case
 Tormentes thy selfe with such despyte, here in this desert place?
 Wherewith, as all agast, fulfylde with yre and dread,
 He cast on me a staring looke, with colour pale and dead.
 May, what art thou (quod he) that in thys heauy plyght,
 Dost finde me here, most woful wretch, that life hath in despyght?
 I am (quod I) but poore, and simple in degree,
 A shepheardes charge I haue in hand, vnworthy though I be.
 With that he gaue a sighe as though the skye should fall,
 and loude (alas) he shryked oft, and shepheard gan he call.
 Come hys thee fast at ones, and print it in thy hart,
 So thou shall know, and I shall tell the gyttlesse how I smart.
 Hys backe against the tree, sore febled al with faynt,
 With wepy spryte he stretcht him vp, and thus he told his playnt.
 Once in my heart (quod he) it chaunced me to loue
 Such one, in whome hath nature wrought, her cūning for to proue
 And sure I cannot say, but many yeres were spent,
 With such good will so recompens, as both we were content.
 Whereto then I am bound, and she lykewise also,
 The sunne should runne his course awy, ere we thys sayth forgo,
 Who toyd then, but I? who had this worldes blysse?
 Who myght compare a lyfe to myne, that neuer thought on this?
 But dwelling in this truth, amid my greatest ioy,
 Is me befallen a greater losse then Priam had of Troy.
 She is reuerfed clene, and beareth me in hand
 That my desertes haue geue cause to breke this faithful band.
 And for my iust excuse awayleth no defence,
 Now knowest thou all, I can no more, but shepherd hys the hēce.
 And geue him leaue to dye, that may no longer lyue,
 Whose record lo I claime to haue, my death I doe forgeue.
 And eke when I am gone, be bolde to speake it playne,
 Thou hast serue dye the truest man that euer loue dyd payne.
 Wherewith he turnde hym rounde, and gasping oft for breath,
 Into his armes a tree he raught, and sayd welcome my death.
 Welcome a thousand fold, now dearer vnto me,
 Than should without her loue to liue, an Emperour to be.
 Thus in this wofull state he yelded vp the gost,
 and litle knoweth his ladye, what a louer she hath lost.
 Whose death when I beheld, no matuell was it right,

Songes

For pittie though my hart byd blede, to see so piteous sight.

My bloud from heate to colde oft chaunged wonders so,
a thousand troubles there I found I neuer knew before.

Twene dreade and dolour, so my spretes were brought in feare,
That long it was ere I could call to minde, what I byd there.

But as eche thing hath ende, so had these paynes of myne,
The furies past, and I my wittes restorde by length of tyme.

Then as I could druple, to seeke I thought it best,
where I myght finde some worthy place, for such a corps to rest.

And in my mynde it came, from thence not farre away,
where Creselds lone, king Driams sone, the worthy Troylas lay.

By him I made his tombe, in token he was true,
and as to him belongeth well, I conected it with blewe.

Whose soule by angels power, departed not so soone,
But to the heauens, so is fled, for to receiue his dome.

Complaint of the absence of her louer beyng vpon the sea.

Good Ladies, ye that haue your pleasures in exile,
Step in your foote, come take a place, & mooue with me a while
And such as by theyr lordes do set but little pryce,
Let them sit styll, it skilles them not what chaunce come on the dice.

But ye whome loue hath bound by order of desyre
To loue your lordes, whose good deserts none other would require:
Come ye yett once agayne, and set your foote by myne,
whose wofull plight and sorowes great no tong may well define.

My loue and lord alas, in whom consistes my welth,
Hath fortune sent to passe the seas in hazard of his helth.
Whome I was wont to embrace with well contented mynde,
Is now amyd the sompyng floods at pleasure of the wynde.

where god will him preserue, and soone him homie me sende,
without which hope, my wfe (alas) were shortly at an ende.
whose absence yett although my hope doth tell me playne,
with short retorne he comes anone, yett ceaseth not my payne.

The fearefull dreames I haue, oft tymes doe grieue me so,
That when I wake I lye in doubt where they be true or no.
Sometime the roaring seas, me seemes do growe so hye,
That my deare lord, as me alas, me thinkes I see him bye.
At other time the same doth tell me he is come,

And

and playing, where I shall hym finde with his faire kittle sonne.

So, fourth I goe apace to see that lefesome sight,
and with a kysse, me thinke I say, welcome my lord, my knight.

Welcome my swete, alas, the stay of my welfare,
Thy presence bringeth fourth a truce atwart me, and my care.

Then liuely doth he looke, and salueth me agayne,
and sayth, my dere how is it now, that you haue all this payne?
wherewith the heauy cares, that heapt are in my brest,
Breake fourth and me dischargen cleene of all my huge vntrest.

But when I me awake, and finde it but a dreame,
The anguish of my former wo beginneth moze extreame.

And me tormenteth so, that vnto may I finde
Some hidden place, wherein to slake the gnawing of my mynde.

Thus euery way you see, with absence how I burne,
and for my wound no cure I finde, but hope of good retorne.

Haue when I thinke, by fewe how swete is felt the moze,
It doth abate some of my paynes, that I abode befoze.

And then vnto my selfe I say, when we shall meete,
But litle whyle shall seme this payne, the ioy shalbe so swete.

Ye windes I you conure in chiefest of your rage,
That ye my lord safely send my sorowes to all wage.

And that I may not long abyde in this excesse,
De your good will to cure a wight, that liueth in dystresse.

A praise of his loue wherein he
reproueth them that compare
their Ladies with his.

Geue place ye louers here befoze
That spent your boastes and bragges in bayne,

My Ladies beauty passeth moze
The best of yours, I dare wel sayne,
Than doth the sunne, the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as iust,
as had per clope the faire,
For what she sayth ye may it trust,
as it by writing sealed were.

and vertues hath she many moe
Than I with pen haue skill to shewe.

I could reherse, if that I would
The whole effect of natures plaint,

Songes

When she had lost the perfite mould,
The lyke to whom she could not paynt:
With wrynging handes howe she dyd crye,
and what she said, I know it I.

I knowe she swoze with raging mynde,
Her kingdome onely set apart,
There was no losse by lawe of kynde,
That could haue gone so nere her hart,
and this was chiefly all her payne,
She could not make the lyke agayne.

Sith nature thus gaue her the prayse
To be the chiefest worke she wrought,
In sayth me thinke some better wayes
On your behalfe might well be sought,
Then to compare (as ye haue done)
To matche the candle with the sunne.

To the ladie that skorned her louer.

Although I had a checke,
To geue the mate is harde,
For I haue founde a necke
To kepe my men in garde.
And you that hardy are
To geue so great assaye
Vnto a man of warre
To dzyue his men away:

I rede you take good hede,
and marke this foolish verse,
For I will so prouyde
That I will haue your ferce.

And when your ferce is had
and all your warre is done,
Then shall your selfe be glad
To end that you begonne.

For if by chaunce I winne
your persone in the fiede,
To late then come you in,

Pour selfe to me to yelde.

For I will vse my power
as captayne full of myght,
And such I will deuoure
as vse to shew me spight.

And for because you gaue
me checke in your degree,
This vantage loe I haue,
Now ch:cke, and garde to thee.
Defende it if thou may,
Stand styffe in thyne estate,
For sure I will assap
If I can geue the mate.

A warning to the louer
how he is abused
by his loue.

To dearly had I bought my greene and youthfull yeres;
If in myne age I coulde not fynde when craft for loue apperes.
And seldome though I come in court among the rest,
Yet can I iudge in colours dymme, as depe as can the best.
Where grieve tormentes the man that suffreth secret smart,
To breake it fourth vnto some frend it easeth well the hart.
So standes it now with me for my beleued frend,
This case is thine, for whome I feeke such torment of my mynde.
And for thy sake I burne so in my secret brest
That tyll thou know my whole displease, my heart can haue no rest.
I see how thine abuse hath wrested so thy wittes,
That all it yeldes to thy desyre, and followes thee by fittes.
Where thou hast loued so long with heart and al thy power,
I see thee fed with fayned wordes, thy fredome to deuouer.
I know (though she say nay, and would it wel withstand)
When in her grace thou yeldest thee most, she bare thee but in hand.
I see her pleasant chere in chieftest of thy suite,
When thou art gone, I see him come, that gathers by the fruite.
And eke in thy respect I see the base degree
Of him to whom she gaue the hart that promised was to thee.
I see (what would you more) stode neuer man so sure
On womans woord, but wisdom would mistrust it to endure.

Songes

The forsaken louer describeth and forsaketh loue.

O Lothsome place where I
Hauc seene and heard my dere,
When in my heart her eye
Hath made her thought appere
By glinsing with such grace
as fortune it ne would,
That lasten any space
Betwene vs longer should.

As fortune byd aduance,
To further my desyre,
Queen so hath fortunes chaunce
Thrown all amiddes the myre.
And that I haue deserued
with true and faithful hart,
As to his handes reserved
That neuer felt the smart.

But happy is that man
That scaped hath the grieve
That loue well teache him can
By wanting hys reliefe.
A scourge to quiet myndes
It is, who taketh hede,
a common plague that byndes,
a trauell without mede.

Thys gyft it hath also,
who so enioyes it most,
A thousand troubles growe
To vex his worried ghost.
And last it may not long
The truest thing of all,
and sure the greatest wrong
That is within this thrall.

But since thou desert place
Canst geue me no accompte,
Of my desyred grace
That I to haue was wont,
Fare well thou hast me taught

To think me not the furst,
 That loue hath set a loft,
 And callen in the dust.

The louer describes his restlesse state.

As of as I beholde and se
 The soueraigne beautie that me bound
 The niter my comfort is to me,
 Alas the fresher to my wound.

As flame doth quench by rage of fire,
 And running streames consumes by raine,
 So doth the sight that I desire,
 Appeale my grief and deadly paine.

First whē I saw those cristall streames,
 Whose beauty made my mortall wounde:
 I little thought within her beames
 So swete a venom to haue found.

But wilfull wil did prick me forth,
 And blinde Cupide did whippe & guide:
 Force made me take my grieffe in worth,
 My fruitles hope my harme did hide.

As cruel waues full oft be found,
 Against the rockes to roze and cry,
 So doth my hart full oft rebound
 Against my brest ful bitterly.

I fall, and se mine owne decay,
 As one that beares flame in his brest,
 Forgets in paine to put away,
 The thing that bredeth mine vnrest.

The louer excuseth himself of suspected change.

Though I regarded not
 The promise made by me,
 Or passed not to spot
 My faith and honestie,

Songes

Yet were my fansie strange,
And wilfull will to wite,
If I sought now to change,
I falkon for a kite.

All men might wel dispraise
My wit and enterprise,
If I esteemed a pease,
Aboue a pearle in price,
Or iudged the owle in sight
The sparhawk to excell,
Which flieth but in the night,
As all men know right well.

Or if I sought to saile
Into the brittle port,
Where anker hold doth faile,
To such as do resort,
And leaue the haven sure
Where blowes no blustering wind,
Nor sicklenesse in bre
So farforth as I finde.

No think me not so light,
Nor of so churlish kinde,
Though it lay in my might,
My bondage to vnbinde,
That I would leaue the hinde
To hunt the ganders fo,
No no I haue no minde
To make exchanges so.

Nor yet to change at all,
For thinke it may not be
That I should seke to fall
From my felicitie.

Desirous for to win,
And loth for to forgo,
Or new change to begin,
How may all this be so?

The fire it cannot frese:
For it is not his kinde,
For true loue cannot lese
The constancie of minde
Yet as sone shall the fire,
Want heate to blase and burne,

As I in such desire,
Haue once, a thought to turne.

A carelesse man, scorning and
describing the fittle v-
sage of women to-
wardes the r
louers

VVapt in me carelesse cloke, as I walk to and fro,
I see, how loue can shew, what force there reigneth in his bow,
And how he shoteth eke, a hardy hart to wound,
And where he glaunceth by againe, that litle hurt is founde.
For seldome is it sene, he woundeth hartes a like,
The tone may rage, when to others loue is often farre to seke.
All this I see, with more, and wonder thinketh mee,
How he can strike the one so sore, and leaue the other free.
I see, that wounded wight, that suffreth al this wrong,
How he is fed with peas, and napes, and liueth al to long.
In silence though I kepe such secretes to my self,
yet do I see, how she sometime doth yelde a looke by skelth,
As though it semde, ywis I will not lose the so,
When in her hart so swete a thought did neuer truly grow,
Then say I thus, alas that man is farre from blisse
That doth receiue for his relief none other gaine but this
And she that feedes him so, I see and finde it plain,
Is but to glory in her power, that ouer such can raigne,
For are such graces spent, but when she thinkes, that he,
A wery man is fully bent, such fancies to let flee,
Then to retaine him stil, she wresteth new her grace,
And smileth so, as though she woulde for with the man embrace.
But when the prose is made, to try such lokes with all,
He findeth then the place al voyde, and freighted full of gall.
Lord what abuse is this? who can such women praise?
What for their glory do deuise, to vse such craftie waies.
I, that among the rest do sit, and marke the row,
Finde that in her is greater craft, then is in twenty moe.
Whose tender peres, alas, with wiles so wel are sped,
What wil she do, when hozy heares, are powdred in her hed?

Songes

An answer in the behalfe of a woman of
an vncertaine aucthor.

Girt in my gittles gowne as I sit here and sow,
I see that thinges are not in dede as to the outwarde show.
And who so list to loke and note thinges somewhat nere,
Shal find wher plainesse seemes to haue nothing but craft appere,
For with indifferent eyes my self can well discerne,
How som to guide a ship in stormes seke for to take the sterne,
Whose practise if were proued in calme to steere a barge,
Assuredly beleue it well it were to great a charge.
And some I se again sit still and say but small,
That coulde do ten times more then they that say they can do all,
Whose goodly giftes are such the more they vnderstand,
The more they seke to learne and know & take lesse charge in hand.
And to declare more plain the time fleetes not so fast,
But I can beare full well in minde the song now song and past,
The auctoz wherof come, wrapt in a crafty cloke,
With will to force a flaming fire where he could raise no smoke,
If power and will had ioined as it appereth plaine,
The truth nor right had tane no place their vertues had ben vaine
So that you may perceine, and I may satisfy se,
The innocent that guiltlesse is, condemned should haue be.

The constant louer la-
menteth.

Sins fortunes wrath enuileth the welth,
Wherin I raigned by the sight
Of that that fed mine eyes by sight,
With sower, swete, dread and delight.
Let not my grief moue you to mone,
For I will wepe and waile alone.
Spite draue me into Bores raigne,
Where hory frostes the fruites do bite,
When hilles were spred and euery plaine
With stormy winters mantle white.
And yet my dere such was my heate,
When others freeze then did I sweate.
And now though on the sunne I dye,
Whose fetuent flams all thinges decays,

His beames in brightnesse may not striue,
 With light of your swete golden rayes,
 Nor from my brest this heate remoue,
 The frozen thoughtes grauen by loue.
 He may the waues of the salt floode,
 Quenche that your beauty set on fyre,
 For tho igh myne eyes forbear the foode,
 That byd relieue the hote desyre,
 Such as I was such will I be,
 Your owne, what would ye more of me?

A song written by the Earle of Surrey
 by a lady that refused to daunce
 with him.

Eche beast can choose his sere accordyng to his mynde,
 and eke can shewe a frendly chere lyke to theyr beastly kynde.
 A Lyon sawe I late as whyte as any snowe,
 which semed well to leade the race his port the same did shewe,
 Upon the gentle beast to gaze it pleased me,
 For still me thought he semed well of noble blood to bee.
 And as he prauuced before, still seeking for a make,
 as who would say there is none here I trowe will nie forsake.
 I might perceiue a wolfe as whyte as whales bone,
 a fairer beast of fresher hue beheld I neuer none.
 Hauke that her lookes were coy, and froward eke her grace,
 Unto the which this gentle beast gan him auance apace.
 And with a becke full lowe he bowed at her feete,
 In humble wise as who would say, I am to farre vnmeeete.
 But such a scornfull chere wherwith she him rewarded,
 was neuer secne I trowe the like to such as well deserued.
 with that she start asyde welnere a foote or twayne,
 and vnto him thus gan she say with spyte and great disdain.
 Euen she sayde, if thou hadst knownen my mynde befoze,
 Thou hadst not spent thy trauayle thus nor all thy payne forloze.
 Do way I let thee wete thou shalt not play with me,
 Go range aboute where thou mayst finde some meter sere for thee.
 With that he bet his taile, his eyes began to flame,
 I might perceiue his noble heart much moued by the same.
 Yet saw I him refrayne and eke his wrath aswage,
 and vnto her thus gan he say when he was past his rage.

Cruell

Songes

Cruell you doe me wrong to set me thus so light,
Without desert for my good will to shew me such despight.

How can ye thus entreate a Lyon of the race,
That with his pawes a crowned king deuoured in the place.

Whose nature is to praye vpon no simple food,
as long as he may sucke the fische and drinke of noble blood.

If you be fayre and freshe, am I not of your hue?
and for my vaunt I dare well say, my blond is not vntrue.

For you your self haue heard it is not long ago,
Sith that for loue one of the race dyd end his lyfe in wo.

In tower strong and hye for his assured trueth
Whereas in teares he spent his breath, alas the more the ruth.

This gentle beast so dyed whom nothing could remoue,
But willingly to leese his lyfe for losse of his true loue.

Other there be whose liues doe longer still in payne
against thepyr willes preserved are that would haue dyed fayne.

But now I doe perceiue that nought it moueth you,
My good entent, my gentle heart, nor yet my kind so true.

But that your will is such to lure me to the trade,
as other some full many peres to trace by craft ye made.

And thus behold our kindes how that we differ farre,
I seeke my foes, and you your frendes do threaten still with warre,

I faune where I am fed, you slay that seeks to you,
I can deuoure no yelding pray, you kill where you subdue.

My kynd is to desyre the honour of the field,
and you with bloud to slake your thyrst on such as to you yelde.

Wherefore I would you wist that for your coped lookes,
I am no man that will be trapt, nor tangled with such hookes.

And though some lust to loue where blame full well they might,
and to such beastes of currant sort that would haue trauail bright,

I will obserue the lawe that nature gaue to me,
To conquer such as will resist and let the rest go free.

And as a lawcon free that soareth in the ayre,
Which neuer fed on hand nor lure, nor for no slea doth care:

While that I liue and breathe, such shall my custome be,
In wildnes of the woodes to seeke my pray where pleaseth me.

Where many one shall rue, that neuer made offence,
Thus your refuse agaynst my power shal bote them no defence.

And for reuenge therof I vowe and sweare thereto,
a thousand spoyles I shall contempt I neuer thought to doe.

And if to lyght on you my lucke so good shal be,
I shalbe glad to feede on that that would haue fed on me.

And

And thus fare well vnkinde to whom I bent and bowe,
 I would ye wist the ship is safe that bare his sayles so lowe.
 With that a Lyons heart is for a wolfe no praye,
 With bloody mouth go slake your thyrst on simple shepe I saye.
 With more despyte and pze than I can now expresse,
 Which to my payne though I refrayn, the cause you may wel gesse.
 As for because my selfe was authoz of the game,
 It bootes me nat that for my wrath I should disturbe the same.

The faithful louer declareth his paynes
 and his vncertaine ioyes, and with
 onely hope recomforteth
 somewhat his wo-
 full heart.

If care doe cause men crye, why doe not I complayne?
 If eche man doe bewaile his wo, why shew I not my payne?
 Since that amongst them all I dare well say is none,
 So farre from weale, so full of wo, oz hath more cause to mone.
 For all thinges hauing lyfe, sometime hath quiet rest,
 The bearing Ass, the drawing Ox, and euery other beast.
 The peasant and the post, that serues at all assayes,
 The shipboy and the galley slaue, haue time to take theyr ease.
 Saue I, alas, whome care of force doth so constryne,
 To wayle the day and wake the night continually in payne.
 From penurines to plaint, from plaint to bytter teares,
 From teares to painfull plaint agayne, & thus my lyfe it weares.
 Nothing vnder the sunne that I can heare oz see,
 But moueth me for to bewaile my cruell destiny.
 For where men doe reioyce since that I cannot so,
 I take no pleasure in that place, it doubleth but my woe.
 And when I heare the sound of song oz instrument,
 We thinke eche tune there dolefull is, and helpes me to lament.
 And if I see some haue their most despyred sight,
 Alas thinke I eche man hath weale saue I most wofull wight.
 Then as the stricken Deare withdrawes himselfe alone,
 So doe I seeke some secreete place where I may make my mone.
 There doe my flowing eyes shew fourth my melting hart,
 So þ the streames of those two welles right wel declare my smart.

And

Songes

And in those cares so could I force my selfe a heate,
as sicke men in theyr shaking fittes procure themselfe to sweate.
With thoughtes that for the tyme do much appease my payne,
Bus yet they cause a farther feare, and brede my wo agayne.
We thinke within my thought I see right playne appere,
My hartes delight, my sorowes leche, myne earthly goddesse here,
with euery sundry grace that I haue seene her haue.
Thus I within my wofull brest her picture paynt and grane.
And in my thought I roll her beauties too and fro,
Her laughing chere, her luscly look, my heart that perced so.
Her straungenes when I sead her seruaunt for to be,
and what she sayde, and how she simplde when that she pitied me.
Then comes a sodayne feate that rueth all my rest,
Lest abience cause forgetfulness to sink within her brest.
For when I thinke how farre this earth doth vs diuylde,
alas, me semes loue throwes me downe, I fele how that I flyde.
But when I thinke agayne, why should I thus mistrust,
So swete a wight, so sad and wise, that is so true and iust.
For loth she was to loue, and wauering is she not,
The farther of the more deyrde thus louers trye theyr knot.
So in dyspayre and hoape plunged am I both by and done
as is the ship with wind and waue when Neptune list to frowne.
But as the watery showers delay the raging wind,
So both good hoape cleane put away dyspayre out of my mynde.
And byddes me for to serue and suffer patiently,
For what wor I the after weale that fortune willes to me.
For those that care do knowe and tasted haue of trouble,
When passed is theyr wofull payne eche ioy shal seme them double.
And bytter sendes she nowe to make me tast the better,
The pleasant swete whe that it comes to make it seme the sweter.
And to determine I to serue vntill my breath,
Yea rather dye a thousand times then once to false my fapth.
And if my soule corpes through weight of wofull smart,
Do faple or faint, my will it is that still she kepe my hart.
And when this carcas here to earth shalbe refard,
I do bequeath my wreted gholt to serue her afterward.

The meanes to attayne
happy lyfe.

Martiall

MArtinall, the thinges that doe attayne
 The happy lyfe, be these a fynde,
 The riches left, not got with payne,
 The fruitefull ground, the quiet mynde,
 The egall frend no grudge no strife,
 No charge of rule nor gouernance,
 without disease the healthfull lyfe,
 The houlholde of continuance.
 The meane dyet no delicate fare,
 True wisdom to ynde with Amplenesse,
 The night discharged of all care,
 Where wine the witte may not oppresse,
 The faithfull wyfe without debate,
 Such slepes as may begyle the night
 Contented with thine owne estate,
 No wish for death, no feare his might

Prayse of meane and
 constant estate.

Of thy lyfe Thomas, this compasse well marke
 Not aye with full sailes the hye seas to beate,
 Ne by coward dreed, in shonning stormes darke,
 On shallowe shores thy keel in perill fret.
 Who so gladly halseth the golden meane
 A side of daungers aduisedly hath his home
 Not with lofty dome macke, as a den vncleane
 Nor palace like, wherat disdayne may glome,
 The lofty pyne the great wind often riuers,
 With violenter swey falne turrets stepe,
 Lightning assaile the high mountaines, & cluies;
 A hart well stayde, in ouerthwartes depe,
 Hoapeth amendes, in swete, doth feare the sowre,
 God that sendeth, withdraueth winter sharpe,
 No will not aye thus, once Ihebus to lowre,
 With bowe vnbent, shall cesse, and frame to harpe,
 His voyce in skapte estate appeare thou Gentle
 and so wisely, when lucky gale of winde
 all thy pult sayles shall fill, looke well about,
 Take in a rift, halt is wast, prooue doth finde.

Prayse

Songes

Praise of certaine psalmes
of Dauid translated by
syr T. w. the elder.

The great Macedon, that out of Persie chased
Darius, of whose huge power all this song,
In the riche arke Dan Homers times he placed,
Who fained gesses of heathen princes song,
What holy graue: what worthy sepulchre
To wrytes psalmes should christians then purchase
where he doth paint the lyuely faith and pure,
The stedfast hope the sweete returne to grace
Of iust Dauid, by perfite penitence,
Where rulers may see in a myrrour clere
The bytter fruite of false concupiscence,
How Jewry bought Ahas death ful deare.
In princes heartes Gods scourge imprinted depe,
Dought them awake out of theyr unfull slepe.

Of the death of the same
syr T. w.

Durers thy death do dyuersly beuone,
Some that in presence of thy liuelihed
Lurked, whose brestes enuy with hate had twome,
Pride Ceasars teares vpon Pompeyus hed,
Some that watched with the murderers knife,
With eager thirst to drinke thy guiltlesse blood,
whose practise brake by happy end of lyfe,
With enuius teares to heare thy fame so good,
But I, that knew what harbzed in that hed,
what vertues rare were tempzed in that brest,
Honour the place that such aewel bzed,
and kisse the ground wheras the corps doth rest,
with vapord eyes, from whence such streames anaple,
As Pyrius did on Thisbes brest bewaple.

Of the same.

What resteth here, that quicke could neuer rest,
whose heavenly gyftes encreaseth by disdayne,

And vertue sanke the deeper in his brest,
 Such profit he by enuy could obtayn,
 A hed, where wisdomes misteries did frame,
 Whose hammers bet still in that liuely braine,
 As on a stythe, where that some worke of same
 Was dayly wrought, to turne to Britaines gayne,
 A visage sterne, and milde, where both did growe,
 Wyse to contemne, in vertue to reioyce:
 A myd great stormes, whom grace assured so,
 To liue vp right, and smile at fortunes choyce.
 A hand, that taught, what might be sayd in ryme
 That rest Chaucer the gloze of his witt.
 A marke, the which (vnparrifed, for time)
 Some may approche, but neuer none shall hit:
 A tong, that serued in forein realmes his king,
 Whose courteous talke to vertue did inflame
 The noble hart, a woorthie guyde to bring
 Our english youth, by trauayle vnto fame,
 An eye, whose iudgement none affect could blind
 Frendes to allure, and foes to reconyle,
 Whose percing looke did represent a mynde
 With vertue fraught, reposed beyde of guyle.
 A hart, where dreade was neuer so impzellt,
 To hide the thought, that might the trouth auance,
 In neyther for une lost, nor yet repzellt,
 To swell in welth, or yelde vnto mischaunce,
 A balliant corps, where force and beauty met,
 Happy, alas, to happy, but for foes,
 Lived, and ran the race, that nature set,
 Of manhodes shape, where she the moode did lose,
 But when to the heauens that simple soule is fled,
 Which left with such, as couer Christ to knowe,
 Wunces of faith, that neuer shal be dead,
 Sent for our health, but not receiued so,
 Thus for our guilt, this ieruel haue we lost
 The earth his bones, the heauens possesse his ghost.

Of the same.

I In the rude age when knowledge was not rife,
 If Arcus in Crete and other were that taught.

C. 1.

Artes

Songes

Artes to conuert to profite of our lyfe,
wend after death to haue theyr temples sought;
If vertue yet no boyde vntthankfull tyme,
fayled of some to blais her endles fame,
A goodly meane both to deterre from crime,
And to her steppes our sequele to enflame.
In dayes of truth if Wyates frendes then woele,
The onely bet that dead of quicke may claime,
What rare wit spent, employed to our anaple,
where Christ is taught wel led to vertues trayne.
His liuely face their breastes how did it treat,
whose cyndres yet, with enuy they do eate.

Of Sardanapalus dishonora- ble life, and miserable death.

T Hassirian king in peace, with foule despyze,
And filthily luster, that staynde his regall harte
In warre that should set princely heartes on fyre,
Did yeld, vanquishd for want of marcial arte,
The dynt of swordes from kisses semed strange,
And harder, than his ladies syde, his targe,
from glutton feastes, to souldiers fare, a change,
His helmet, farre aboue a garlandes charge,
who scase the name of manhod did retaine,
Drenched in sloth, and womannish delight,
Feble of sprite, impatient of payne,
when he had lost his honor, and his right
Proud time of wealth, in stormes appalled & dread
Whurthered him selfe, to shew some manfull dede.

How no age is content vvith his
owne estate, and how the age
of children is the happiest
if they had skill to
vnderstand it.

And po

Layd in my quiet bed, in study as I wete
 I saw within my troubled head, a heape of thoughtes appere.
 And euery thought did shew so liuely in myne eyes,
 That now I sight, & the I smilde, as cause of thoughtes dyd rise.
 I saw the little boy, in thought how oft that he
 Did wishe of god, to scape the rod, a tall yong man to be.
 The yong man eake that feeles his bones with paines opprest
 How he would bee a ryche olde man, to liue and lye at rest,
 The rich olde man that sees his end draw on so soze,
 How he would be a boy againe to liue so much the moze,
 Wherat full oft I smylde, to see how all these thzee,
 From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop & change degree
 And musing thus, I think, the case is very strange,
 That man from wealth, to liue in wo, doth euer seke to change
 Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I sawe my withered skyn,
 How it doth shew my dented chewes, the fleshe was worne so thyn
 And eke my totheles chaps, the gates of my right way,
 That opes and shuttes, as I doe speake, do thus unto me say.
 The white and horish heres, the messengers of age,
 That shew lyke lmes of true belife, that this life doth asswage,
 Bidders the lay hand, and feele them hanging on thy chyn,
 The which do wyte to ages past, the thirde now coming in,
 Hang by therfore the bitte, of thy yong wanton tyme,
 And thou that therin beaten art, the happiest life despyne.
 Wherat I sighed, and sayde, farewell my wonted ioye,
 Truste by thy packe, and trudge from me, to euery little boy,
 And tell them thus from me, their time most happy is,
 If to theyr time they reason had, to know the truth of this.

Bonum est mihi quod
 humiliasti me.

The stormes are past, these cloudes are ouerblowne,
 And humble chere, great rigour hath represt,
 For the default is set a payne for knowne,
 And patience graft in a determind brest.
 And in the heart whete heapes of griefes were growne
 The swete reuenge hat planted mirth and rest,
 No company so pleasant as mine owne,
 Thraldome at large hath made this prison free,
 Danger well past remembred workes delight,

Songes

Of lingering doubtles such hope is sprong parol,
That nought I finde displeasent in my sight,
But when my glasse presented vnto me
The currelesse wound that bledeth day and night,
To thinke (alas) such hap should graunted be
Vnto a wretch that hath so oft been shed,
For bytannes sake (alas) and now is ded.

Exhortacion to learne by others trouble.

My Ratclif, when thy rechelesse youth offendes,
Receiue thy scourge by others chafetisement,
For such calling, when it woorkes none amendes
Then plagues are sent without aduertisement:
Yet Salomon sayd, the wronged shall recure,
But what said true, the scarre both aye endure.

The fansie of a vveried louer.

The fansy, which that I haue serued long,
That hath alway been enemy to myne case,
Semed of late to ruc vpon my wrong,
And badde me flye the cause of my miscase.
And I forthwith did prease out of the throng,
That thought by flight my painfull heart to please
Some other way, till I saw faith more strong,
And to my self I said: alas, those dayes
In vain wer spent, to runne the race so long.
And with that thought, I met my gypde, that plaine,
Out of the way wherin I wandered wrong,
Brought me amidstes the hilles in base Bullayne,
Where I am now, as restless to remaine,
Against my will, full pleased with my payn.

SVRREY.

The louer for shamefastnesse hideth
his desire within his fauche
full heart.

The long lone, that in my thought I harbor,
And in my heart doth kepe his residence,
Into my face pzeaseth with bold pretence,
And there campeth, displaying his banner,
She that me learns to loue, and to suffer,
And willes that my trust, and lustes negligence
Be repned by reason, shame, and reuerence,
With his hardinesse takes displeasure,
Wherewith loue to the hartes forest he fleeth.
Leauing his enterpryse with paine and crye,
And there him hideth and not appeareth.
What may I do: when my maister feareth,
But in the field with him to lue and dye,
For good is the lyfe, ending faithfully.

The louer waxeth wyser, and
will not dye for affec-
tion.

Yet was I neuer of your loue agreued,
Nor neuer shall, whyle that my life doth last:
But of hating my selfe, that date is past,
And teares continuall sore hath me wried,
I will not yet in my graue be buried,
Nor on my tombe your name haue fixed fast
As cruel cause, that did my sprite soone hast
From thunhappie bones by great syghes styred,
Then if an heart of amorous faith and wil
Content your mind withouten doing grief:
Please it you so to this to doe reliefe,
If otherwyle you seke for to fulfill
Your wrath, you erre, and shal not as you wene,
And you your self the cause therof haue bene,

Songes.

The abused louer seeth his folly,
and entendeth to trust.

no more.

Was neuer fyle yet halfe so well pyled,
To fyle a fyle for any smithes entent,
As I was made a filing instrument,
To frame other, while that I was begyled,
But reason loe, hath at my folly smyled,
And pardoned me, sing that I me repene
Of my last peres, and of my tyme mispent,
For youth led me, and fals hood me misgadded,
yet, this trust I haue of great apparance,
Sing that disceit is aye returnable,
Of very force it is agreable,
That therewithall be done the recompence
Then gyle begyled, plained should be neuer
And the reward is little trust for euer,

The louer describeth his being
stricken with sight of
his loue.

The liuely sparkes, that issue from those eyes,
Against the which there vailleth no defence,
Haue perit my hart, and done it none offence,
With quaking pleasure, more then once or twise
Was neuer man could any thing deupse,
Sunne beames to turne with so great vehemence
To dase mans sight, as by their bright presence
Wased am I, much lyke vnto the gyle
Of one stricken with dint of lightening,
Blind with the stroke, and crying here and there,
So call I for helpe, I not when, nor where,
The payn of my fall patiently bearing,
For streight after the blase (as is no wonder)
Of deadly noyse heare I the fearefull thunder.

The

The vvauering louer vvilleth;
and dreadeth, to moue
his desire.

Such bayn thought, as wonted to misleade me
In desert hope by well assured mone,
Makes me from company to line alone,
In following her, whom reason biddes me flee,
And after her my heart would faine be gone,
But armed sighes my way do stop anone,
Twixt hope and dreade locking my libertie,
So flieeth she by gentle, crueltie.
Yet as I geasse vnder vnsainfull bloke
One beame of ruth is in her cloudy looke,
Which comfortes the mind, that earst for feare shooke
That bolded strayght, the way then seeke I how
To bitee surth the smart I byde with in,
But such it is, I not how to begin.

The louer hauing dreamed enioying
of his loue, complaineth that
the dreame is not either
longer or truer

Vnsable dreame according to the place,
Be steadfast ones, or els at least be true,
By tasted sweetnesse, make me not to rewe
By good respect in such a dangerous case.
Thou broughtest not her into these tossing seas,
But madest my spirit to liue, my care to cease,
My body in tempest her delight to embrace,
The body dead, the spirit had his desire,
Painlesse was thone, the other in delight.
Why then alas, bid it not kepe it right,
But thus retarne to leape into the fyre,
And where it was at wish, could not remaine?
Such mockes of dreames do turne to deadly payne.

C. hu.

The

The louer vnhappy biddeth happy
louers reioice in May, vvhile he
VVayleth that month to him.
most vnluckely.

YE that in loue find lucke and swete abondance
And liue in lust of ioyfull iollitie,
Arise for shame, do way your sluggardy,
Arise I say doe May some obseruance,
Let me in bed lye, dreameing of mischaunce,
Let me remember my mishappes vnhappy,
That me betide in May most commonly.
As one whome loue list little to aduance.
Stephan sayd true, that my natiuitie
Mischaunced was with the ruler of May.
He gesse (I proue) of that the veritie,
In May my welth, and eke my wittes, I say.
Haue stand so oft in such perplexitie,
Joy, let me dreame of your felicitie.

The louer confesseth him in loue
vvith Phillis.

Yf waker care, if sodayne pale colour,
If many sighes with little speche to plaine,
Now ioy, now wo, if they my chere distaine,
For hope of smal, if much to feare therfore,
To halt or slacke, my pace to lesse, or more
Be sygne of loue, then doe I loue againe,
If thou aske whome, sure syngs I did refraine,
Brunet that set my welth in such a roze,
Thunfained there of Phillis hath the place
That Brunet had, she hath and euer shall,
She from my self now hath me in her grace,
She hath in hand my wit, my will and all.
My heart alone wel wooz by she both stay,
Without where helpe want do I lue a day.

Of others fained sorow, and
the louers fained.

mirth.

¶ **E**lar when that the traitour of Egypt
with thonorabie head did him present,
Covering his heartes gladnesse, did represent
Playnt with his teares outward, as it is writ,
¶ The Hanniball, when fortune him out hit
Clene from his reigne, and from all his entent,
Laught to his folke, whom sorow did torment,
His cruel dispite for to disgorge and quit,
¶ So chaunced me, that every passion
The mynd hydeeth by colour contrary,
With fained visage, now sad, now mery,
Wherby if that I laugh at any season,
It is because I haue none other way
To cloake my care, but vnder spozte and play.

Of change in minde.

¶ **E**che man me telth, I change most my deuise,
And on my faith, me thinke it good reason
To change purpose, like after the season:
For in eche case to kepe still one guise,
Is mete for them, that would be taken wyse.
And I am not of such maner condicion,
But treated after a diuers fashion,
And therupon my diuersnesse doth ryse.
But you this diuersnesse that blamen most,
Change you no more, but still after one rate
Create you me well, and kepe you in that state,
And while with me doth dwell this weryed ghoff,
My woord noz I shal not be variable,
But alwayes one, your owne both firme & stable.

How the louver perissheth in his
delight, as the flyc in
the fier.

Some

Songes

Some fowles there be that haue no perfitte sight,
Against the sunne their eyes for to defend,
And some because the light doth them offend,
Neuer appere, but in the darke or night,
Other reioyce, to see the fire so bright,
And wene to play in it, as they pretend,
But fynd contrary of it, that they entende,
Blas of that sort may I be by right,
For to withstand her looke I am not able,
Yet can I not hyde me in no darke place,
So foloweth me remembrance of that face,
That with my teary eyn, swolne, and vnsable,
My destiny to behold her both me leade,
And yet I know I runne into the gleade.

Against his tong that failed
to vtter his suites.

Because I still kept thee fro lyes and blame,
And to my power alwayes the honowred,
Unkind tongue, to yll hast thou me rendred,
For such desert to do me wreke and shame.
In nede of succour most when that I am,
To aske rewarde, thou standes lyke one asrayde,
Alway most cold, and if one woord be sayd,
As in a dreame, vnperfite is the same.
And ye salt teares, against my will eche night,
That are with me when I would be alone,
Then are ye gone, when I should make my mone,
And ye so ready sighes, to make me shyght,
Then are ye slacke, when that ye shoulde out start,
And only doth my loke declare my hart.

Description of the contras-
rious passions in a
louer.

I spende no peace, and all my warre is done,
I feare and hope, I burne, and frese lyke yse,

I flye aloft, yet can I not aryse,
 And nought I haue, and all the world I sease,
 That lockes noz loseth, holdeth me in prision,
 And holdes me not, yet can I scape no wyse,
 Noz lettes me liue, noz dye, at my deuyle,
 And yet of death it geneth me occasion.
 Without eye I see, without tong I playne,
 I wish to perish, yet I aske for health,
 I loue another, and I hate my selfe.
 I fede me in sorow, and laugh in all my payne,
 So, thus displeaseth me both death and life,
 And my delight is causer of this strife.

The louer compareth his state to
 a shippe in perilous storme
 tossed on the sea.

My gally charged with forgetfulnesse,
 Through sharpe seas, in winter nightes doth passe,
 Twene rocke, and rocke and eke my foe (alas)
 That is my lord, stereth with cruellnesse,
 And euery houre, a thought in readinesse,
 As though that death wer light in such a case,
 And endlesse wynde doth teare the sayle apace
 Of forced sighes and trusty fearefulnesse,
 I rayne of teares, a cloude of darke disdayne
 Haue done the wried coardes great hinderance,
 Wretched with error and with ignorance.
 The starres be hidde, that lead me to this payne,
 Wounde is reason that should be my comforte
 And I remayne, dispayring of the porte.

Of doubtfull loue.

A mysing the bright beames of those fayre eyes,
 where he abides that mine oft moyses & washeth
 The wried mynde straight from y heart departeth
 To rest with in his worldly Paradyse.

And

Songes

And bitter findes the swete, vnder his gyse.
 What webbes there he hath wrought, well he perceiueth.
 Wherby then with hymselfe on loue he playneth,
 That spurs with fyre, and bydleth eke with ple,
 In such extremitie thus is he brought,
 Frosen now cold, and now he standes in flame
 Twixt wo and wealth: bewixt earnest and game,
 With seldome glad, and many a diuers thought,
 In soze repentance of his hardinesse,
 Of such a roote loe commeth frute frutelesse.

The louer sheweth how he is forsaken
 of such as he sometime enioyed.

They flee from me, that sometime did me seek,
 With naked soles stalking within my chamber,
 Once haue I sene them gentle, tame, and meke
 That now are wilde, and do not once remember
 That sometime they haue put themselves in danger
 To take bread at my hand, and now they range
 Busely seeking in continuall change,
 I thanked be fortune, it hath been otherwys
 Twenty tymes better, but once especiall
 In thine aray, after a pleasaunte gyse
 When her loose gowne did from her shoulders fall,
 And she me caught in her armes long and small,
 And therewithall so sweetely did me kysse,
 And softly sayd: deare harte, how like you this?
 It was no dreame, for I lay brode awaking,
 But all is turned now through my gentlenesse,
 Into a bitter fashion of forsaking:
 And I haue leaue to goe of her goodnesse
 And she also to vse new fanglenesse,
 But, syng that I vnkindly so am serued:
 How like you this, what hath she now deserued?

The Lady to answer directly
 vwith yea or nay.

Madame

Madame, withenten many woordes
 Once I am sure, you will, or no.
 And if you will, then leaue your boozdes,
 And vse your wit, and shew it so,
 For with a beck you shall me call,
 And if of one, that burnes alwaye,
 Ye haue pittie, or ruth at all:
 Answere him faire with ye or nay,
 If it be nay, frendes as before,
 you shall an other man obtayne.
 And I myne own, and yours no more.

To his loue vvhome he had
 kissed against
 her vvil.

Las, madame, for stealing of a kisse,
 haue I so much your mind therein offended?
 Or haue I done so grievously amisse,
 That by no meanes it may not be amended?
 If euerge you then, the readiest way is this,
 Another kisse my life it shall haue ended,
 For, to my mouth the first my hart did sucke,
 The next shall cleane out of my brest it plucke.

Of the iealous man that loued the
 same vvoman and espied
 this other sitting
 vvith her.

The wandering gadling in the sommer tyde,
 That findes the adder with his rechles foote,
 Startes not dismayde so sodenly asyde,
 As iealous despite did, though ther wer no boote,
 when that he saw me sitting by her syde,
 That of my health is very crop and roote.

Songes

It pleased me then to haue so faire a grace,
To styng the hart, that would haue had my place.

To his loue from vvhom he had
hir gloues.

What nedes these threating wordes, & wasted winde?
Al this cannot make me restore my pray,
To robbe your good, ywis is not my mynde,
Nor canselesse your faire hand did I display,
Let loue be iudge, or els whom next we finde,
That may both heare what you and I can say,
She rest my hart, and I a gloue from her,
Let vs see then, if one be worth the other.

Of the fayned frende.

Right true it is, and sayd full yore ago,
Take hede of him that by y backe thee claweth
For none is woozse, then is a frenbly fo.
Though thee seme good, all thing that the delitteth
yet know it well, that in thy bosome crepeth,
For many a man such fire oft times he kindleth,
That with the blase his beard him selfe he singeth.

The louer taught, mistrusteth
allurementes.

It may be good, lyke it who list,
But I do doubt who can me blame?
For oft assured, yet haue I mist,
And now againe I feare the same,
The wordes, that from your mouth last came,
Of sodcyn change make me agast
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.
Alas I treade an endles mase
That seke sacorde two contraries,
And hope thus still, and nothing hase.

Imo

Impriſſoned in liberties,
 As one vnheard, and ſtill that cries,
 Alwayes thyrſty, and nought doth taſte,
 For dread to fall I ſtand not faſt.
 Aſſured I doubt I be not ſure,
 Should I then truſt vnto ſuch ſuretie,
 That oft hath put the profe in vye
 And neuer yet haue found it truſtie?
 Nay, for in fayth, it wer great folly,
 And yet my life thus do I waſt,
 For dread to fall, I ſtand not faſt.

The louer complaineth that his loue
 doth not pitie him.

Reſounde my voyce ye woods, & heare me plaine
 Both hills and vales cauſing reflexion,
 And riuers eke, record ye of my payne,
 Which haue oft forced ye by compaſſion,
 As iudges lo to heare my exclamacion.
 Among whom, rich (I finde) yet doth remaine
 Where I it ſeke, alas, there is diſdayne.

Oſt ye riuers, to heare my woſull ſound,
 Haue ſtopt your cours, and playnly to expreſſe,
 Many a teare by moyſture of the ground,
 The earth hath wept to heare my heauineſſe,
 Which cauſeleſſe I endure without redreſſe,
 The huge okes haue roared in the wynde,
 Eche thing me thought, complayning in their kind
 Why then alas, doth not ſhe on me rue,
 Or is her heart ſo hard that no pittie,
 May in it ſinke, my ioy for to renew?
 O ſtony hart, who hath thus framed thee,
 So cruel: that art cloked with beauty,
 That from thee may no grace to me procede,
 But as reward, death for to be my mede.

The louer reioyleth againſt fortune that
 by hindering his ſuite had happely
 made him forſake his folly.

Songes

I In faith I wote not what to say,
Thy chaunces been so wonderous
Thou fortune with thy diuers play
That makest the ioyfull dolorous,
Yet though thy chaine hath me entwapt
Spyte of thy hap, hap hath well hapt,
Though thou hast set me for a wonder,
And seekst by change to doe me payne,
Mens myndes yet mayst thou not lo order,
For honestie if it remayne,
Shall shine for al thy cloudy rayne.
In payne thou seekst to haue me trapt,
Spyte of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.
In hindering me, me didst thou further
And made a gap, where was a stile,
Cruel wiles been oft put vnder.
Wening to lower, then didst thou smyle,
Lord, how thy self thou didst begyle,
That in thy cares would me haue wrapt,
But spyte of hap, hap hath well hapt.

A renouncing of hardelic escaped loue.

Farewell the hart of cruelty,
Though that with payn my liberty
Deare haue I bought, and wofully
Finisht my fearefull tragedy,
Of force I must forsake such pleasure,
A good cause tust, sins I endure
Therby my wo, which be ye sure,
Shall therewith go me to recure.
I fare as one escape that fleeth,
Glad he is gone, and yet styll fear: th
Spied to be caught and so dzedeth
That he for nought his pain leseth
In ioyfull payn, reioyce my hart,
Thus to sustayn of eche apart.

Let not this song from thee astart,
welcome among my pleasant smart.

The louer to his bed, with
describing of his vns
quiet state.

The restfull place, renuer of my smart,
The labours salue encreasing my sorow,
The bodie ease, and troubler of my hart
Quieter of minde, myne vnquiet foe.
Forgetter of payne, rememberer of my woe,
The place of slepe, wherein I do but wake,
Besprynt with teares, my bed, I thee forsake
The frosty snowes may not redzelle my heate,
Nor heate of sunne abate my feruent cold,
I know nothing to ease my payne so great,
The cure causeth encrease by twenty fold,
Renewing cares vpon my sorowes old,
Such ouerthwart effectes in me they make
Besprynt with teares, my bed for to forsake.
But all for nought, I find no better ease
In bed or out, this most causeth my paine,
Where I do seeke how best that I may please
My lost labour (alas) is all in vayne.
My heart once set, I cannot it refraine,
No place from me my grief away can take,
wherfore with teares, my bed I thee forsake.

Comparison of loue to a streame
falling from the Alpes.

From these hye hills as when a spring doth fall,
It trilleth downe with still and lurtle course,
Of this and that, it gathers aye and shall,
Till it haue rust downe flowd to streame & force,
Then at the foote it rageth ouer all
So fareth loue, when he hath tane a course,
Rage is his rayne, Resistance bayleth none:
The first eschue is remedy alone,

Songes

Wyates complaint vpon loue to reason with loues aunswere.

Myne old here enemy, my forward maister,
Before that Queene, I caused to be acyted,
Which holdeth the deuine part of our nature,
That like as golde, in fyre he mought be tryed.
Charged with dolour, there I me presented,
With horrible feare, as one that greatly dreadeth
A wrongfull death and Iustice alway seeketh.

And thus I sayd: Once my left foote, Madame,
When I was yong, I set within his raigne:
Wherby other then fyrely burning flame,
I neuer felt, but many a grievous paine.
Torment I suffered anger and disdayne:
That mine oppressed patience was past,
And I mine owne life hated at the last.

Thus hitherto haue I my tyme passed
In paine and smart, What wayes is profitable,
How many pleasant dayes haue me escaped,
In seruing this false lyer so deceivable?
What wit haue wordes so prest and forceable,
That may containe my great mishappynesse?
And tust complaintes of his vngentlenesse?

So small hony, much aloes, and gall,
In bitternesse, my blinde life hath ystalled,
His false semblance, that turneth as a bail,
With faire and amorous daunce, made me be traced
And where I had my thought, and minde araced,
From earthly frapnesse, and from vaine pleasure,
He from my rest he tooke, and set in errour.

God made he me regardlesse, than I ought,
And to my selfe to take right little hede:
And for a woman haue I set at nought.
Al other thoughtes, in this onely to speede.
And he was onely counseler of this dede.
Whetting alwayes my youthly fraile desyre
On cruel whetstone, tempered with fyre.

But (oh alas) where had I euer wit?

Oz other gift geuen to me of nature
 That sooner shalbe changed my wexed spire,
 Then the obstinate will, that is my ruler.
 So robbeth he my fredome with displeasure.
 This wicked traytour, whom I thus accuse,
 That bitter life hath turned in pleasant vse.

He hath me hasted, through diuers regions:
 Through desert woodes, and sharpe hie mountaines
 Through froward people, & through bitter passions
 Through rocky seas, and ouer hilles and plaines:
 With wepy trauel, and with laborous paynes,
 Alwayes in trouble and in tediousnesse
 All in errour, and daungerous distresse,

But nother he, nor she, my tother foe,
 For all my flight, did euer me forsake:
 That though my timely death hath been to slowe
 That me as yet, it hath not ouertake:

The heavenly Gods of pitie doe it flake,
 And note they this his cruel tyranny
 That feedes him, with my care, and misery,

Sins I was his, hower rested I neuer,
 Nor looke to doe, and eke the waky nightes,
 The banished slepe may in no wise recouer.
 By guyle and force, ouer my thralled spites
 He is ruler, sing which bell neuer strikes,
 That I heare not as sounding to renue
 My plaintes. Him self, he knoweth that I say true.

For neuer woozmes elde rotten stocke haue eat,
 As he my hart, where he is resident
 And doth the same with death dayly threaten,
 Whence come the teares, and thence y bitter torment
 The sighes, the woozdes and eke the languishemēt,
 That nō both me, and parauenture other,
 Judge thou that knowest the one, and eke the other
 Whine aduersarie with such greuous reproofe,
 Thus he began, Heare Lady, thother part:
 That the plain trouth, frō which he draweth aloofe,
 This vnkinde man may shew, ere that I part,
 In his yong age, I toke him from that art,
 That sellet woordes, & make a clattering knight.
 And of my wealth I gaue him the delight.

Now shames he not on me for to complaine,

D.ii.

That

That held him euermore in pleasant gayne,
From his desyre that might haue been his paine,
Yet therby alone I brought him to some frame,
Which now as wretchednes, he doth so blame,
And toward honour quickned I his wit,
Wheras a dastard els he mought haue sit.

He knoweth how great Atride that made Troy
And Hannibal to Rome so troubelous, (great,
Whom Homer honoured Achilles that great,
And Chastricane Scipion the famous,
And many other, by much honour glozious,
Whose fame and actes, did lift them vp above,
I did let fall in base dishonest loue,

And vnto him, though he unworthy were,
I chose the best of many a Million,
That vnder sunne yet neuer was her pere
Of wisdom, womanhod, and of discrecion,
And of my grace I gaue her such a faction,
And eke such way I taught her for to teache,
that neuer base thought his hart so he might reache

Euermore thus to content his maiestie.
That was his only frame of honestie,
I stirred him still toward gentlenesse,
And caused him to regard fidelitie.

Pacience I taught him in aduersitie
Such vertues learned he in my great schoole,
Wherof repenteth now the ignorant foole,

These wer the same deceites, and bitter gall,
That I haue bled, the torment and the anger,
Sweeter then euermore did to other fall,
Of right good seede, ill fruite so thus I gather,
And so shal he that the vnkinde doth further,
A Serpent nourish I vnder my wing,
And now of nature, ginneth he to sing

And for to tell, at last, my great seruice,
From thousand dishonesties haue I him drawen,
That, by my meanes, him in no maner wyse,
Neuer vyle pleasure once hath ouerthzowen,
Wher in his dede, shame hath him alwayes gnawen,
Douting report that I should come to hrr care,
Whom now he blames, her wanted he to feare,

What euer he hath of any honest custome,

Of her, and me, that holdes he euery whit,
 But so, yet neuer was there nightly fantome
 So farre in error, as he is from his wit,
 To plain on vs, he strueth with the bit,
 Which may rule him and do him ease, and paine,
 And in one hower, make all his grieve his gaine,
 But one thing yet there is about all other,
 I gaue him winges, wherwith he might vps flye
 To honour and fame, and if he woulde to hygher
 Then mortal thinges, aboue the starry skye,
 Considering the pleasure, that an eye
 Might geue in earth, by reason of the loue,
 What should that be that lasteth still aboue?

And he the same himself hath said ere this,
 But now, forgotten is both that and I,
 That gaue him her, his onely wealth and blisse
 And at this woord, with deadly stroke and crye
 Thou gaue her once (quod I) but by and by
 Thou tooke her ayen from me, that worzth the
 Not I, but pryncce, more worzth than thou (quod he.)

At last, eche other for himselfe, concluded,
 I trembling still, but he, with small reuerence,
 Lo, thus, as we eche other haue accused,
 Dere Lady, now we wayte thine onely sentence,
 She smiling, at the whistled audience,
 It liketh me, quod she, to haue heard your question,
 But longer time doth aske a resolution.

The louers sorowfull state maketh
 him write sorowfull songes, but

Souche, his loue may
 change the same.

Mruell no more altho
 The songes, I singe do more
 For other life then woe,
 I neuer proued none.

And in my heart also
 Is grauen with letters deepe,
 A thousande sighes and mo
 A flood of teares to weepe.

Will.

How

Songes.

How many a man in smart
Finde matter to reioyce?
How many a morning harte
Set forth a pleasant voyce?
Playe who so can that part,
Piedes must in me appere,
How fortune ouerthwart
Doth cause my morning chere
Perdy there is no man,
If he saw neuer sight,
That perfittly tell can,
The nature of the light.

Ales how shoulde I than,
That neuer tast but lowre,
But do as I began,
Continuallly to lowre.

But yet perchance some chance
May chance to change my tune,
And when (Shouch) chance doth chace,
Then shall I thanke fortune.

And if I haue (Shouch) chance
Perchance oz it be long,
For (Shouch) a plesant chance,
To sing some pleasant song.

The louer complaineth him-
self forsaken.

Where shal I haue at mine owne will
teares to cōplaine: where shal I set
Such sighes: that I may sigh my fill,
And then againe my plaintes repete.
For though my plaint shall haue none
My teares canot suffice my woe (end
No more harme, haue I no frend,
For fortunes frend, is mishappes foe,
Comfort (God wot) els haue I none,
But in the wind to wast my woordes,
Nought moueth you my dedly mone,
But will you turne it into boozdes.

I speake

I speake not now, to moue your hart,
 That you should rue vpon my pain,
 The sentence geuen may not reuert.
 I know such labour wer but vaine,
 But sins that I for you (my dere)
 Haue lost that thing, that was my best.
 A right small losse it must appere,
 To lese these wooordes, and all the rest.
 But though they sparkle in the wind,
 Yet shall they shew your falshed sayth
 which is returned to his kind,
 For lyke to lyke, the prouerbe saith.
 Fortune, and you did me auance,
 She thought I swam, and could not drowne
 Happiest of al but my mischaunce
 Did lift me vp, to throw me downe,
 And you with her, of cruelnesse,
 Did set your foote vpon my necke,
 She, and my welfare to oppresse,
 Without offence your heart to wreke.
 Where are your pleasant wooordes (alas)
 Where is your faith: your steadfastnesse?
 There is no more but all doth passe.
 And I am left all comfortlesse,
 But sins so much it doth you greue,
 And also me my wretched lyfe,
 Haue here my trowth sought shall releue,
 But death alone, my wretched strife.
 Therfore farewell, my lyfe, my death,
 My gayne, my losse, my salu?, my soze,
 Farewell also, with you my breath:
 For I am gone for euer more,

Of his loue that pricked
 her finger with
 a nedle.

She sate and sowed that hath done me wrong,
 wherof I plain, and haue done many a day:
 And, whilst she heard my plaint, in piteous song,
 D.iii.

She

Songes.

She wisht my hart the sampler, that it lay,
The blind maister, whome I haue serued so long
Grudging to heare, that he did heare her say,
Made her own weapon do her finger blede,
To feele, if pricking were so good in dede.

Of the same.

What man hath hearde such crueltie before?
That, when my plaint remembred her my wo,
That caused it, she cruell more and more,
Withed eche stitch, as she did sit and sow,
Had prickt my heart, for to encrease my soze,
And, as I thinke, she thoughte yt had been so,
For as she thought, this is his heart in dede,
She prickt hard, and made her self to blede.

Request to Cupide for re- uenge of his vnkind loue.

Behold Loue, thy power how she despyseth,
By grienous payn, how litle she regardeth
The soleme othe wherof she takes no cure,
Broken she hath, and yet she bydeth sure
Right at her ease, and litle thee she dredeth,
Weaponed thou art, and she vnarmed sitteth
To the disdainfull, all her lyfe she leadeth
To me spitefull, without iust cause or measure,
Behold Loue, how proudly she triumpheth,
I am in hold, but if thee pittie moueth,
Go, bend thy bow, that stony hartes breaketh,
And with some stroke, reuenge & great displeasure
Of thee, and him that sorow both endure,
And as his Lord the lowly her entreateth.

Complaint for true loue vnrquited.

What baileth trouth, or by it to take pain
 To strive by stedfastnes, for to attain
 How to be last, and flee from doublenesse?
 Since all alike, where ruleth craftinesse,
 Rewarded is both crafty, false, and plain.
 Soonest he speedes, that most can lye and faine
 True meaning hart is had to hyghe disdain,
 Against decett and cloked doublenesse,
 What baileth trouth, or perfit stedfastnesse.
 Deceived is he, by false and craftie train
 That meanes no gyle, and faithfull both remaine,
 Within the trap, without help or redresse,
 But for to loue, lo, such a sterne maiestresse.
 Where crueltie dwelles, alas it were in vain.

The lover that fled loue, now folowes
 it with his harme.

Sometime I fled the fire, that me so bzent,
 By sea, by land, by water, and by winde,
 And now the coales I folow, that be quent,
 From Douer to Calles, with willing mynde
 Lo how desire is both strong, and spent,
 And he may see, that whilome was so blind,
 And all this labour laughs he now to scorne,
 Weashed in the briers, that erst was onely torne.

The lover hopeth of bet-
 ter chaunce.

He is not dead, that sometime had a fal,
 The sunne returnes, & hid was under clowde,
 And when fortune hath spitt out all her gall,
 I trust, good luck to me shalbe allowed,
 For I haue sene a ship in haven fal,
 After that storme hath broke both masse, and shroud,
 The willow eke, that doupereth with the winde,
 Doth rise again, and greater wood both binde,

The

Songes

The louer compareth his hart
to the ouer charged
gonne,

The furious gonne, in his most ragyng pze,
when that the boule is rammed in too soze,
And that the flame cannot parte from the fier,
Crackes in sunder, and in the ayer do roze
The shewered peces. So doth my desire,
whose flame encreaseth aye from moze to moze
which to let out, I dare not loke, noz speke,
So inwarde foze my heart doth al to breake.

The louer suspected of change
praieyth that it be not be-
leued against
him.

Accused though I be, without deser,
Sith none can proue, beleue it not for true.
For neuer yet, since that you had my hart,
Intended I to false, or be vnttrue.
Sooner I would of death sustain the smart,
Than breake one worde of that I promised you,
Accept therfore my seruice in good part,
None is a line, that can il tongues & schem,
Hold them as false, and let not vs depart
Our frendship old, in hope of any new.
Put not thy trust in such as vse to faine,
Except thou minde to put thy frend to paine.

The louer abused renoun-
ceth loue.

My loue to scorne, my seruice to retaine,
Ther in me thought you vsed crueltie,

Stm

Since with good will I lost my libertie,
 Might neuer woe yet cause me to refraine,
 But onely this, which is extremitie,
 To giue me nought (alas) noz to agree
 That as I was your man I might remaine,
 But since that thus ye list to order mee,
 That would haue ben your seruant true and faie,
 Displease you not, my doting time is past,
 And with my losse to leaue I must agree
 For as there is a certaine time to rage,
 So is there time such madnes to asswage.

The louer professeth
 him selfe con-
 stant.

Within my brest I neuer thought it gaine,
 Of gentle mindes the fredome for to lose
 Nor in my hart sank neuer such disdain,
 To be a forger, faultlesse for to disclose.
 Nor I can not endure the truth to glose
 To set a glosse vpon an earnest paine,
 Nor I am not in numbze one of those,
 That list to blow retreat to euery traine.

The louer sendeth his com-
 plaintes and teares to
 sue for grace.

Passe forth my wounded cryes,
 Those cruel cares to pearce,
 Which in most hatefull wise
 Doe still my plaintes reuerse.
 Doe you, my teares, also
 So worke her barre in heart:
 That pittie there may growe,
 And crueltie depart.
 For: though hard rocks among

Songes

She seemes to haue ben bred,
 And of the Tigre long
 Bene nourished and fed.
 Yet shall not nature change,
 If pitie once win place,
 Whom as vnknowne & strang:
 She now away doth chase.

And as the water soft,
 Without forcing or strength,
 Where that it falleth oft
 Hard stones doth perce at length,
 So in her stony hart
 My plaintes at last shall graue,
 And rigour set apart
 Winne graunt of that I craue.

Wherefore my playntes, present
 Stil so to her my suit,
 As ye through her assent
 May bring to me some frute,
 And as she shall me proue,
 So bid her me regarde,
 And render loue for loue,
 Which is a iust reward.

The louers case cannot be
 hidden how euer he
 dissemble.

Your lokes so often cast,
 Your eyes so frendly tolde,
 Your sight fixed so fast,
 Alwaies one to beholde:
 Though hide it faine ye woulde,
 It plainly doth declare,
 Who hath your hart in hold,
 And where good will ye bare.

Faine would ye finde a cloke,
 Your brenning fire to hide,
 Yet both the flame and smoke
 Breakes out on euery side.

ye can not lone so guide,
 That it no issue winne,
 A brode nedes must it glide,
 That brennes so hotte within,
 For cause your selfe do wink,
 ye iudge all other blinde,
 And secret it you think,
 Which euery man dothe kinde,
 In wast oft spend ye winde
 your self in lone to quit,
 For agues of that kinde
 Wyl show, who hath the fit.
 your sighes you set from farre
 And all to wry your wo,
 yet are ye net the narre
 When are not blinded so
 Depely oft swere ye no,
 But all those othes are vaine,
 So well your eye doth shew,
 who puttes your hart to paine.
 Thinke not therfore to hide,
 That still it selfe betraies,
 For seke meanes to prouide
 To darke the sunny dayes,
 Forget those wonted wayes,
 Pleaue of such frowning chere,
 There will be found no states,
 To stoppe a thing so clere

The louer praieeth not to be disdain-
 ned, refused mistrusted,
 nor forsaken.

① I shaine me not without desert,
 Nor leaue me not so sodde pale,
 & thus well ye wot, that in my hert
 I loue ye not but honeste,
 I shaine me not without cause why,
 yet I shaine not to be enuist,

Since

Songes

Since that by lott of fantasie,
This carefull knot nedes knit I must.
Mistrust me not, though some there be,
That faine woulde spot my stedfastnesse:
Believe them not, thus that ye see,
The prose is not, as they expresse.
Forlake me not, till I deserue,
Nor hate me not, till I offende.
Destroy me not, till that I swerue,
But thus ye knowe what I entende,
Disdaine me not that am your owne,
Refuse me not, that am so true,
Mistrust me not till all be knownen,
Forlake me not, now for no new.

The louer lamenteth his estate
with sute for grace.

For want of will in two I plaine,
Under colour of sobernesse,
Renewing with my sute my paine,
My wanhope with your stedfastnesse.
I wake therfore of gentlenesse,
Regard at length, I you require,
My swelling paines of my desire,
Betimes who geneth willingly,
Redoubled thanks nye both deserue,
And I that sue vnfainedly,
In fruitlesse hope, alas do serue.
How great my cause is for to swerue,
And yet how stedfast is my sute,
Lo, here ye see, where is the frute.
As hounde that hath his keeper lost,
Seke I your presence to obtaine,
In which my hart delitteth most,
And shall delight though I be slaine.
You may release my band of paine,
Lose then the care that makes me crie,
For want of helpe or els I dye,

I dye

I dye, though not incontinent,
 By processe yet consumingly,
 As wast of fire, which doth relent,
 If you as wilfull will deny.
 Wherefore cease of such cruelty,
 And take me wholly in your grace,
 Which lacketh will to chage his place.

The louer waileth his
 changed ioyes,

If every man might him anant
 Of fortunes frendly chere,
 It was my selfe I must it grant,
 For I haue bought it dere,
 And derely haue I held also
 The glozy of her name,
 In pelding her such tribute, lo,
 As did set forth her fame.

Sometime I stode so in her grace
 That as I woulde require,
 Ech ioy I though did me embrace,
 That furdered my desire,
 And all those pleasures, lo, had I,
 That fantsie might support,
 And nothing she did me deny,
 That was vnto my comfort.

I had (what would you more perdie)
 Ech grace that I did craue,
 Thus fortunes will was vnto me
 All thing that I woulde haue,
 But all to rathe alas the while,
 She built on such a ground,
 In little space, to great a guile,
 In her now haue I founde.

For she hath turned so her whele,
 That I unhappy man
 May waile the time that I did fele
 Wherwith she fed me then
 For broken now are her behestes
 And pleasant looks she gane,

Songes

And therfore now al my requestes,
From perill can not saue.

Yet would I well it might appere
To her my chiefe regard,
Though my desertes haue ben to dere
To merite such reward.
Sins fortunes will is now so bent,
To plague me thus poze man,
I must my self therwith content,
And beare it as I can.

To his loue that hath giuen
him answere of
refusall.

The answere that ye made to me my deare,
When I did sue for my poze hartes redresse,
Hath so appalde my contenance and my chere,
That in this case, I am all comfortlesse,
Sins I of blame no cause can well expresse.
I haue no wrong, where I can claime no righte
Nought tane me fro, where I haue nothing had,
yet of my wo, I can not so be quite,
Namely sins that another may be glad
With that, that thus in sorow makes me sad.
yet none can claime (I say) by former graunt,
That knoweth not of any graunt at all.
And by desert, I dare well make auant,
Of faithfull will, there is no where that shall,
Beare you more trueth, more ready as your cal.
Now good then, call agayne that bitter worde,
That toucht your fréd sonere with pagues of paine
And say my dere that it was said in boord.
Late, or to sone, let it not rule the gaine,
Wherwith free will doth true desert retayne.

To his ladie, cruel ouer her
yelden louer.

Such

Such is the course that natures kinde hath wrought,
 That snakes haue tyme to cast away their stunges,
 against chainde prisoners what nede before he sought,
 The fierce Lyon will hurt no yelding thinges,
 Why should such spight be nursed then by thought?
 With all these powers are prest vnder thy winges
 And eke thou seest, and reason thee hath taught,
 What mischief malice many wayes it bringes,
 Consider eke, that spight auayleth nought
 Therfore this song thy fault to thee it sings:
 Displease thee not, for saying thus (me thought)
 Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forth springes
 For furies that in hell be execrable,
 For that they hate, are made most miserable.

The louer complaineth that deadly
 sickenes can not helpe his
 affection.

The enemy of lyfe, decayer of all kinde,
 That with his colde withers away the grene,
 This other night me in my bed dyd fynde,
 and offered me to ryd my feuer cleene
 and I dyd graunt, so dyd displaye me blynde,
 He drew his bowe with arrowes sharpe and kene,
 and strake the place, where loue had hyt before,
 and draue the fyrst dart deper more and more.

The louer reioyceth the enioying
 of his loue.

O mee as me thought, fortune me kist,
 and bade me aske what I thought best,
 and I should haue it as me lyst,
 Therewith to set my hart in rest.
 I asked but my ladies hart,
 To haue for evermore myne owne,
 Then at an end were all my smart,
 Then should I nede no more to mone.

Songes

Yet for all that a frow my blast
Had ouerturne this goodly nay:
and Fortune semed at the last,
That to her promise she sayd nay.

But lyke as one out of dyspayre,
To sodayne hope reuyued I:
Now fortune sheweth her selfe so fayre,
That I content me wonderly.

My most desyre my hand my reach,
My will is alway at my hande,
We nede not long for to beseeche
Her, that hath power me to commaunde.

What earthly thing more can I craue?
What would I wishe more at my will?
Nothing on earth more would I haue,
Saue that I haue, to haue it still.

For Fortune now hath kept her promise
In granting me my most desyre
Of my soueraigne I haue redresse,
and I content me with my hyre.

The louer complaineth the vn-
kindnes of his loue.

My lute awake, perfourme the last
Labour that thou and I shall wast:
And ende that I haue now begonne,
and when this song is song and past,
My lute be still, for I haue done.

As to be heard where care is none,
as leade to graue in marble stone,
My song may pearce her hart as sone,
Should we then sigh, or sing, or mone?
No, no, my lute, for I haue done.

The rockes do not so cruelly
Repulse the waues continually,
as she my suite and affection:
So that I am past remedy,
Wherby my lute and I haue done.

Proude of the spoyle that thou hast gotte

Of simple hartes through loves moe,
 By whome vnkind thou hast thei wonne,
 Think not he hath his bowe forgot,
 althoug my lute and I haue done.

Vengeance shalt fall on thy disdayne,
 That makest but game on earnest payne,
 Think not alone vnder the sunne
 Inquit to cause thy louers playne,
 althoug my lute and I haue done.

May chaunce thee lye with ch and olde,
 In winter nightes that are so colde,
 Slapning in dayne vnto the moone,
 Thy wishes then dare not be tolde,
 Care then who lyst for I haue done.

And then may chaunce thee to repene,
 The tyme that thou hast lost and spent,
 To cause thy louers lighte and sworne,
 Then shalt thou knowe beauty but lent,
 and wishe and want as I haue done.

Now cease my lute this is the last,
 labour that thou and I shall wast,
 And ended is that we begonne,
 Now is this song both song and past,
 My lute be still for I haue done.

How by a kisse he found both
 his lyfe and death.

Nature that gaue the Bee so feate a grace,
 To finde honey of so wondrous sashon,
 Hath taught the spyder out of the same place
 To fetch the popson by straunge alteration,
 Though this be straunge, it is a straunger case
 With one kisse by secret operation,
 Both these at once in those pour lips to finde,
 In change wherof, I leaue my hart behinde.

The louer describeth his being
 taken with sight of
 hys loue.

Songes

Vnwarily so was neuer no man caught,
With stedfast looke vpon a goodly face,
as I of late, for sodaynly me thought,
My hart was torne out of hys place.

Therow myne eye the stroke from hers dyd glide,
and downe directly to my hart it ranne,
In helpe whereof the bloud therto dyd glide,
and left my face both pale and wanne.

Then was I like a man for wo amased,
Or like the fowle that flyeth into the fyre,
for while that I vpon her beauty gased,
The more I burnde in my desyre.

Anon the bloud start in my face agayne,
Inflamde with heate, that it had at my hart,
and brought therewith throughout in euery vaine,
a quaking heate with pleasant smart.

Then was I like the strawe, when that the flame
Is drieuen therin, by force and rage of wynde,
I can not tell, alas, what I shall blame,
Nor what to seke, nor what to finde.

But well I wot, the griefe doth hold me sore,
In heate and colde, betwixt both hoape and dreade,
That, but her helpe to health do me restore,
This restlesse lyfe I may not leade.

To his louer to looke
vpon him,

All in thy looke my lyfe doth whole depende,
Thou hydest thy selfe, and I must dye therfore,
But since thou maist so easely helpe thy frende
Why doest thou sticke to salue that thou madest sore?
Why doe I dye: since thou mayest me defende,
And if I dye, thy lyfe may last no more,
For eche by other both liue and haue reliefe,
I in thy looke, and thou most in my griefe.

The

The louer excuseth him of woordes
wherwith he was vniustly
charged,

Perdy I sayde it not,
Nor neuer thought to doe,
as well as I ye wot
I haue no power therto,
And if I dyd, the lot
That fyrst dyd me enchaine,
May neuer slake the knot,
But straye it to my payne.

And if I dyd eche thyng
That may doe harme or wo,
Continually may wzing
My heart where so I go.
Report may alwayes ring
Of shame on me for aye,
If in my heart did spryng
The woordes that you do say.

And if I did, eche starre
That is in heauen aboue,
May frowne on me to marre
The hope I haue in loue.
And if I did, such warre
as they brought vnto Troy,
Wzing all my lyfe as farre
From all his lust and toy.

And if I dyd so saye,
The beauty that me bounde,
Encrease from day to day
More cruel to my wounde,
With all the mone that may,
To plaint may turne my song.
My lyfe may sone decaye,
Withont redresse by wrong.

If I be cleare from thought,
Why do you then complayne?
Then is this thing but sought,
To turne my hart to payne.

Songes

When this that you haue wrought,
You must it now redresse,
Of right therfore you ought
Such rigour to repress.

And as I haue deserued,
So graunt me now my hye,
For know I neuer swerued,
You neuer found me lye.

For Rachel haue I serued,
For Leo carde I neuer,
and her I haue reserued
within my hart for euer.

Of such as had forsaken him.

Lix my fayre faulcon, and thy fellowes all,
How well pleasant it were your libertie,
Ye not forsake me, that fayre mought you fall,
But they that sometime liked my company,
Like lye away from dead bodie they craie.
Lo, what a prooffe in light aduersitie,
Woe be my bydes, I sweare by all your belies,
Ye be my frendes, and very fewe elies.

A description of such a one as he would loue.

A face that should content me wondrous well,
Should not be faire, but louely to behelde;
Of lively looke all grieve for to repell,
With right good grace, so would I that it should
Speake without word, such wordes as none can tel,
Her treile also should be of crisped golde,
With wit and these, perchaunce I might be tryde,
and knit again with knot, that should not slide.

How vnpossible it is to fynde quietnes in loue.

Euer my hap is slack and slow in conning
 Desire encreasing aye my hope vncertaine,
 With doubtfull love that but encreaseth paine
 For Tigre like so swift it is in parting.
 Alas the snow black shall it bee and scalding,
 The sea waterlesse and fishe vpon the mountaine,
 The temmes shal backe retorne in to his cositate,
 And wher he rose the sunne shal take her lodging,
 Ere I in this finde peace or quietnesse,
 Or that loue, or my lady rightwisly
 Leane to conspire against me wrongfully
 And if I haue after such bitterness,
 One drop of sweete, my mouth is out of taste,
 That all my trust and trauell is but walle.

Of loue, fortune, and the
 louers minde.

Loue, fortune, & my minde, which do remembre
 The that is now, and that once hath bene,
 Torment my hart so sore that very often
 I hate and enuy them beyonde all measure.
 Loue sleeth my hart while fortune is depriuer
 Of al my comfort, the foolish minde than,
 Burneth and plaineth, as one that very seldom
 Liueth in rest, so still in displeasure
 Why pleasant daies they flete and passe.
 And day both nyghte yll change to the worse.
 While more then halfe is runne now of my course.
 Was not of Steele, but of brittle glasse,
 I see that from my hand falleth my trust,
 And all my thoughtes are dashed into dust.

The louer praieth his offred
 hart to be receiued.

How oft haue I, my dere and cruel foe,
 With my great paine to get som peace or truce
 Geuen you my hart: but you do not vse,
 In so high thinges, to cast your minde so low.

If any other loke for it, as you trow,
 Their vaine weake hope doth greatly them abuse,
 And that thus I vildain, that you refuse,
 It was once mine, it can no more be so,
 If you it chafe, that it in you can finde
 In this exile, no maner of comfort,
 Nor liue alone, nor where he is calde resort,
 He may wander from his naturall kinde.
 So shall it be great hurt vnto vs twaine,
 And yours the losse, and mine the deadly paine.

The louers life compared to
 the Alpes.

Like vnto these vnmeasurable mountaines,
 So is my painfull life the burden of yre,
 For he be they, and he is my desire,
 And I of teares, and they be full of fountaines,
 Under craggy rockes they haue barren plaines,
 Hard thoughtes in me my wofull minde doth tire,
 Small fruit and many leaues their toppes do attire,
 With small effect great trust in me remaines,
 The boistrous winds oft their hee boughes do blaste,
 Hotte sighes in me continually be shed,
 Wilde beastes in them, fierce loue in me is fed,
 Unmoueable am I, and they stedfast,
 Of singing birdes they haue the tune and note,
 And I alwayes plaintes passing through my throte.

Charging of his loue as vnpiteous
 and louing other

If amorous faith, or if an hart vnfaigned
 A swete langour, a great lonely desire,
 If honest will kindled in gentle fire,
 If long error in a blinde mase chained,
 If in my visage eche thought distained,
 Or my sparkeling voice, lower, or hie.

which

which feare and shame, so wofully doth tire,
 If pale colour, which loue alas hath stained,
 If to haue another then my selfe more deare,
 If wailling or sighing continually,
 With sorowfull anger feeding busie
 If burned farre of, and if frising nere,
 Because that I by loue my selfe destroy,
 yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

Arenouncing of loue.

Farewel loue, and all thy lawes for euer,
 Thy bapted hookes that tangle me no more,
 Hence, and Plato call me from thy loze,
 To partit welth my wit for to endeuer.
 In blinde error when I did perseuer,
 Thy sharp repulse, that pitcheth ap so soze,
 Taught me in trifles that I set no store,
 But scape forth thence, since libertie is lietter.
 Therefore, farewell, go trouble yonger hartes,
 And in time claime no more auerortie,
 With ydle youth go vse thy proprietie.
 And thereon spend thy many brittle darteres.
 For hitherto though I haue lost my tyme,
 We list no longer rotten bowes to clime.

The louer forsaketh his vnkinde loue.

My hart I gaue thee, not to do it pain,
 But to preserue, so it to thee was taken.
 I serued thee not that I shoulde be forsaken,
 But that I should receiue reward again,
 I was content thy seruant to remain,
 And not to be repated on this fashion.
 Now, since in thee there is none other reason,
 Displease thee not, if that I do refraine.
 Unlaciad of my wo, and thy desire,
 Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault.
 But, since it pleaseth thee to saue default.

Fare.

Songes

Farewell, I say departing from the fire.
For he that doth beleue bearing in hand,
Bloweth in the water and soweth in the sand.

The louer describeth his restlesse state.

The flaming sighes that boile within my brest
Somtime breake forth & they can well declare
The hartes brest and how that he doth feare
The paine therof the grief and all the rest.
The shattered epen from whence the teares do fall,
Do feele some force or els they would be dry,
The wasted fleshe of colour hed can try
And somtime tell what swetnes in the gall.
And he that list to see and to discearne,
How care can force within a worted minde,
Come he to me I am that place asinde,
But for al this no force it doth no harme,
The wound alas happie in some other place,
From whence no toole away the skar can race.

But you which of such like haue had your part,
Can best be iudge. Wherefore my friend so dere,
I thought it good my state shoulde now appere
To you and that there is no great desart.
And whereas you in weighty matters great,
Of fortune saw the shadow that you know,
For trisling thinges I now am stricken so
That though I fele my hart doth wounde & beat,
I sit alone saue on the second day,
My leuer comes with whome I spend my time,
In burning heat while that she list assigne.
And who hath helth and libertie alway,
Let him thank God and let him not prouoke
To haue the like of this my painfull stroke.

The louer laments the death of his loue.

The pillar perisht is wherto I lent,
The strongest stay of mine vnquiet minde.

The

The like of it no man agayne can fynde
 From East to west, still seeking though he wene,
 To myne vnhappe forhappe away hath rent,
 Of all my toy the very barke and rinde,
 And I (alas) by chaunce am thus affinde
 Dayly to mourne tyll death do it relent.
 But since that thus it is by destiny,
 What can I more but haue a woefull hart,
 My penne in plaint, my voyce in care till crye,
 My mynde in wo, my body full of smart,
 And I my selfe, my selfe alwayes to hate,
 Tyll dreadfull death do ease my dolefull state.

The louer sendeth sighes to
 none his suite.

GO burning sighes vnto the frozen hart,
 So breake the yce which pities painfull darte
 Might neuer pearce, and if that mortall prayer
 In heauen be heard, at least yet I desire,
 That death or mercy end my woefull smart.
 Take with thee paine, whereof I haue my part,
 and eke the flame from which I cannot start.
 And leaue me then in rest, if you require,
 Goe burning sighes fulfill that I desire.
 I must go worke, & see my craft and arte
 For truth and fapth in her is layde aparte,
 Alas, I cannot thence more noyse assaile her,
 With pitifull complaints and scalding teer,
 That from my brest discernably doth start.

Complaint of the absence
 of his loue.

SO feeble is the childe, that doth the burden stay,
 Of my poore lyfe in hasty plight, that falleth in decay,
 That, but it haue elsewhere some ayde or some succours,
 The running spindle of my fate anon shall ende his course.
 For since thynhappy hower, that dyd me to depart,
 From my sweete world, one onely hoape hath stayed my life apart,
 Which doth perswade such wordes vnto my lozed mynde.

Again.

Songes

Main tain thy selfe, O wofull wight, some better lucke to fynde.
 For though thou be depriued from thy desyred sight,
 who can thee tell, if thy returne be for thy moze delight?
 O who can tell thy losse, if thou mayst once recouer?
 Some pleasant houre thy wo may wrap, & thee defende, and couer.
 Thus in this trust as yet it hath my lyfe sustayned,
 But now (alas) I see it faint, and I, by trust am trayned.
 The tyme doth flete, and I see how the houres do bende
 So fast, that I haue scant the space to marke my comming ende.
 Westward the sunne from out the East scant shewes his light,
 when in the west he hies him strait, within the darke of night.
 And comes as fast, where he began his path awry,
 From East to west, from west to East so doth his iourney lye.
 The lyfe so short, so fraple that mortall men lyue here,
 So great a weight so heauy charge, the bodie that we bere.
 That when I thinke vpon the distaunce and the space,
 That doth so farre diuylde me from my dere desyred face:
 I knowe not how to attayne the winges that I require
 To lyft me vp, that I myght flye, to followe my desyre.
 Thus of that hope, that doth my lyfe some thyng sustayne,
 Alas, I feare, and partly feeble, full litle doth remaine.
 The place doth bring me griefe where I doe not beholde
 Those liuely eyes, which of my thoughts wer wont to hold.
 Those thoughts wer pleasant sweete, whilst I enioyed that grace,
 My pleasure past, my present payne, when I myght well embrace.
 And, for because my want should moze my wo encrease:
 In watch and slepe, both day and night, my will doth neuer cease
 That thing to wishe, wherof synce I did lose the sight,
 was neuer thing that mought in ought my wofull hart delight.
 Thuneasy lyfe I lead, doth teache me for to mete
 The floudes, the seas, the lād, the hilles, that doth them entermete.
 Twene me, and those shene lightes, that wonted for to clere
 My darked panges of cloudy thoughts, as bright as Sheb's sphere
 It teacheth me also what was my pleasant state,
 The more to feeble, by such record, how that my welth doth bate.
 If such record (alas) prouoke then flamed mynde,
 which sprong that day, that I dyd leave the best of me behynde.
 If loue forget himselfe, by length of absence let,
 Who doth me gyde (O wofull wretch) vnto this bayted net?
 Where doth encrease my care, much better were for me,
 as dumme as stone, all thing forgot, still absent for to be.
 Alas, the clere chrystall, the bright transplendant glasse

Doth

Doth not bewray the colours hid, which vnderneath it hase.
 As doth thaccumbr'd spire the thoughtfull shrowes discover,
 Of teares delyte, of feruent loue, that in our hartes we conser.
 Out by these eyes, it sheweth that euermore delight,
 In plaint and teares to serke redresse, and eke both day and night,
 Those kindes of pleasures most wherein men so reioyce,
 To me they doe redouble still of stormy sighes the voyce.
 For, I am one of them, whome playnt doth well content,
 It sits me well my absent wealth me seemes for to lament.
 And with my teares, assay to charge myne eyes twayne,
 Like as my hart about the brinke is fraughted full of payne.
 And for because therto, that these fayre eyes doe treat,
 Do me prouoke, I will returne, my plaint thus to repeat.
 For, there is nothing els, so toucheth me within,
 Where they rule all, and I alone nought but the case of skin.
 Wherfore I shall returne to them, as well, as spring,
 From whom descendes my mortall wo, aboue all other thyng.
 So shall myne eyes in payne accompany my hart,
 That were the gnydes, that dyd it leade of loue to feele the smart.
 The crisped gold, that doth surmount Appollo's pride,
 The liuely streames of pleasant starres that vnder it doth glyde,
 wherein the beames of loue doe still encrease their heate.
 Which yet so farre touche me to nere, in cold to make me sweate,
 The wise and pleasant talke, so rare, as els alone
 That gaue to me the carters gyft, that erst had neuer none,
 Be farre from me, alas, and euery other thing.
 I might forbear with better will, then this that dyd me byng
 with pleasant woord and there, redresse of lingred payne,
 and wonted oft in kindled will to vertue me to trayne.
 Thus am I lost to heare, and hearken after newes,
 My comfort scant, my large desyre in doubtfull trust renewes.
 And yet with more desyre to mone my wofull case,
 I must complain those hands, these armes that firmly do embrace
 Me from my selfe, and rule the sterne of my poore lyfe,
 The swete disdayns, the pleasant wrathes, & eke the louely scryfe,
 That wonted well to tune in temper iust and mete,
 The rage, that oft did make me erre, by furour vndiscrete.
 All thys is hid fro me, with sharpe and ragged hilles,
 at others will my long abode, my depe dyspayre fulfille.
 And of my hope sometime ryle by, by some redresse,
 It stumbleth strait, for seable saint, my feare hath such excelle.
 Such is the sort of hope, the lesse for more desyre.

End

Songes

And yet I trust ere that I dye, to see that I require.
The resting place of loue, where vertue dwelles and growes,
There I desyre my wepy lyfe, sometime may take repose.
My song, thou shalt attaine, to fynd the pleasant place
where she doth lye, by whō I lye, may chaunce to haue this grace
When she hath read, and sene the grieve, wherein I serue,
Betwene her brestes she shall thee put, there shall she thee reserue,
Then tell her, that I come, she shall me shortly see,
and if for waight the body sayle, the soule shall to her flee.

The louer blameth his loue for
renting of the letter he
sent her.

Satisfied not (madame) that you dyd teare
My woeful hart, but this also to rent,
The weping paper that to you I sent,
Whereof eche letter was written with a teare,
Could not my present paynes (alas) suffice
your greedy heart: and that my hart doth feelee,
Tormentes that picke more sharper then the Steele
But new and new must to my lot aryse,
Vntill my death, so shall your crueltie,
Spite of your spyte rid me from all my smart,
And I no more such tormentes of the hart
Fele as I doe, this shall you gayne thereby.

The louer curseth the tyme when
fyrst he fell in loue.

VVhen fyrst myne eyes did viewe and marke,
Thy fayre beauty to beholde,
And when my eares lyfined to harke
The pleasant woordes that thou me tolde,
I would as then I had been free,
From eares to heare and eyes to see.
And when my lippes gan fyrt to moue,
Wherby my hart to thee was knowne,
and when my tong dyd talke of loue.

To thee that hast true lone downe throwne,
 I would my lippes, and tongue also,
 Had then been dumme, no deale to goe.
 And when my handes haue handled ought,
 That thee hath kept in memory,
 and when my feete haue gone and sought
 To finde and get the company,
 I would eche hand a foote had beene,
 and I eche foote a hand had seene,
 and when in mynde I dyd consent,
 To followe this my fankes will,
 and when my hart dyd fyrst relent
 To taste suche bayte my lyfe to spill,
 I would my hart had been as thine,
 Or els thy hart had been as myne.

The louer determineth to
 serue faithfully.

Since loue will nedes, that I shall loue,
 Of very force I must agree,
 And since no chaunce may it remoue,
 In wealth and in aduersitie,
 I shall alway my selfe applye,
 To serue and suffer patiently.

Though for good will I finde but hate,
 and cruelly my lyfe to wast,
 and though that still a wretched state
 Should pynne my dayes vnto the last:
 Yet I professe it willingly
 To serue and suffer patiently.

For since my hart is bound to serue,
 and I not ruler of myne owne,
 What so befall, tyll that I serue,
 By prooffe full well it shalbe knowne
 That I shall still my selfe apply
 To serue and suffer patiently.

Yea though my griefe finde no redress,
 But still encrease before myne eyes,
 Though my reward be cruelnesse,
 With all the harme, happs can deuyse,

Songes

Yet I professe it willingly.
 To serue and suffer patiently.
 Yea though fortune her pleasant face
 Should shew, to set me vp aloft,
 And straight my wealth for to desace
 Should wythe away, as she doth oft.
 Yet would I still my selfe applye
 To serue and suffer patiently.

There is no griefe, no smart, no wo,
 That yet I feele, or after shall,
 That from this mynde may make me go.
 And whatsoeuer me befall,
 I doe professe it willingly
 To serue and suffer patiently.

The louer suspected bla- meth ill tonges.

My trustfull myndes be moued
 To haue me in suspect,
 The trowth it shalbe proued,
 Which time shall once detect.
 Though falsheb goe about
 Of crime me to accuse,
 At length I doe not doubt
 But trowth shall me excuse.

Such serue, as they haue serued
 To me without desert,
 Euen as they haue deserued,
 Thereof God send them part.

The louer complayneth and his ladie comforteth.

Louer. Ladye. Louer. Ladye. Louer.	I burneth yet, alas my heartes desyre, What is the thing, that hath inflamde thy hert? A certaine poynt as feruent as the fyre, The heate shall cease, if that thou wilt conuert, I canot stop the feruent raging fyre,
------------------------------------------------	-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

What

La. What may I do, if thy selfe cause thy smart?
 Lo. Heare my request, and rewe my weping chere.
 La. With right good will say on, lo, I thee here.
 Lo. That thing would I, that maketh two content.
 La. Tho sekest, perchaunce of me, that I may not.
 Lo. Would God, thou wouldest, as thou mayst, well assent.
 La. That I may not the grieve is myne, God wot.
 Lo. But I it feele, whatso thy woordes haue ment,
 La. Suspect me not, my woordes be not forgot,
 Lo. Then say, alas shall I haue helpe or no.
 La. I see no time to aunswer, yea, but no.
 Lo. Say yea, dere hart, and stand no more in dout.
 La. I may not grant a thing that is so dere.
 Lo. Lo, with delapes thou dzyues me still about.
 La. Thou wouldest my death, it plainly doth appeare.
 Lo. First, may my heart his blood, and life blede cut.
 La. Then for my sake, alas, thy will forbear.
 Lo. From day to day, thus wastes my lyfe away.
 La. Yet for the best, suffice some finale delay,
 Lo. Now good, say yea, do once so good a dede.
 La. If I sayd yea, what should therof ensue?
 Lo. An heart in payne of succour so should spede
 Twixt yea, and nay, my dont shall still renew.
 La. My swete, say yea, and do away this dzyde.
 Lo. Thou wilt nedes so, be it so, but then be trew,
 La. Nought would I els, nor other treasure none,
 Lo. Thus, hartes be wonne by loue, request, and mone.

why loue is blinde.

Of purpose, loue chose first for to be blynde,
 For he with sight of that, that I beholde,
 Vanquisht had been, against all godly kynde.
 His bow your hand, and trusse should haue vnfold.
 And he with me to serue had been aslinde,
 But, for he blind, and recklesse would him holde,
 And still, by chance, his dzyedly strokes bellow,
 With such, as see, I serue, and suffer wo;

To his ynkinde loue.

I.

what

Songes

What rage is this? what furor: of what kynde?
What power? what plage doth wepe thus myne
Within my bones to rankle is assynde, (minder?
What popson pleasant swete?

Lo, see, myne eyes flowe with continual teares
The body still away slepelesse it weares,
My foode nothing my fainting strength repayres,
Nor doth my limmes sustayne.

In depe wyde woud, the dedly stroke doth turne
To carelesse sharre that neuer shall retorne
Go to, triumph, reioyce thy goodly turne,
Thy frend thou doest oppresse.

Oppresse thou doest, and hast of him no cure,
Nor yet my plaint no pittie can procure,
Fierce Tygre, fell, hard rocke without recure,
Cruell rebell to loue.

Once may thou loue, neuer beloned againe,
So loue thou still, and not thy loue obtayne,
So wrathfull loue, with spites of iust disuaine,
May thzet thy cruell hart.

The louer blameth his instant desyre.

Desyre (alas) my maister, and my foe,
So sore altered thy selfe, how maist thou see?
Some time thou sekest, and dyspues me to and fro,
Sometime thou ledest, that leadeth thee and me,
What reason is to rule thy subiectes so?
By forced law, and mutabilitie.
For where by thee I doubted to haue blame,
Euen now by hate agayn I doubt the same.

The louer complaineth his estate.

I See, that chance hath chosen me,
Thus secretly to liue in payne,
And to another gauen thee free,

Of all my losse to haue the gayne.
 By chaunce allinde thus doe I serue,
 And other haue that I deserue.

Unto my selfe sometime alone
 I doe lament my wofull case,
 But what auailsthe me to mone?
 Since trouth and pitie hath no place
 In them, to whom I sue and serue,
 And oiber haue that I deserue.

To seke by meane to chāge this mind
 Alas, I proue, it will not be,
 For in my heart I cannot finde,
 Once to refrayne, but still agree,
 As bound by force, alway to serue
 And other haue that I deserue.

Such is the fortune that I haue,
 To loue them most, that loue me lest,
 And to my payne to seeke, and craue
 The thing, that other haue posselt.
 So thus in vayne alway I serue,
 And other haue that I deserue.

And till I may appease the heate,
 If that my happie will happie so well,
 To wapte my wo my heart shal create
 Whole pensil paye: e my tong can tell,
 Yet thus vnhappy must I serue,
 And other haue that I deserue.

Of his loue called Anna.

What woord is that, that changeth not,
 Though yt be turnde and made in twayne,
 It is myne Anna, God it wote,
 The onely causer of my payne,
 Whose loue that medeth so dildayne.
 Yet is it loued, what will you moze?
 It is my salue, and eke my soze.

f. n.

That

Songes

That pleasure is mixed
with euery
paine.

Venemous thornes that are so sharpe and kene,
Beare flowers we see, full fresh and fayre of hue,
Doyson is also put in medecine.
And vnto man his health doth oft reue.
The spere that all thinges eke consumeth cleue
May hurt and heale, then if that this be true,
I trust sometime my harme may be my health,
Sins euery woe is toynd with some Wealth.

A riddle of a gyft geuen by
a Ladic.

A Lady gaue me a gift she had not,
And I receiued her gift which I tooke not,
She gaue it me willingly, and yet she would not,
And I receiued it, albeie, I coulde not,
If she geue it me, I force not,
And if she take it againe she cares not.
Conster what this is, and tell not,
For I am fast sworne I may not.

That speaking or profering
bringes al way
speding.

Speake thou and speide where will or power ought helpeth
Where power doth want, will must be wonne by welth.
For nede will speide, where will woorkes not his kynde,
And gayne, thy fors thy frendes shall cause thee fynd.
For sute and golde, what doe not they obtayne,
Of good and bad, the tryers are these twayne.

He ruleth not though hereigne ouer
realmes, that is subiect to
his owne lustes.

If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruel will, and see thou kepe thee free
From the foule yoke of sensual bondage,
For though thine empire stretch to Indian sea,
And for thy feare trembleth the fardest Thyles
If thy desyre haue ouer thee y power,
Subiect then art thou and no gouernour.

If to be noble and high thy mynde be moued,
Consider well thy grounde and thy beginning,
For he that hath eche starre in heauen fixed,
And geues the Moone her hoznes and her eclipsing
I lyke hath made the noble in his workyng,
So that wretched no way may thou be,
Except foule lust and vyce doe conquer thee.

All wer yt so thou had a flood of golde,
Into thy thirst yet should it not suffice,
And though with Indian stones a thousand folde,
More precious then can thy selfe deuise,
pcharged were thy backe, thy conetise,
And busp bytyng yet should neuer let,
Thy wretched lyfe, ne do thy death proset.

whether libertie by losse of life, or
life in prison and thraldome
he to be preferred.

Lyke as the byrde within the cage enclosed,
The doie vnspared, her foe the hawke without,
Twixt death and prison piteously oppressed,
Whether for to chose standeth in dout,
Lo so do I, which seke to bring about,
Which should be best by determination,
By losse of life libertie, or lyfe by prison.

And mischief by mischief to be redressed,
Where payne is best, there lyeth but little pleasure,

F.iii.

By

Songes.

By short death better to be deliuered,
Then byde in paynfull lyfe, thzaldome and dolour.
Small is the pleasure, where much payne we suffer
Rather therfore to chuse me thinketh wisdom,
By losse of lyfe libertie, then lyfe by pzyson.
And yet me thinkes although I liue and suffer,
I doe but wayte a tyme and fortunes chance,
Ofte many thinges doe happen in one howr,
That which opprest me now may me aduance,
In time is trust, which by deathes greuanace
Is wholly lost. Then were it not reason,
By death to chuse libertie, and not lyfe by pzyson,
But death wer deliuerace where lif lēgthens paine
Of these two illes let see now chuse the best,
This bird to deliuer that here doth plaine,
What say ye louers: which shalbe the best?
In cage thzaldome, or by the hake opprest
And which to chuse make playne conclusion,
By losse of lyfe libertie, or lyfe by pzyson.

Against houlders of money.

For shamefast harme of great, and hatefull dede,
In depe dyspayre, as did a wretch go,
With ready corde, out of his life to speede,
His stumbling foote did fynde an hooorde, lo
Of golde, I say, where he preparde this dede,
And in eschange, he left the corde, the
He that had hid the golde, and sounde it not,
Of that he found he shapt hig necke a knot.

Description of a gonne.

Vulcane begat me, Minerva me taught,
Nature my mother, craft nourisht me yere by yere
Thre bodys are my foode, my strēgth is in naught
Anger, wrath, waste, & noyse, are my children dere,
Telle frende, what I am, and how I am wrought,
Monster of sea, or of lande, or of els where,
Know me, and vñe me, and I may the defend,
And if I be thine enemye, I may thy life ende.

wyate being in prison, to
Bryan.

Sygnes are my foode, my drinke are my teares,
Clinking of fetters would such musike crane,
Stinke, and close ayre, away my life it weares.
Dooze innocence is all the hope I haue,
Wayne, wynde, or weath'r, iudge I by myne eares.
Malice assautes that righteousnesse should haue.
Sure am I, Bryan, this wound shall heale againe,
But yet alas, the skarre shall stil remaine.

Of dissembling woordes.

Throughtout the world if it wer sought,
Fayre wordes ynough a man shall fynde,
They be good chepe they cost right nought.
Their substance is but onely wynde,
But well to say and so to mene,
That swete accorde is seldome sene.

Of the meane and sure estate

Stand who so list vpon the slipper wheele,
Of high estate, and let me here reioyce,
And vse my life in quietnesse eche deile.
Unknownen in court that hath the wanton ioyes,
In hidden place my time shall slowly passe,
And when my peres be past withouten hope,
Let me dye olde after the common trace,
For grypes of death both he too hardy passe,
That knowne is to all, but to himselfe, alas
He dyeth vnknowne, dased with dreadfull face.

The courtiers life.

In court to serue decked with freshe arape,
Of sugred meates feling the swete repast,
The lyfe in bankets, and sundry kyndes of playe,
J. iii. Amyd

Songes.

Amid the presse of worldly lookes to waste,
Hath with it toynd oft times such bitter taste,
That who so ioyes such kinde of life to holde,
In prison ioyes fettered with chaines of golde.

Of disapointed purpose by negligence.

Of Carthage he that woorthy warrior
Could ouercome, but could not vse his chance
And I likewise of all my long endeuour
The sharpe conquest though fortune did auance,
He could I vse. The hold that is geuen ouer,
I vnpossesse, so hangeth now in balance
Of warre, my peace, rewarde of all my payne,
At Mountzon thus I restlesse rest in Spaine.

Of his returne from Spayne.

Tagus farewell that westward with thy streames
Turnes vp the grames of golde already tryde,
For I with spurre and saile go seke the temmes.
Gayneward y sunne y sheweth her welthy pride,
And to y towne that Brutus fought by dreames,
Lyke bended moone that leaues her lusty syde.
My king, my countrey, I seke for whome I live,
O mightie Ioue the wyndes for this me geue.

Of sodaine trusting.

Giuen by desyre I did this dede
To daunger my self without cause why.
To trust thuntrue not lyke to speede,
To speake and promise faithfully,
But now the profe doth verisy,
That who so trusteth ere he know,
Doth hurt himself and please his foe.

Of the mother that eat her
childe at the siege of
Ierusalem

In doubtfull brest whyles motherly pittie,
With furious famine standeth at debate,
The mother saith, O childe unhappy,
Returne thy blood where thou hadst mylke of late
yeld me those symmes that I made vnto thee,
And enter there where thou wer generate,
For of one body against all nature,
To an other must I make sepulture,

Of the meane and sure estate
written to Iohn Poynes.

My mothers maides when they doe sow and spinne,
They sing a song made of the fieldish mouse,
That for bicause her liuelod was but thinne,
would nedes go see her townish sisters house,
She thought her self endurde to grieuous payne,
The stormy blastes her caue so sore did soule,
That when the furrous swarmed with the rayne,
She must lye colde, and wet in soz pight,
And woorse then that, bare meate ther did remayne
To comfot her, when she her house had dight,
Somtyme a barley corne, somtyme a beane,
For which she laboured hard both day and night
In haruest tyme, whyle she might go and gleane.
And when her stoz was stroyed with the floode,
Then welaway for she vndone was clene.
Then was she faine to take in stede of foode
Slepe if she might, her hunger to begyle.
My sister quod she, hath a liuing good,
And hence from me she dwelleth not a myle.
In colde and storme, she lyeth warme and drye
In bed of downe, the durt doth not defyle
Her tender loote, she labours not as I.

Michely

Songes

Richely she fedes, and at the ryche mannes cost,
 And for her meate she nedes not craue nor cry.
 By sea, by land, of delicates the most,
 Her cater sekes, and spareth for no perell,
 She fedes on boyld meate, bake meate, and on rost,
 And hath therfore no whit of charge nor trauell.
 And when she list the licour of the grape
 Doth glad her heart, till that her belly swell.
 And at this iourney makes she but a iape,
 So forth she goes, trusting of all this wealth,
 With her sister her part so for to share,
 That if she might there kepe her selfe in health,
 To live a Lady while her life doth last.
 And to the doze now is she come by stealth.
 And with her foote anon she scrapes full fast,
 Whether for feare, durst not well scarce appeare,
 Of euery noyse so was the wytech agast.
 At last, she asked softly who was there,
 And in her language as well as she could,
 Pece (quod the other) sister I am here.
 Pece (quod the towne mouse) why speakest thou so louder
 And by the hand she tooke her fayre and well,
 Welcome, quod she my sister by the roode.
 She feasted her, that ioy it was to tell
 The fare they had, they dranke the wyne so clere.
 And as to purpose now and then it fell,
 She chered her, with how sister what chere?
 And this ioy befell a sovy chaunce,
 That welaway, the stranger bought full dere
 The fare she had. For as she lookte a skance:
 Under a stole she spied two steaming eyes,
 In a rounde heade, with sharp eares. In France
 Was neuer mouse so ferde, for the vnwyle
 Had not ysene such a beast before.
 Yet had nature taught her after guyse
 To know her foe, and dread him evermore.
 The towne mouse fled, she knew whither to go.
 The other had no shift, but wonders soye
 Ferde of her life, at home she wist her sho,
 And to the doze, alas, as she did skippe,
 The heauen it would, lo, eke her chaunce was so
 At the threshold her selfe foote did trippe,

And

And ere she might recover it againe,
 The traytour cat had caught her by the hypppe,
 And made her there against her will remaine,
 That had forgot her poore suertie, and rest,
 For seeking welth, wherein she thought to raygne,
 Alas (my Doyne) how men do seke the best,
 And finde the worse, by errour as they straye,
 And no maruell, when sight is so opprest,
 And blindes the guyde, anone out of the way
 Goeth guyde and all in seeking quiet life.
 O wretched myndes, there is no golde that may
 Fraunt that you seke, no warre, no peace, no rise.
 No, no, althoight thy head were hooped with golde
 Sergeant with mace, with hawbart, sword nor knife
 Can not repulse the care that follow should.
 Eche kynde of lyfe, hath with him his disease,
 Live in delites, even as thy lust would,
 And thou shalt finde, wile lust doth most thee please
 It yskeith straight, and by it selle doth fade.
 A small thing is yt, that may thy minde appease
 None of you all there is, that is so madde,
 To seke for grapes on brambles or on briers,
 For none I trow, that hath a witte so badde,
 To set his hawe for conies ouer rivers,
 Nor ye set not a dragge net for an hare.
 And yet the thing that most is your desyre,
 you doe mislike, with more traueil and care.
 Make plaine thine heart, that it be not knotted
 With hope or dreade, and see thy will be bare
 From all affectes, whom vyce hath neuer spotted,
 Thy selfe content with that is thee assynde,
 And vse it well that is to the allotted,
 When seke no more out of thy selfe to fynde,
 The thing that thou hast sought so long before,
 For thou shalt feele it sticking in thy mynde
 Made, if ye list to continue your soze,
 Let present passe, and gaze on time to come,
 And depe thy selfe in traueil more and more.
 Hencefurth (my Doyne) this shalbe all and some,
 These wretched fooles shall haue nought els of me,
 But, to the great God, and to his dome,
 None other payne pray I for them to be.

Songes

But when the rage doth leade them from the right,
That looking backward, Vertue they may see,
Euen as she is, so goodly fayre and bright,
And whylst they claspe theyr lustes in armes acrosse
Erunt them good lord, as thou maist of thy might
To treat inward, for losing such a losse.

Of the Courtiers life, written to Iohn Foynes.

Myne own Iohn Foynes, sing ye delight to know
The causes why that homeward I me draw,
And flee the please of courtes, where so they goe,
Rather then to liue thzall vnder the awe
Of lordly lookes, wrapped within my cloke,
To will and lust learning to set a law,
It is not that because I shorne oz mocke
The power of them whom fortune here hath lent
Charge ouer vs, of right to strike the stroke.
But true yt is that I haue alwayes ment
Lesse to esteeme them, then the common soze,
Of outward thinges, that iudge in their entent
Without regarde, what inward doth resort,
I graunt, sometime of glozy that the fyre
Doth touch my heart. He list not to report,
Blame by honour, and honour to desyre,
But how may I this honour now attaine.
That cannot dye the colour blacke a lyer.
My Foynes, I cannot frame my tune to sayn,
To cloke the trouth, for praise without desert,
Of them that list all vice for to retayne.
I cannot honour them, that set theyr part
With Venus, and Bacchus, all their life long,
Nor holde my peace of them, although I smart,
I cannot crouche nor knele to such a wronge,
To worship them like God on earth a lone,
That are as wolues these sely lambes among,
I cannot with my woordes complayne and mone,
And suffer nought nor smart without complaint,
Nor turne the woord that from my mouth is gone,
I cannot speake and looke like a saint,
Wise wyles for wit, and make disceit a pleasure,

Call craft counsaile, for lucre still to paynt.
 I can not wrest the law to fyll the coffer,
 With innocent blood to feede my selfe fatte,
 And doe most hurt where that most helpe I offer.
 I am not he, that can allow the state
 Of hye Caeser, and damne Cato to dye,
 That with his death did scape out of the gate,
 From Caesars handes, if Luy doth not lye.
 And would not lye, where liberty was lost,
 So did his heart the common wealth apply.
 I am not he, such eloquence to best,
 To make the crow in singing, as the swanne,
 Nor call the Lyon of coward beastes the most,
 That cannot take a mouse, as the cat can.
 And he that dyeth for hunger of the golde,
 Call him Alexander, and say that Pan
 Passeth Apollo in musike manyfold,
 Praise syr Copas for a noble tale,
 And scorne the story that the knight tolde,
 Praise him for counsell, that is dronke of ale,
 Grinne when he laughes, that beareth all the sway,
 Frowne when he frownes, & grone when he is pale
 On others lust, to hang both night and day.
 None of these pointes would euer frame in me.
 My wit is nought, I can not learne the way.
 And much the lesse of thinges that greater be,
 That asken helpe of colours to deuise
 To ioyne the meane with eche extremitie,
 With nerest vertue ay to cloke the vyce,
 And as to purpose likewise it shall fall,
 To presse the vertue that it may not rse,
 As dronkennesse good felowship to call.
 The frendly foe, with his faire double face,
 Say he is gentle, and curtles therwithall.
 Affirme that fauill hath a goodly grace
 In eloquence: And cruelty to name
 Zeale of Justice, and change in time and place:
 And be that suffereth offence without blame,
 Call him pitiefull, and him true and playne,
 That sayleth rechelesse vnto eche mans shame.
 Say he is rude, that can not lye and sayne,
 The lecher a louer, and tyranny

Songes

To be right of a Princes raigne.
 I cannot I, no no, it will not be.
 This is the cause that I could neuer yet
 Hang on their sleeves, & weigh (as thou maist see)
 A chippe of chaunce, moze then a pounce of wit,
 This maketh me at home to hunt and haue
 And in foule weather at my booke to sit
 In frost and snow, then with my bowe stalk,
 No man doth marke where so I ryde or gce,
 In lussy leas at libertie I walke,
 And of these newes I fele nor weale nor woe,
 Haue that a clogge doth hang yet at my heele.
 No force for that, for yt is ordred so,
 That I may leape both hedge and dyke full woe,
 I am not now in Fraunce, to indge the wyne,
 With sauery sauce those delicates to feele,
 Nor yet in Spayne, where one must him inclyne,
 Rather then to be, outwardly to seme,
 I meddle not with wittes that be so fyne,
 Nor laundres chere lettes not my sight to deme
 Of blacke, and whyte, nor takes my wittes away
 With beastlinesse, such doe those beastes esteeme,
 Nor I am not, where truch is geuen in pray,
 For money, pryson, and treason, of some
 A common practyse, vsed night and daye.
 But I am here in kent and chustendome
 Among the Muses, where I reade and ryme,
 Where if thou list, mine own John Doyces to come
 Thou shalt be iudge, how I doe spende my tyme.

How to vse the court and him
 selfe therin, written to syr
 Fraunces Bryan,

A Spending hand that alway powreth out,
 Had nede to haue a bringer in as fast,
 And on the stone that still doth turne about,
 Where groweth no molle: These proverbes yet doe last,

Reason

Reason hath set them in so sure a place,
 That length of yeres their force can neuer waste,
 When I remember this, and eke the case
 Wherin thou stādost, I thought fourthwith to write
 (Rypan) to thee, who knowes how great a grace,
 In writing is to counsaile man the right.
 To thee therfore that trottes styll vp and downe,
 And neuer restes, but runnyng day and night,
 From realme to realme, from citie, strete, and towne
 Why doest thou weare thy body to the bones?
 And mightest at home slepe in thy bedde of downe,
 And drinke good ale so nappy for the nones,
 Fede thy selfe fatte, and heape vp pounce by pounce
 Lykest thou not this? No. why? for swine so groines
 In sty, and chaw dung moulded on the ground,
 And drinck on pearles, with head still in the manger
 So of the harpe the asse doth heare the sound.
 So sakes of durt be filde. The neat courtier
 So serues for lesse, then doe these fatted swine.
 Though I seme leane and dype, withouten moister
 yet will I serue my prince, my lord and thyne
 And let them liue to fede the paunch that list,
 So I may liue to fede both me and myne.
 By God well sayd. But what and if thou wilt,
 How to bring in, as fast as thou doest spende,
 That would I learne, And it shall not be mist
 To tell the how. Now harke what I intende.
 Thou knowest well first, who so can selte to please
 Shal purchase freedes, where trowth shal but offede.
 Flee therfore trowth, it is both welch and ease.
 For though that trowth of euery man hath praisse,
 Full neare that wynde goth trowth in great misseale
 Use vertue, as it goeth now a dayes,
 In woord alone to make thy language swete,
 And of thy dede, yet doe not as thou sayes.
 Els be thou sure, thou shalt be farre vnmete
 To geat thy bread, eche thing is now so skant.
 Seke still thy profit vpon thy bare fete,
 And in no wise: for feare that thou do want,
 Unless yt be, as to a calfe a chese,
 But if thou can be sure to win a cant
 Of halfe at least. It is not good to lesse.

Lerne

Songes

Learne at the ladde, that in a long white cote
 From vnder the stall, withouten landes or fee
 Hath leapt into the shoppe, who knowes by rote
 This rule that I haue tolde thee here before.
 Sometime also, riche age begynneth to dote,
 Se thou when there thy gayne may be the more
 Stay him by the arme where so he walke or goe.
 Be nere alway, and if he rough to soze,
 What he hath spyt treade out, and please him so,
 I diligent knaue that pykes his masters purse
 May please him so, that he withouten mo
 Executour is. And what is he the woozse?
 But if so chance, thou geat nought of the man,
 The widow may for all thy payne disburse.
 A riuclod skinne, a stinking breath, what than?
 A toothelesse mouth shall doe thy lyppes no harme.
 The gold is good, and though she curse or banne,
 yet where thee list, thou mayst lye good and warme.
 Let the olde mule byte vpon the byddle,
 Whilst there do lye a sweter in thine arme.
 In this also see that thou be not ydle,
 Thy nere, thy cosyn, sister, or thy daughter,
 If she be fayre, if handsome be her middle,
 If thy better hath her loue besought her,
 Auance his cause, and he shall helpe thy nede,
 It is but loue, turne thou it to a laughter.
 But ware I say, so gold the helpe and speede,
 That in this case thou be not so vnwyse
 As Pander was in such a lyke dede.
 For he the foole of conscience was so nyce,
 That he no gayne woulde haue for all his payne,
 We next thy selfe for frendship beares no pryce.
 Laughst thou at me: why: doe I speake in vayne?
 No not at thee, but at thy thyrsty iest.
 Wouldest thou, I shoulde for any losse or gayne,
 Change that for golde, that I haue tane for best,
 Next godly thinges, to haue an honest name?
 Shoulde I leaue that, then take me for a beast.
 May then farewell, and if thou care for shame
 Content thee then with honest pouertie,
 With free tong, what thee mislikes, to blame,
 And for thy trowth, sometime aduersitie,

And therewithall this gift I shall thee give,
In this world now little prosperitie,
and quoyne to kepe, as water in a sieve.

The song of Iopas vnfinisshed.

VVhen Dido feasted first the wandring Troian knight,
whō Junos wrath & stormes did force in Libick sands to light
That mighty Atlas taught, the supper lasting long,
With crisped lockes on golden harpe, Iopas sang in song:
That same (quod he) that we the world do call and name,
Of heauen and earth with all contentes, it is the very frame.
Of thus, of heauenly powers by more powre kept in one
Repugnant bandes, in middes of whom the earth hath place along.
Firme, round, of liuing thinges the mother, place and nurse,
without the which in egall weight, this heauē doth hold his course.
And it is calde by name, the first and moving heauen,
The firmament is placed next, containing other seven.
Of heauenly powers that same is planted full and thicke,
as shining lights which we call starres, that therein cleue & sticke.
With great swift sway the first, and with his restless sours,
Carrieth it selfe, and all those epyght, in euen continuall cours.
And of this world so round within that rolling case,
Two points there be that neuer moue, but firmly kepe their place.
The one we see alway, the tother standes obiect
agaist the same, diuysing iust the ground by lyne direct
Which by ymagination, drawne from the one to thother,
Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is none other.
And these be calde the Poles, describe by starres not bright,
Arlike the one northward we see, Antartike thother light.
The lyne, that we deuyse from thone to thother so,
as axell is, vpon the which the heauens about do go.
Which of water nor earth, of ayre nor fyre haue kinde:
Therefore the substance of those same wer hard for man to finde.
But they been vncorrupt, simple and pure vnmixt,
and so we say been all those starres, that in the same be fixt.
And eke those erring seven, in cyrcle as they stray,
So calde, because agaist that first they haue repugnant way,
and smaller by wayes too, scant sensible to man,
To busy woork for my poore harpe, let sing them he that can.
The wydest saue the first, of all these nyne aboue,
One hundred yere doth aske of space for one degre to moue.

Of which degrees we make in the fyrst mounting heauen,
 Three hundred and three score in partes, iustly diuided euen,
 And yet there is another betwene those heauens two,
 Whose moving is so slye so slacke: I name it not for now,
 The seventh heauen by the shell, next to the starry skye,
 All those degrees that gathereth vp, with aged pace so slye.
 And doth performe the same, as elders count hath bene,
 In nine and twenty yeres complete, and dayes almost sixtene
 Doth carpe in his bought the starre of Saturne olde,
 A threathner of all thinges, with drought and with his colde,
 The last whome this contyneth, doth stalk with yonger pace,
 and in twelue yere doth somewhat more then thothers vyage was,
 And thys in it doth beare the starre of Jone benigne,
 Twene Saturnes malice and vs men, frendly descending signe.
 The first beares bloody Mars, that in three hundred dayes
 and twise eleuen with one full yere, hath finish all those wayes.
 A yere doth aske the fourth, and howers thereto fyre,
 and in the same the dayes eye, the sunne therein he sticke.
 The thyrd that gouernde is by that, that gouernes me,
 and loue for loue and for no loue prouokes, as oft we see.
 In like space doth performe that course, that dyd the tother,
 So doth she next vnto the same, that second is in order.
 But it doth beare the starre, that calde is Mercury,
 That many a crafty foot et steppes doth treade, as Calcars trye.
 That skye is last, and first next by those wayes hath gone,
 In seven and twenty common dayes, and eke the thyrd of one
 And beareth with his sway, the dyuers Asone about,
 Now bright, now brown, now bet, now ful, a now her light is out
 Thus haue they of their owne two mountinges all these seven,
 One, wherein they be caried still, eche in his fenerall heauen:
 Another of themselves, where theyz bodies be layde
 In bywaies, and in lesser roundes, as I albe haue sayde.
 Saue of them all the spume doth stray least from the freight,
 The starry skye hath but one course, that we haue calld the eight.
 And all these mountinges eyght are went from West to East,
 although they seeme to clyme aloft, I say from East to west.
 But that is but by force of theyz fyrst moving slye,
 In twyse twelue houres fro East to East that carrieth the by & by
 But marke me well also, the moving of these seven,
 Be not about the spectree of the fyrst mounting heauen.
 For they haue theyz two holes directly toun to the tother, &c.

S. F. R. A. T. E. the elder.

Vncertain auctours.

The complaint of a loue
with suite to his loue
for pitie.

If euer wofull man might moue your hartes to ruth,
Good ladies heare his wofull playnt, whose death shall trye hys
And rightfull iudges be on this his true report, (truth.
If he deserue a loners name among the faithfull sort.
Five hundred times the sunne hath lodgde him in the West
Since in my hart I harbzed fyrst of all the goodliest gest.
Whose woozthinesse to shew, my wittes are all to faynt,
and I lacke cunning of the scholes, in colours her to paynt.
But this I briefly say in woordes of egall weight,
So boyde of vyce was neuer none, nor with such vertues freight.
And for her beauties prayse, no wight that with her warres,
For where she comes, she shewes her self as sūne among y^e starres,
But lord, thou wast to blame, to frame such perficence,
and puttes no pitie in her hart, my sorowes to redresse.
For if ye knewe the paines, and pangies that I haue past,
a wonder would it be to you, how that my lyfe hath last.
When all the Gods agreed, that Cupide with his bowe
Should shote his arrowes fro her eyes, on me his might to show.
I knew it was in vaine my force to trult vpon,
and well I wist it was no shame, to yelde to such a one.
Then did I me submyt with humble hart and mynde,
To be her man for evermore, as by the Gods allinde.
And since that day, no wo, wherwith loue might torment,
Could wone me from this faythfull band, or make me once repent.
Yet haue I felt full oft the hottest of his fyre,
The bitter teares, the scalding sighes, the burning hote desyre.
And with a sodain sight the tremblng of the hart,
and how the blood doth come and go, to succour euery parte.
When that a pleasant looke hath lyft me in the ayre,
a frowne hath made me fall as fall into a depe dyspayre.
And when that I ere this, my tale coulde wel by hart,
and that my tong had learned it, so that no word myght start,
The sight of her hath set my wittes in such a stay,
That to be lord of all the word, my word I coulde not say.

Songes

And many a sodain crampe my hart hath pinched so,
 That for the tyme my senses all, felt neither weale nor wo.
 Yet saw I neuer thing, that might my mynde content,
 But wylt it hers, and as her will, if she could so consent.
 Nor neuer hard of wo, that dyd her will displease,
 But wylt the same vnto my selfe, so it myght do her ease.
 Nor neuer thought that fayre, nor neuer liked face,
 Unless it dyd resemble her, or some part of her grace.
 No distaunce yet of place could vs so farre diuorde,
 But that my heart and my good will dyd still with her abyde,
 Nor yet it neuer lay in any fortunes powre,
 To put that swete out of my thought, one minate of an houre.
 No rage of drenching sea, nor woodnes of the wynde,
 Nor cāds & their thūding crackes could put her frō my minde.
 For when both sea and lande asunder had vs set,
 My whole delight was onely then, my selfe alone to get.
 And thitherward to looke, as nere as I coulde gesse,
 Where as I thought that she was then, that might my wo redresse.
 Full oft it dyd me good that wayes to take my winde,
 So pleasant ayre in no place els, me thought I could not finde.
 I saying to my selfe, my lyfe is yonder way,
 and by the winde I haue her sent, a thousand sighes a day.
 And sayde vnto the sunne, great gyftes are geuen thee,
 For thou mayst see myne earthly blisse where euer that she bee.
 Thou seest in euery place, would God I had thy might,
 and I the ruler of my selfe, then should she know no night.
 And thus from wish to wish, my wittes haue been at stryfe,
 and wanting all that I haue wylt, thus haue I lead my lyfe.
 But long it cannot last, that in such wo remaines,
 No force for that, for death is swete, to him that feelles such paines.
 Yet most of all me grieues, when I am in my graue,
 That she shall purchase by my death a cruell name to haue.
 Wherefore all you that heare this plaint, or shall it see,
 Wylt that it may so pearce her hart, that she may pitie me.
 For and it were her will, for both it were the best,
 To saue my lyfe, to kepe her name, and set my hart at rest,

Of the death of maister Deuorox
 the lord Ferres
 sonne.

Who lustily may reioyce in ought vnder the skye?
 as life or lands, as frendes or frutes, which onely liue to dye.
 Or who doth not well knowe all worldly workes are vaine,
 and geueth nought but to thee lendes, to take the same agayne.
 For though it lift some vp, as we long vpward all,
 Such is the sort of slipper welth, all thinges do rise to fall.
 Thuncerteintie is such, experience teacheth so,
 That what thinges men do couet most, them soonest they forgo.
 Lo Deuozor where he lyeth, whose lyfe men helde so deare,
 That now his death is sorowed so, that pitie it is to heare,
 Hys byrth of auncient bloud, his parents of great fame
 and yet in vertue farre before, the foremost of the same.
 His king, and countrey bothe he serued to so great gayne,
 That with the Byzutes, record doth rest, and euer shall remayne.
 No man in warre so mete, an enterpryse to take,
 No man in peace that pleasurde more of enemies friendes to make.
 A Cato for his counsell, his head was surely such,
 Ne Theseus friendship was so great, but Deuozor was as much.
 A grasse of so small grothe, so much good fruite to bring,
 Is seldome heard, or neuer seene, it is so rare a thing.
 A man sent vs from God, his lyfe did well declare,
 and now sent for by God agayne, to teache vs what we are.
 Death, and the grane, that shall accompany all that liue,
 hath brought him heuē, though somewhat sone, which life could neuer
 God graunt wel all that shall professe as he profess: (geue
 To liue so well, to dye no worse, and send his soule good rest.

They of the meane estate
 are happiest.

If right be ract and ouerronne,
 and power take part with open wrong,
 If feare by force do yelde to sone,
 The lacke is like to last to long.
 If God for goodes shalbe vnplaced,
 If right for riches loses hys shape,
 If world for wisdom be embraced,
 The gesse is great, much hurt may hap.
 Among good thinges I proue and finde,
 The quiet lyfe doth most abound.

Songes

And sure to the contented mynde,
There is no riches may be founde.

For riches hates to be content
Rule is enemy to quietnesse,
Power is most part impacient,
and seldome likes to lyue in peace.

I heard a heardman once compare
That quiet nightes he had mo slept,
and had mo mery dayes to spare,
When he which ought the beastes, he kept.

I would not haue it thought hereby,
The Dolphin swimme I meane to teache,
Nor yet to learne the Falcon flye,
I rowe not so farre past my teache.

But as my part aboue the rest,
Is well to wish and well to will,
So tyll my breath shall sayle my best,
I will not cease to wish you still.

Comparison of lyfe and death.

The lyfe is long, that lothsomly doth last,
The dolefull dayes draw slowly to their date,
The present panges, and paynfull plagues forpast,
pale griefe aye grene to stablish this estate,
so that I feele, in this great storme and strife,
That death is swete that endeth such a lyfe.
yet by the stroke of this strange ouerthrowe,
At which conflict in thraldome I was thrust,
The lord be praised, I am well taught to knowe,
From whence man came, and eke wherto he must,
And by the way, vpon how feble force,
His terme doth stand, til death doth end his course
The pleasant yeres that seme, so swift that tyme,
The mery dayes to end, so fast that flete,
The ioyfull nightes, of which day daweth so soone,
The happy howres which me do misse then mete,
Doe all consume as snowe against the sunne,
and death makes end of all, that life begonne.

Since death shall dure till all the world be waste,
 What meaneth man to dread death then so sore?
 As man might make, that life should wayward fall,
 Without regarde, the lord hath led before
 The dance of death, which all must runne on redde,
 Though how, or when, the lord alone doth know.

If man would munde, what burdens life doth bring,
 What greuous crimes to God he doth commit;
 What plagues, what panges, what perilles thereby springe,
 With no sure hower in all his daies to sit,
 He would sure thinke, as with great cause I do,
 The day of death were better of the two.

Death is a port, wherby we passe to rest,
 Life is a lake, that doth drowneth all in paine,
 Death is so deere, it tealeth all annoy,
 Life is so leude, that all it yeldeth is bayne.
 And as by life to bondage man is brought,
 Euen so like wise by death was freedom wrought.

Wherefore with Patience, let all men wish and pray,
 To be dissolved of this foule fleshy masse,
 Or at the least be armed against the day,
 That they be found good, prest to passe,
 From life to death, from death to life againe,
 To such a life, as euer shall remaine.

The tale of pigmalion with conclus sion ypon the beautie of his loue.

In grece sometime there dwelt a man of worthy fame,
 To graue in stone his cunning was, Pigmalion was his name.
 To make his fame endure, when death had him bereft,
 He thought it good, of his owne hand some fyled worke were left.
 In secret study then such worke he gan deuise,
 As might his cunning best commend, and please the lookers eyes.
 A courser faire he thought to graue, barbed for the field,
 And on his back a seemely knight, well armed with speare and shield,
 Or els some foule, or fish to graue he did deuise,
 And still, within his wandring thoughtes, new fancies did arise,
 G. iii. Thus

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 Thus

Thus varied he in thinde, what enterprize to take.
 All fany moued his leatned hand a woman faire to make.
 Wheron he staied, and thought such perfecte fourme to frame
 Wherby he might amase all Grece and winne immortall name.
 Of puozie whitch he made so faire a woman than,
 That nature seoznd her perfectnesse so taught by craft of man,
 Well shaped were her lims, full comly was her face,
 Eche litle linely coucht, eche part had semely grace.
 Twixt nature & Digmation, there might appere great strife,
 So semely was this ymage wrought, it lackt nothing but life,
 His curious eye behelde his own deuiled worke,
 And gasinge oft theron, he founde much venom there to lurke,
 For all the featurde shape so bid his fany moue,
 That with his idoll, whome he made, Digmation felt in lone.
 To whome he honour gaue, and decked with garlandes swete,
 And did adourn with iewels rich, as is for louers mete.
 Somtimes on it he satond, sometime in rage would cry,
 It was a wonder to behold, fany blearde his eye.
 Since that this ymage dome enflamed so wise a man,
 My dere alas, since I you loue, what wonder is it then?
 In whome hath nature set the glozy of her name,
 And brake her mould in great dispaire, yow like she coulde not
 (frame.

The louer sheweth his wofull
 state, and praicth pitie.

L Ike as the Larke within the Marllans soote,
 With piteous tuncs doth chirp her yelden lay:
 So sing I now, seing none other boote,
 My rendering song, and to your will obey.
 Your vertue mountes about my force so hye,
 And with your beautie sealed I am so sure,
 That there auayles resistance none in me,
 But patiently your pleasure to endure,
 For on your will my fany shall attend
 My life my deathe, I put both in your choyce,
 And rather had my life by you to end,
 Than liue by other alwayes to reioyce,
 And if your crueltie do thirst my blood,
 Then let it founzth if it may do you good.

Upon

Vpon consideration of the state
of this life he wisheth death.

The longer life, the more offence:

The more offence the greater paine,
The greater paine, the lesse defence,
The lesse defence, the lesser gaine.

The losse of gaine long yll doth trye,
Wherefore come death and let me dye.

The shorter life, lesse count I finde,
The lesse account, the soner made,
The count soone made, the merier mind,
The merier mynd doth thought euade,
Short life in truth this thing doth trye,
Wherefore come death, and let me dye.

Com gentle death, the ebbe of care,
The ebbe of care the flood of life,
The flood of life, the ioyfull fare,
The ioyfull fare, the end of strife,
The end of strife, that thing with the I,
Wherefore come death, and let me dye.

The louer that once disdained
loue, is now become subiect
being caught in his snare.

TO this my songe geue eare who list,
And mine entent iudge as ye will,
The time is come, that I haue mist,
The thing wheron I hoped styll,
And from the toppe of all, my trust,
My thap hath thzowen me in the dust.
The time hath bene and that of late,
My hart and I might leape at large,
And was not shut within the gate
Of loues desire, noz tooke no charge
Of any thing, that did pertaine

Songes

As touching lone in any paine,
 My thought was free, my hart was light
 I marked not who lost, who saught,
 I plaide by day, I slept by night.
 I forced not, who wept, who laught,
 My thought from all such thinges was free,
 And I my self at libertie.

I toke no hede to tauntes nor toys,
 I leet to see them frowne as simple,
 Where fortune laught I scornde their toyes,
 I founde their fraudes and euery wyle.
 And to my selfe oft tymes I smiled,
 To see how lone had them begiled.

Thus in the net of my conceit
 I masked still among the sort
 Of such as fed vpon the bayte,
 That Cupide laide for his disport,
 And euer as I saw them caught,
 I them beheld, and there at laught,

Till at the length when Cupide spied
 My scornfull wyl and spitefull vse,
 And how I past not who was tyed,
 So that my selfe rayght still kine lose,
 He set him self to lye in waite,
 And in my way he threwe a baite.

Such one as nature neuer made,
 I dare well say saue she alone,
 Such one she was as would invade
 I hart, more hard then marble stone.
 Such one she is, I know it right,
 Her nature made to shew her might,

Then as a man in a mase,
 When vse of reason is a way,
 So I began to stare and gase,
 And sodeinly, without delay,
 Or euer I had the wit to loke,
 I swallowed vp both bait and hooke,
 Which daily greues me more and more
 By sundry sortes of carefull wo,
 And none aliue may salue the soze,
 But onely she that hurt me so.
 In whom my lyf. dothe now consist

To laue or flay me as the lyst.

But seeyng now that I am caught,
and bounde so fast I cannot fflye,
Be ye by myne ensaumples taught,
That in your fantasies seie you free.
Despyse not them that louers are,
Lest you be caught within his snare.

Of Fortune, and fame.

The plage is great where fortune frownes,
One mischief brings a thousand woes
where trumpets geue their warlike sownes.
The weake sustayne sharpe ouerthrowes,
No better lyfe they tast and feele
That subiect are to fortunes whele.

Her happy chaunce may last no time,
Her pleasure threatheneth paynes to come,
She is the fall of those that clyme,
and yet her whele auunceth some.
No force, where that she hates or loues,
Her fickle minde so oft remoues.

She geues no gyft, but craues as fast,
She sone repentes a thankfull dede,
She turneth after euery blast,
She helpes them oft that hath no nede.
Where power dwelles, and riches rest,
False Fortune is a common guest.

Yet some aspyre and proue by skill,
fortune is not a flyeng fame,
She neither can do good, nor yll,
She hath no sourse, yet beares a name.
Then we but strue against the streames
To frame such toyes on fantasies dreames.

If she haue shape, or name alone,

If she do rule or beare no sway,

If she haue bodie, lyfe or none,

Be she a sprite I cannot saie.

But well I wot, some cause there is,

That causeth wo and sendeth blisse.

The causes of thinges I will not blame,

Songes

Lest I offende the pzince of peace,
But I may chyde, and bridle with fame,
To make her crye and neuer cease.
To blowe the trumpe within her eares,
That may appease my wofull teares.

Against wicked tonges.

O Evil tonges, which clap at enery wynde,
Ye slea the quicke, and eke the dead defame,
Those that liue well, some faute in them ye fynde,
Ye take no thought in sclaundring theyr good name,
Ye put iust men oft times to open shame,
Ye ring so loude, ye sounde vnto the skies,
and yet in prooffe, ye sowe nothing but lyes.
Ye make great warre, where peace hath ben of long,
Ye bring riche realmes to ruine and decay,
Ye plucke downe right, ye do enhaunce the wrong,
Ye turne sweete myzth to wo, and wel away,
Of mischiefes all ye are the ground I say.
Happy is he, that liues on such a sort,
That nedes not feare such tonges of false report.

Hell tormenteth not the damned
ghostes so sore, as vnkind;
nesseth the louer.

The restless rage of depe deuouring hell,
The blasing brandes that neuer doe consume,
The roaring route, in Plutoes den that dwell,
The fiery breath, that from those ympes doth fume,
The dropsy dryeth, that Tantalus in the flood,
Endureth aye, all hopeles of reliefe,
He hungersteruen, where fruite is ready tooke,
So wretchedly his soule doth suffer grieve,
The liuer gnawne of guylfull Prometheus,
Which Vultures fell with strayned talent tyre,
The labour lost of wried Sisyphus.

These

These hellish houndes with paines of quenchlesse fyre,
 Cannot so soze the silly soules torment,
 as her vnt ruth my hart hath all to rent.

Of the mutabilitie of
 the worlde,

BI fortune as I lay in bed, my fortune was to fynde,
 Such falses, as my careful thought had brought into my minde.
 And when eche one was gone to rest full soft in bed to lye,
 I would haue slept, but than the watch dyd followe styl myne eye.
 And sodeynly I sawe a sea of wofull sorowes prest,
 whose wicked wayes of sharpe repulse bred mine vnquiet rest.
 I saw this world, and howe it went, eche state in his degree
 and that from wealth ygraunted is, both lyfe and libertie.
 I sawe howe enuy it did rayne, and beare the greatest pyce,
 Ye greater popson is not found within the Cockatrice.
 I saw also, how that disdayne oft times to forge my woe,
 Gaue me the cuppe of bytter swette to pledge my mortall foe.
 I saw also, how that desyre, to rest no place could finde,
 But still constraynde in endlesse payns to followe natures kinde.
 I saw also most straunge of all, how nature dyd forsake,
 The bloud, & in her wombe was wrought, as doth & lothed snake.
 I saw howe fansie would retayne no lenger then her lust,
 and as the wind how she doth chaunge, and is not for to trust.
 I saw how stedfastnes did flete with winges of often chaunge,
 A flyeng byrd, but scildome scene, her nature is so straunge.
 I saw how pleasant times did passe, as flowres doe in the mede,
 To day that riseth red as rose, to morowe falleth ded.
 I saw my time how it dyd runne, as sand out of the glasse,
 When as eche howre appoynted is, from tyme and tyde to passe.
 I saw the peres that I had spent, and losse of all my gayne,
 and how the sport of youthfull playes my folly dyd retayne.
 I saw how that the litle ant in summer still doth corne,
 To seeke her foode, wher by to lue in winter for to come.
 I sawe eke vertue how she late, the threde of lyfe to spinne,
 Which sheweth the ende of euery worke, before it doth beguine.
 And when all these I thus behelde with many moe perdy,
 In me, me thought, eche one had wrought a perfite propertie.
 And then I sayde vnto my selfe, a lesson this shalbe
 For other, that shall after come, for to beware by me.

Thus

Songes

Thus all the night I did deuise, which way I might constraîne
To forme a plot, that wit might worke these braches in my brain.

Harpalus complaint of Phillidaes loue,
bestowed on Corin, who loued
her not, and denied him
that loued her.

Phillida was a fayre mayde,
As freshe as any flowre,
Whom Harpalus the heardman prayde
To be his paramour.

Harpalus and the Corin
were herdmen both pfer:
And Phillida could twist and spinne
and thereto sing full clere.

But Phillida was all to coy
For Harpalus to winne,
For Corin was her onely ioy,
Who forst her not a pinne.

How often would she flowres twine,
how often garlandes make:
Of Couflips and of Columbine,
and all for Corins sake.

But Corin he had hawkes to late,
and forced more the field:
Of louers lawe he tooke no cure
For once he was begyde.
Harpalus preyed nought
his labour all was lost,
For he was farthest from her thought
and yet he loued her most.

Therefore wext he both pale and leane
And dyre as clod of clay,
His fleshe it was consumed cleane
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shant,
His heate hollig all bakempt,
A man most fit euen for the grane
Whom spitefull loue had spent.

His eyes were red and all forwatched
 His face besprent with teares,
 It semde vnhap had him long hatched,
 In middes of hys dyspayres.

His clothes were blacke and also bare
 as one forlorne was he,
 Upon his head alwaies he ware
 a wreath of willowe tree.

His beastes he kept vpon the hyl,
 and he sare in the dale,
 And thus with sighes and sorowes shill,
 he gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus (thus would he say)
 Unhappiest vnder sunne,
 The cause of thine unhappy day
 By loue was fyrst begonne.

For thou wentst fyrst by fute to seeke
 a Cygre to make tame,
 That setteth not by thy lone a lecke
 But maketh thy griefe her game.

As easy it were for to conuert
 The frost into the flame,
 as for to turne a froward hart,
 whom thou so sayne wouldest frame.

Corin he liueth carelesse,
 he leapes among the leaues
 he eateth the frutes of thy redresse,
 Thou reapes, he takes the sheaues.

Why beastes a while your foode refraine
 and harken your heardmans sounde;
 whome spightfull loue alas hath slayne
 Through gyrt with many a wounde.

O happy be ye beastes wilde
 What here your pasture takes,
 I see that ye be not begyld
 Of these your faithfull makes.

The Hart he feedeth by the hynde,
 The Ducke hard by the Do,
 The Turtle doue is not vnkinde
 To hym that loues her so.

Theewe she hath by her the Ramme,
 The pong cowe hath the Bull.

Songes

The Calfe with many a lusty lambe
Doe feede their hunger full.

But wel away that nature wrought
Thee Phillida so fayre,
For I may say that I haue bought
Thy beauty all to deare.

What reason is it that crueltie
With beauty should haue part,
Or els that such great tyranny
Should dwell in womans hart.

I see therefore to shappe my death
She cruelly is prest,
To thende that I may want my breath,
My dayes been at the best.

O Cupide graunt this my request
and doe not stoppe thine cares,
That she may feele within her brest
The paynes of my dyspayres.

Of Corin that is carelesse
That she may craue her see,
as I haue done in great dystresse
That loued her faithfully.

But since that I shall dye her slave
Her slave and eke her thrall,
Write you my frendes vpon my graue
This chaunce that is befall.

Here lyeth vnhappy Harpels
By cruell loue nowe slaine,
whom Phillida vniustly thus
Hath murdered with dysdaine.

Vpon syr Iames wilfordes death.

Where the ende of man the cruell sisters thre,
The web of Wilfordes lyfe vne had halfe rponne,
When rashe vpon misdede they all accorded bee
To breake vertues course ere halfe the race were runne,
and trip him on his way that els had wonne the game
and holden highest place within the house of fame,

But yet though he be gone, though sense with him be past,

why

Which trode the cruel steppes that leaden to remourne,
 We that remain alive, ne suffer shall to waste,
 The fame of his desertes, so shall he lose but sowne,
 The thing shall yet remaine, yet kept as fresh in store
 As if his eares should ring of that he wrought before.

Waple not therfore his want, sith he so left the stage
 Of care and wretched lyfe, with toy and clappe of handes
 Who playeth longer partes, may wel haue greater age,
 But few so well may passe the gulf of fortunes landes
 So tryedly did he treade ay prest at vertues becke
 That fortune found no place to geue him once a checke,
 The fates haue ryd him hence, who shal not after goe,
 Though earthed be his corps, yet flourish shall his fame,
 A glad some thing it is, that ere he slept vs fro,
 Such mirrours he vs left out lyfe thereby to frame,
 Wherefore his prayse shall last yet freshe in Britons sight,
 Till sunne shall cease to shyne, and lend the earth his light.

Of the wretchednesse in this worlde.

Who list to liue bright, and holde himselfe content,
 Shall see such woonders in this world, as neuer erst was set.
 Such groping for the swete, such tasting of the fower,
 Such wandering here for worldly wealth that losse is in one hour
 And as the good or badde, get vp in hygh degree,
 So wades the world in right or wrong, it may none other be.
 And looke what lawes they make, eche man must them obey,
 And poake himselfe with patient heart, to dyue & draw that way
 Yet such as long ago, great rulers wer asyde,
 Both liues and lawes are now forgot & worne cleue out of mynde
 So that by this I see, no state on earth may last
 But as their tymes appointed be, to ryse and fall as fast,
 The goodes that gotten be, by good and iust desert,
 Yet vse them so that ready handes may helpe to spend the part.
 For looke what heape thou hoordst, of rusty golde in store,
 Thine eneyes shall waste the same, that neuer swat therfore.

The repentant sinner in durance and a deuotic,

Songes

Vnto the liuing Lord for pardon do I pray,
 From whom I graunt, euen from y well, I haue run still astray
 And other liues there none (my death shall well declare)
 On whom I ought to grate for grace, as faulty folkes doe fare:
 But thee O Lord alone, I haue offended so,
 That this smal scourge is much to scant for myne offence I know
 I ranne without returne, the way the worlde lykte best,
 And what I ought most to regard, that I respected lest.
 He thzough wherein I thrust, hath thzowen me in such case
 That Lord my soule is sore beset without thy greater grace.
 My gyltes are growen so great, my power both so appayre,
 That with great force they argue oft, and mercy much dispayre.
 But then with faith I flee to thy prepared store,
 Where there lyeth helpe for euery hurt, and salue for euery sore.
 My lost tyme to lament, my bayne wayes to bewaile,
 No day, no night, no place no hower, no moment I shall faile.
 My soule shall neuer cease with an assured sayth,
 To knocke, to crane, to call, to crie, to the for helpe, which sayth.
 Knocke and it shalbe heard, but aske, and giuen it is,
 And all that lyke to kepe this course, of mercy shall not misse.
 For when I call to minde how the one wandring shepe
 Did bring more toye with his returne, then all the flocke did kepe,
 It yeldes full hope and trust, my strayed and wandring ghost
 Shalbe receiued and held more dere, then those were neuer lost.
 O Lord my hope behold, and for my helpe make haste,
 To pardon the forepassed race that carelesse I haue past.
 And but the day draw neare that death must pay the det,
 For loue of lyfe which thou hast lent and tyme of payment set,
 From this sharpe showre me shilde which thzeatned is at hande,
 Wherby thou shalt great power declare, & I the storme withstande.
 Not my wyll Lord, but thine, fulfille be in eche case,
 To whose gret wil & mighty power, al powers shal once geue place
 My faith, my hope, trust, my God and eke my guyde,
 Stretch furth thy hande to saue the soule, what so the body hyde.
 Refuse not to receiue that thou so deare hast bought,
 For but by the alone I know, all safetie in vaine is sought.
 I know and knowledge eke, albeit very late,
 That thou it is I ought to loue and dreade in eche estate.
 And with repentant heart, doe laude the Lorde on hye,
 That hast so gently set me straigh, that erst walke I so alye.
 Now graunt me grace my God, to stande thine strong in spite,
 And let y world thine worke such waies, as to the world I come mete.

The

The louer here telleth of his
diuers ioies, and aduersities
in loue, and lastly of his
ladies death.

Syth singling gladdeth oft the heart,
Of them that fele the panges of loue
And for þe while doth ease their smart
My self I shall the same way proue.

And though þe loue hath smyt þe stroke
Wherby is lost my libertie,

Which by no meanes I may reuoke,
Yet shall I sing, how pleasantly

I ye twenty yeres of youth I past,
Which all in libertie I spent,

And so from first vnto the last,
Ere aught I knew what louing ment.

And after shall I sing the wo,
The paine, the grief, the dedly smart,
When loue this life did ouerthrowe,
That hidden lyes within my heart.

And then, the Ioyes that I did fele,
When fortune lifted after this,
And set me hyc vpon her whele,
And changed my wo to pleasant blisse.

And so the sobeyn fall againe,
From all the ioyes that I was in,
All you, that list to heare of payne,
Geue eare, for now I doe beginne,

Loc, first of all when loue began,
With hote desires my heart to burne,
He thought his might auailde not thā
From libertie my heart to turne.

For I was free, and did not knowe,
How much his might, mans heart may
I had profess to be his so, (greue,
His law I thought not to beleue.

I went vntred in lussy leas,
I had my will alwaies at will,

Songes

There was no mo, might me displease,
 Of pleasant ioyes I had my fill.
 No painfull thought did passe my hart,
 I spilt no teare to wet my brest:
 I knew no sorow, sigh nor smart,
 My greatest grief was quiet rest.
 I brake no slepe I tossed not,
 Nor did delight to sitte a lone
 I felt no change of colde and hotte,
 Nor nought a nightes could make me more.
 For all was ioy that I did fele,
 And of voyde wandering I was free,
 I had no clogge tyde at my heele,
 This was my lyfe at libertie.
 That yet me thinkes it is a blisse,
 To thinke vpon that pleasure past,
 But furth withall I fynde the misse,
 For that it might no longer last.
 Those dayes I spent at my desyre,
 Without mo or aduersitie,
 Till that my hart was set a fyre,
 With loue, with wrath, and telousie,
 For on a day (alas the while)
 Lo, heare my harme how it began,
 The blinded Lord, the God of guile
 Had list to end my fredome than,
 And thzough myne eye into my heart
 All sodainly I felt it glyde,
 He shot his sharped fiery dart,
 So hard, that yet vnder my syde
 The head (alas) doth still remayne,
 And since could I neuer know,
 The way to wryng it out againe,
 yet was it nye thzee yere agoe.
 This sodain stroke made me agast,
 And it began to bere me sore,
 But yet I thought it would haue past,
 As other such had done before,
 But it did not, that (wo is me)
 So depe imprynted in my thought,
 The stroke abode, that yet I see,
 He thinkes my harme how it was wrought.

Bynde

kynde taught me straight that this was loue,
And I perceiued it perfectly.

yet thought I thus: Nought shall me mone,
I will not thral my libertie,

And diuers wayes I did assay,
By flyght, by force, by friend, by fo,
This fiery thought to put away.
I was so loth for to forgo

My libertie, that me was leuer,
The bondage was, where I heard say
Who once was bound, was sure neuer,
Withont great paine to scape away,

But what for that, there is no choyce
for my mishappte was shapen so,
That those my dayes that did reioyce,
Should turne my blisse to bitter wo.

For with þ stroke my blisse toke ende
In stede wherof furthwith I caught,
Hottte burning sighes, & sins haue bred
My wretched heart almost to naught.

And sins that day, O Lord my lyfe,
The misery that it hath felt.
That nought hath had, but wo & strife
And hottte despyres my heart to melt.

O Lord how sodaine was þ change,
From such a pleasant libertie:
The very thraldome semed strange,
But yet there was no remedye.

But I must yelde, and giue vp all,
And make my guyde my chiefest fo,
And in this wise became I thral,
Lo, loue and hap would haue it so.

I suffred wrong and held my peace,
I gaue my teares good leane to runne,
And neuer would seke for redzesse,
But hope to liue as I begonne.

For what yt was that might me ease
He liued not that might it knowe,
Thus dranke I all mine owne disease
And all alone bewaylde my wo,

Ther was no sight & might me please
I fled from them that did reioyce,

Songes.

And oft alone my hart to ease,
I would bewaile with wofull voyce.

My lyfe, my state, my misery,
And curse my selfe and all my dayes,
Thus wrought I with my fantasy,
And sought my helpe none other waies

Save sometime to my selfe alone,
When farre of was my helpe, God wot
Londe would I crye, My lyfe is gone
My dere, if that ye helpe me not.

The whilst I straight & death might
these bitter panges, & al this grief send
for nought, me thought, might it amed,
Thus in dispayre to haue reliefe

I lingered furth, till I was brought
With pining in so piteous case,
That al, that saw me sayd, me thought
Lo, death is painted in his face.

I went no where, but by the way,
I saw some sight before myne eyes
That made me sigh, and oft tymes say
My life, alas I thee despyse.

This lasted well a pere, and more,
which no wight knew, but onely I,
So that my life was nere forlore,
And I dispayred bitterly.

Till on a day, as fortune would,
(For that, that shalbe, nedes must fall)
I sat me downe as though I should,
Haue ended then my lyfe, and all.

And as I sat to write my plaint
Meaning to shew my great vnrrest,
With quaking hand, and hart full faine
I mid my playntes among the rest
I wrote with yuke, and bitter teares,
I am not myne, I am not myne,
Behold my life, away that weares,
And if I die the losse is thine.

Herewith a litle hope I caught,
That for a while my life did stay,
But in effect, all was for naught,
Thus liued I still, tyll on a day

As I sat staring on those eyes,
Whose shyning eyes, that first me bound,
My inward thought thus cryed, Tryse,
Lo, mercy where it may be found.

And therewithall I drew me nere,
With feble heart, and at abynde,
(But it was softly in her eare)
Mercy, Madame, was all I saide.

But wo was me, when it was tolde,
For therewithall fainted my breath,
And I sate still for to beholde,
And heare the iugement of my death.

But loue nor Hap would not consent
To end me then, but wellawaye,
There gaue me blisse, that I repent
To thinke I liue to see this day.

For after this I plained still,
So long and in so piteous wise,
That I my wish had at my will
Graunted, as I would it deuise.

But lord who euer heard, or knew
Of half the ioy that I felt than?
Or who can thinke it may be true,
That so much blisse had euer man?

Lo, fortune thus set me aloft,
And more my sorowes to releue,
Of pleasant ioyes I talked oft,
As much as loue or happy might geue.

The sorowes old, I felt before,
About my heart, were driuen thence,
And for eche grief, I felt afore,
I had a blisse in recompence.

Then thought I all the tyme well spent,
That I in plaint had spent so longe,
So was I with my life content,
That to my self I saide among.

Sins thou art ridde of all thine ill,
To shew thy ioyes set fourth thy voice,
And sins thou hast thy wish at will,
My happy heart, reioyce reioyce,

Thus felt I ioyes a great deale mo,
Then by my song may well be tolde:

Songes.

And thinking on my passed wo,
My blisse did double manifolde.

And thus I thought with mannes blood
Such blisse might not be bought to deare,
In such estate my ioyes then stood,
That of a change I had no feare.

But why sing I so long of blisse?
It lasteth not, that will awaye,
Let me therfore bewaile the misse,
And sing the cause of my decay.

Yet all this while there liued none,
That led his life more pleasantly,
Nor vnder hap ther was not one,
He thought so well at ease, as I.

But O blynd ioy, who may the trust?
For no estate thou canst assure,
Thy faithfull bowes proue all vntrust.
Thy faire behestes be full vnasure.

Good prooofe by me, that but of late
Not fully twenty dayes ago,
Which thought my life was in such state,
That nought might worke my heart this wo,

yet hath the enemy of myne ease,
Cruell mishappe, that wretched wight,
Now when my life did most me please
Deuised me such cruel spight,

That from the hyest place I fall,
As to the pleasing of my thought,
Downe to the deepest am I fall,
And to my helpe auaieth nought,

Lo, thus are all my ioyes quyte gone,
And I am brought from happinesse,
Continually to wayle, and mone,
Lo, such is fortunes stablnesse.

In welth I thought such suertie,
That pleasure should haue ended neuer,
But now alas, aduersitie,

Doth make my singing cease for ever.

O brittle ioy, O welth vnstable,
Who feles thee most, he shall not misse,
At length to be made miserable.

For all must end as doth my blisse,
 There is none other certaintie,
 And at the end the worst is his,
 That most hath knownen prosperitie.
 For he that neuer blisse assaied,
 May well away with wretchednesse,
 But he shall finde that hath it said,
 A pain to part from pleasantnesse.

As I do now, for ere I knew
 What pleasure was, I felt no grief,
 Like vnto this, and it is trew
 That blisse hath brought me in this mischief.

But yet I haue not songen, how
 This mischief came, but I intend
 With wofull voice to sing it now,
 And therewithall I make an end.

But lord, now that it is begonne,
 I fele my spirites are vexed sore,
 Oh geue me breth till this be done,
 And after let me liue nomore.

Alas the cump of this life,
 The ender of all pleasantnesse,
 Alas he bringeth all this strife,
 And causeth all this wretchednesse:

For in the middes of all the welth,
 That brought my hart to happinesse,
 This wicked death he came by stelth,
 And robde me of my toyfulnesse.

He came when that I litle thought
 Of ought that might me vexe so sore,
 And sodenly he brought to nought
 My pleasantnesse for euer more.

He slew my ioy, alas the wretch,
 He slew my ioy, or I was ware.
 And now, alas, no might may stretch
 To set an end to my great care.

For by this cursed deadly stroke,
 My blisse is lost, and I forlore,
 And no help may the losse reuoke,
 For lost it is for euer more.

And closed vp are those satre eyes,
 That gaue me first the signe of grace,

Songes

My payze swete foes, mine enemies,
And earth doth hide her pleasant face,
The loke which did my life vphold,
And all my sorowes did confound,
With which more blisse then may be told,
Was, now lieth it vnder ground.

But cease for I will sing no more,
Since that my harme hath no redresse,
But as a wretche for euermore
My lyfe will wast with wretchednesse.

And ending this my wofull song,
Now that it ended is and past,
I would my life were but as long,
And that this word might be my last.

For lothsome is that life (men say)
That liketh not the liuers minde,
So, thus I seke mine own decay,
And will, till that I may it finde,

Of his loue named white.

Full faire and white she is, and white by name,
Whose white doth striue, the lilies white to staine,
Who may contemne the blast of blacke defame,
Who in darke night, can bring day bright againe,
The ruddy roase increaseth with cleere heeke,
In lippes and chekes, right orient to behold,
That the nerer gazer may that reeke,
And fele disperst in limmes the chilling cold,
For white all white his bloodlesse face will be,
The ashy pale so alter will his cheare,
But I that do possesse in full degree
The happy loue of this my hart so deare,
So oft to me as she presents her face,
For ioi do fele my hart spring from his place.

Of the louers vnquiet state.

what

What thing is that which I both haue a lacke,
 with good will granted, yet it is denyed:
 How may I be receiued and put abacke,
 Alwaye doing and yet vnoccupied,
 Most slow in that which I haue most applied
 Still thus to seke, and lese that I winne,
 And that was doon is newest to begin.
 In riches finde I wilfull pouertie,
 In great pleasure, lye I in heavinesse,
 In much fredome I lacke my libertie,
 Thus am I both in toy and in distresse.
 And in few wordes, if that I shall be plaine,
 In Paradise I suffer all this paine.

where good will is, some prooffe
 will appere.

It is no fire that geues no heat,
 Though it appeare neuer so hot.
 And they that runne and cannot sweate,
 Are very leane and dry God wot,
 A perfect leche applieth his wittes,
 To gather herbes of all degrees,
 And seuers with their feruent fittes,
 Be cured with their contraries.
 New wine will serch to finde a vent,
 Although the caske be set so strong,
 And wit will walke when will is bent,
 Although the way be neuer so long.
 The Rabbits runne vnder the rocks,
 The snailles doe clime the highest towers,
 Gunpowder cleaues the sturdy blockes,
 A feruent will all thinge deuoures.
 When wit with will and diligent,
 Appliethemeselues, and match as mates,
 There can no want of resident,
 From force defend the castell gates.
 Forgetfulnesse makes little haste,
 And sloth delightes to lye full soft,
 That telleth the deaf, his tale doth waite,
 And is full drie that craues full oft.

Songes

Verfes written on the picture of Sir Iames wiltord knight.

Alas that euer death fuch vertues should forget,
As compast was within his corpes, whose picture is here fet,
Or that it euer lay in any fortunes might,
Through depe disdaine to ende his life & was so worthy a wight,
For sythe he first began in armoure to be clad,
A worthier champion then he was, yet England neuer had,
And though recure be past, his life to haue againe,
yet would I wish his worthinesse in writing to remayne.
That men to minde might call, how farre he did excell,
At all assaies to winne the fame, which were to long to tell;
And eke the restless race that he full oft hath runne,
In painfull plight from place to place, where serutce was to don,
Then should men well perceiue, my tale to be of trowth,
And he to be the worthiest wight that euer nature wrought.

The ladie praieth the returne of her louer abiding on the seas,

Shall I thus euer long, and be no whit the nere,
And shall I still complain to thee, the which me will not here?
Alas, say nay, say nay, and be no more so dome,
But open thou thy manly mouth, and say that thou wilt come,
That thou wilt come thy word so sware, if thou a liues man bee,
The roaring huge waues, they threaten my poze ghost,
And tolle the vp and downe the seas, in daunger to belost.
Shall they not make me feare that they haue swallowed thee?
But as thou art most sure alieue, so wilt thou come to me.
Whereby I shall goe see thy ship ride on the strand,
And think and say lo where he comes, and sure here will he lande,
And then I shall lift vp to thee my litle hand,
And thou shalt thinke thine heart in ease, in health to see me stand.
And if thou come in dede (as Chzist the lende to doe)
Those armes which misse thee yet, shall than embrace the two.
The vaine to euery ioint, the lively blood shall spred,

which

Which now for want of thy glad sight, doth show full pale & dead.
 But if thou slip thy trouth and doe not come at all,
 As minuts in the clock do strike so call for death I shall.
 To please both thy false hart, and rid my selfe from wo,
 That rather had to dye in trouth then liue forsaken so,

The meane estate is best.

The doutful man hath fevers strange
 And constant hope is oft diseasde,
 Dispaire cannot but breke a change,
 Nor fleting hartes cannot be pleasde.
 Of all these bad, the best I thinck,
 Is wel to hope, though fortune shrinke
 Desired thiges are not ay prest,
 Nor thinges dented left all vnought,
 Nor new thinges to be beloued best,
 Nor all offers to be set at nought,
 Where faithfull hart hath ben refusde,
 The cholers wit was there abusde.

The wofull ship of carefull sprite,
 Fleting on seas of waiting teares,
 With sailes of wishes broken quite,
 Hanging on wanes of dolefull feares,
 By surge of sighes at wrecke nere had
 May fast no anker holde on land.

What helpes the dyal to the blinde,
 Or els the clocke without it sound?
 Or who by dreames doth hope to finde
 The hidden gold within the ground:
 Shalbe as free from cares and feares,
 As he that holdes a wolfe by the eares
 And how much mad is he that thinks
 To clime to heauen by the beames,
 What ioy alas, hath he that winks,
 At Titan or his golden dreames,
 His ioyes not subiect to reasons lawes
 That ioyeth more then he hath cause.

For as the Phoenix that climeth hye.
 The sunne lightly in ashes burneth,
 Agains, the Faulcon so quick of eye,

Songes

Hone on the gronde the net mashaeth.
Experience therfore the meane assurance
Prefers befoze the doutfull pleasante.

The louer thinkes no payne to
great, wherby he may ob-
tayne his ladic.

Sith that the way to wealch is wo,
And after paine is pleasure prest,
Why should I than dispaire so,
By bewapling mine vnrest,
Or let to leade my life in paine,
So worthy a lady to obtaine.

The fisher man doth count no care,
To cast nets to wracke or wast,
And in rewarde of eche mans share,
A gogen gift is much embast.

Should I then grudge in grieffe or gall,
That loke at length to whelme a Whall?

The poze man ploweth his gronde for gayne,
And soweth his seede increase to craue,
And for therpence of all his paine,
Oft holdes it hap his seede to saue.

These patient paines my part doth show,
To long for loue ere that I know.

And take no scozne to scape from skitt,
To spend my sprites to spare my spech,

To win for welth the want of will,

And thus for rest to rage I reche,

Running my race as rect bright,

Till teare of truth appease my plight.

And plant my plaint within her brest,

Who doutlesse may restore againe

My harmes to health, my ruth to rest,

That laced is within her chaine,

For earst ne are the griefes so great,

As is the top when loue is met.

For who couets so high to cline,

As doth the bird that pitfall take,

Of who delightes so swift to swimme,
As doth the fishe that scapes the hoke,
If these had neuer entred wo,
How mought they haue reioiced so:

But yet alas ye louers all,
That here my toy thus lesse reioyce,
Judge not amys what so befall,
In me there lieth no power of choyse,
It is but hope that doth me moue,
Who standerd bearer is to loue.

On whose ensigne when I behold,
I see the shadow of her shape,
Within my faith so fast I sold,
Through drede I die, through hope scape,
Thus ease and wo full oft I finde,
What will you moze she knoweth my mynde.

Of a new married student that
plaied fast or lose.

A student at his booke so placed,
That welth he might haue wonne,
From boke to wife did flete in hast,
From welth to wo to runne.
Now, who hath plaid a frater cast,
Since iugling first begonne?
In knitting of himselfe so fast,
Himselfe he hath vndoone,

The meane estate is to be
accompted the best.

Who craftily castes to steere his boate,
And safely scoutes the flattering flood,
He cutteth not the greatest waues,
For why, that way were nothing good.
He stieteth on the crooked shore,
Lest harme him happe awaying lest,
But wines away betwene them both,
As who woulde say the meane is best.

Who

Songes

Who waketh on the golden meane,
 He put in point of sickernes,
 Hides not his head in fluttish coates,
 He shroudes himselfe in filthines
 He sittes a loft in hie estate,
 Where hateful hartes enuie his chance,
 But wisely walkes betwixt them twaine,
 He proudly doth himselfe auance,
 The highest tree in all the wood
 Is ripest rent with blustering windes,
 The higher hall the greater fall
 Such chance haue proude and lofty mindes,
 When Iuppiter from hye doth threat,
 With mortall mace and dint of thunder
 The hiest hilles been batedd eft,
 When they stode still that stoden vnder,
 The man whose hed with wit is fraught
 In wealth will feare a wexer tide
 When fortune failes dispatreth nought,
 But constantly doth still abide.
 For he that sendeth grisely stormes
 With whisking windes and bitter blastes
 And lowly with haile the winters face,
 And frotes the soile with horp frostes,
 Euen he adawth the force of colde,
 The he springe in sendes with somer hote,
 The same full oft to formp hartes
 Is cause of bale, of ioy the roote.
 Not alwaies ill though so be now,
 When cloudes ben druen, then rides the racks,
 Phebus the freshe ne shooteth still,
 Somtime he harpes his muse to wake,
 Stand still therfore, pluck vp thy hart,
 Lose not thy port though fortune faile.
 Againe whan winde doth setue at will,
 Take hede to hie to hoyle thy saile.

The louer refused, lamenteth
 his estate.

I lent my loue to losse, and gaged my lye in balne,
 Al hate for lone and death for life of louers be the gaine.

And

And curse I may by course, the place eke tyme and howze,
 That nature fyrst in me dyd fourme to be a lynes creature.
 With that I must absent my selfe so secretly,
 In place desert, where neuer man my secretes shall espye.
 In dolynge of my dapes among the beastes so brute,
 Who with their tonges may not bewray the secrets of my fate.
 Nor I in lyke to them may once to moue my mynde,
 But gale on them, and they on me, as beastes are wont of kynde.
 Thus ranging as refusde, to reache some place of rest,
 All russe of heare, my nayles vnnocht as to such semeth best
 That wander by their wittes, deformed so to be,
 That men may say, such one may curse the time he fyrst gan see
 The beauty of her face, her shape in such degree,
 as God himselfe may not discerne one place mended to be.
 Nor place it in lyke place, my fanisie for to please,
 Who would become a heardmans hyre, one howze to haue of ease.
 Wherby I might restore to me some stedfastnesse,
 That haue mo thoughts heapt in my hed, the life may lōg disgeisse.
 As oft to throuwe me downe vpon the earth so colde,
 wheras with teares most rusfully, my sorowes doe vnfolde.
 And in beholding them, I chiefly call to mynde,
 what woman could finde in her heart, such bonding for to bynde.
 Then rashely fourth I yede, to cast me from that care,
 Lyke as the byrde for foode doth flye, and lighteth in the snare.
 From whence I may not meue, vntill my race be runne,
 So trained is my truth through her & thinkes my life wel wonne.
 Thus tosse I too and fro, in hoape to haue reliefe,
 But in the fine I finde not so, it doubleth but my griefe.
 Wherfore I will my want a warning for to be,
 vnto all men, wishing that they, a myrrour make of me.

The felicitie of a mynde imbracing vertue,
 that beholdeth the wretched desyres
 of the worlde.

When dreadfull swelling seas, through beysteous windy blastes,
 So tosse the ships, that all for nought serues anker, saile, and
 Who takes not pleasure then, safely on shore to rest, (maister.
 and see with drede and depe dispayre, how shipmen are distrest.
 Not that we pleasure take, when others felen smart,
 Our gladnes groweth to see their harmes, and yet to feele no part.
 I i. Deight

Songes

Delight we take also, well ranged in aray,
When armies meete to see the fight, yet free be from this fray.
But yet among the rest, no ioy may match with this,
Calpyre vnto the temple hye where wisdomes throned is,
Defended with the sawes of hozy heads expert,
Which clere it kepe from etrouers mist, that might the truth peruert,
From whence thou maist loke downe, and see as vnder foote,
Mans wādzing will & doutful life frō whēce they toke theire roote,
How some by wit contend by pꝛowes some to ryle,
Riches and rule to gayne and holde, is all that men deuyse.
O miserable myndes, o hartes in folly dꝛent,
Why see you not what blindnesse in this wretched lyfe is spent?
Body deuopde of grieve, mynde free from care and dꝛede,
Is all and some that nature craues, wherewith our lyfe to feede,
So that for natures turne fewe thinges may well suffice,
Dolour and grieve clene to expell, and some delight surpryse.
Yea and it falleth out, that nature more content,
Is with the lesse, then when the more to cause delight is spent.

All worldly pleasures vade.

The winter with his grieuſſy ſtoꝛmes no lenger dare abyde,
The pleasant grasſe with luſty grene, the earth hath newly byde
The trees haue leues, the bowes don ſpꝛed, new changed is y^e pere
The water brokes are cleane ſonk down, y^e pleasant bākes appere.
The ſpꝛing is come, the goodly nymphes now daunce in euery place,
Thus hath the pere moſt pleaſantly of late ychaungde his face,
Hoape for no immortalitie, for wealth will weare away,
as we may learne by euery pere, yea howers of euery day.
For Zephyrus doth mollify the colde and bluſtring windes,
The ſomers dꝛought doth take away the ſpꝛing out of our minds.
And yet the ſomer cannot laſt but once muſt ſtep aſyde,
Then Autumne thinkes to kepe his place, but Autumne cānot bide
For whē he hath brought furth his fruits, & ſtaff y^e barnes wth corn,
Then winter cares and empties all, and thus is Autumne worn.
Then hozy froſtes poſſeſſe y^e place, then tēpeſtes work much harme
When rage of ſtoꝛmes done make al cold, which ſomer had made ſo
Wherefore let no man put his truſt in that, that will decay (warne
For ſlipper wealth will not continue, pleaſure will weare away.
For when that we haue loſt our lyfe, and lye vnder a ſtone,
What are we then? we are but earth, then is our pleaſure gone.

No man can tell what God almight of enery wight doth cast,
 No man can say to day I live, cyll mozne my lyfe shall last.
 For when thou shalt before thy iudge stand to recetue thy dome,
 What sentence Minos dath pronounce that must of thee become.
 Then shall not noble stocke and bloud redeme thee fro his handes,
 Nor sugred talke with eloquence shall loose thee from his handes.
 Nor yet thy lyfe vprightlye led can helpe thee out of hell,
 For who descendeth downe so depe, must there abyde and dwell,
 Diana could not thence deliuer chaste Hypolytus,
 Nor Theseus could not call to lyfe his frend Perithous;

A complaint of the losse of
 libertie by loue.

Cyprianus & Curidice

I seeking rest, vnrest I finde,
 I fynde that wealth is cause of wo,
 No worth the time that I enclynde
 To fixe in mynde her beauty so.

That day be darkened as the night
 Let furious rage it cleane deuoure,
 Resunne nor Moone therin geue light,
 But it consume with streamie and showre.

Let no small byrdes strayne fourth their voyces
 With pleasant tunes, ne yet no bealt,
 Fynde cause wherat he may reioyce
 That day when chaunced myne vnrest.

Wherin alas, from me was raught
 Myne owne free choyce and quiet mynde,
 My lyfe my death in balance brough, t,
 and reason rasde through barke and rinde.

And I as yet in floure of age,
 Both wit and will did still aduaunce,
 To resist that burning rage,
 But when I darte then dyd I glaunce.

Nothing to me dyd seme so hye,
 In mynde I could it strait attaine,
 Fausp perswaded me therby,
 Loue to clemie a thing most bayne.

But as the byrde vpon the byer,
 Doth picke and propne her without care,

Songes

Not knowing alas (poore foole) how nere
She is vnto the fowlers snare.

So I amyd disceitfull trust,
Did not mistrust such wofull happe,
Till cruell loue ere that I wist
had caught me in his carefull trappe.

Then dyd I feele and partly knowe
how litle force in me did raygne,
So soone to yelde to ouerthrowe
So frayle to flit from ioy to payne.

For when in wealth will dyd me leade,
Of libertie to hoysse my sayle,
To hale at shete, and cast my leade,
I thought free choyse would still preuaile.

In whose calme streames I sailde so farre,
No raging storme had in respect,
Untill I raisde a goodly starre,
Wherto my course I did direct.

In whose prospect in dolefull wyse,
My tackle sayde, my compasse brake,
Through hote despyres such stormes did ryse,
That sterne and top went all to wake.

O cruell hap, oh fatall chaunce,
O fortune why wert thou vnkynde,
without regard thus in a traunce,
To reue from me my ioyfull mynde.

Where I was free now must I serue,
Where I was lose now am I bound,
In death my lyfe I do preserue,
as one through gyrt with many a wounde.

A praise of his La- dye.

Come place you Ladies and be gone.
Boast not your selues at all,
For here at hande approbeth one,
Whose face will stayne you all.

The vertue of her liuely lookes
Excels the pzerious stone,
I wishe to hane none other bookes
To reade of, looke vpon.

In eche of her two chrysell eyes,
 Smyleth a naked boy.

It would you all in heart suffice
 To see that lampe of ioye.

I thinke nature hath lost the moulde,
 Where she her shape did take,
 Or els I doubt if nature coulde
 So fayre a creature make.

She may be wel comparde
 Unto the Phenix kinde,
 Whose like was neuer seene nor heard,
 That any man can fynde,

In lyfe she is Diana chaste,
 In trouth Penelope,
 In woord and eke in dede stedfast,
 What will you moze we say.

If all the world were lought so farre,
 who coulde finde suche a wight,
 Her beauty twinkleth lyke a starre
 within the frosty nyght.

Her roseall colour comes and goes,
 with such a comely grace,
 More ruddier too, then doth the rose,
 within her liuely face.

At Bacchus feast none shall her mete,
 Ne at no wanton playe,
 Nor gasing in an open strete,
 Nor gadding as a stray.

The modest myrth that she doth vse,
 Is mixt with shamesfastnesse,
 All vyce she doth wholly refuse,
 and hateth ydlenesse.

O lord it is a world to see,
 How vertue can repayre,
 and decke in her such honestie,
 whom nature made so fayre,

Cruely she doth as farre excede,
 Our women now a dayes,
 as doth the Helifloure, a wede,
 and moze a thousand wayes.

How might I doe to get a graspe,
 Of thys vnspotted tree:

Songes

For all the rest are playne but chaffe,
Which seeme good cozne to bee.

This gyft alone I shall her geue,
When death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall liue,
Within the mouth of man.

The poore estate to be holden for best.

Experience now doth shew what God vs taught before,
Despyed pompe is vayne, and seldome doth it last,
Who climbs to raigne with kinges, may rue his fate full sore,
Alas the wofull end that comes with care full fast,
Reiect him doth renoune, his pompe full lowe is cast,
Deceiued is the byrd by sweetnesse of the call,
Expell that pleasant tast, wherein is bytter gall.

Such as with oten cakes in poore estate abydes,
Of care haue they no cure, the crab with myrrh they rost.
Whose case feele they then those, that fro their height downe slides,
Excesse doth brede theyr wo, they sayle in Scillas cost.
Remayning in the stormes till ship and all be lost.
Serue God therfore thou poore, for lo, thou liuest in rest,
Eschue the golden hall, thy patched house is best.

The complaynt of Thestylis amid the desert wood.

Thestylis a sely man, when loue did him forsake,
In mourning wise, amid the wods thus gan his plaint to make
Wh wofull man (quod he) fallen is thy lot to mone,
and pine away with care all thoughtes, vnto thy loue vnkowne.
Thy lady thee forsakes whom thou didst honour so,
What say to her thou wer a friend, and to thy selfe a fo.

prisoners that haue lost your heartes despyred choyse,
 Lament with me my cruel happe, and helpe my trembling voice.
 Was neuer man that stode so great in fortunes grace,
 Nor with his swete alas to deare posselt so hygh a place,
 As I whose simple heart aye thought himself full sure.
 But now I see hye springing tydes they may not ay endure.
 She knowes my gyltlesse heart, and yet she lets it ppyne
 Of her vntrue professed loue, so feble is the twyne.
 What wonder is it than, if I berent my heares,
 And crauing death continually do bathe my selfe in teares.
 When Cresus king of Lyde was cast in cruel bandes,
 And yelded goodes and life also into his enemies handes,
 What tonge could tell his wo, yet was his grief much lesse
 Then mine, for I haue lost my loue which might my wee redresse.
 Ye wooddes that shroude my lins geue now your hollow soude,
 That ye may helpe me to bewayle the cares that me confound.
 Ye riuers rest a whyle and stay the streames that runne,
 Rew Thestylis most wofull man that restes vnder the sunne.
 Transport my sighes ye wyndes vnto my pleasant for,
 My trickling teares shall witnesse beare of this my cruell wor.
 Oh happy man wer I, if al the goddes agreed,
 That now the sisters three should cut in twaine my fatall chorde.
 Till lyfe withe loue shall ende, I here resygne al ioy,
 Thy pleasant swete I now laniere, whose lacke byedes mine annoy
 Farewell my deare therfore farewell to me wel knowne,
 If that I dye it shalbe saide that thou hast slagne thyne owne.

An answer of comfort.

Thestylis thou self man, why dost thou so complayne,
 If nedes thy loue will thee forsake, thy mourning is in vayne.
 For none can force the streames against their course to runne,
 Nor yet vnwilling loue with teares or wailing can be wonne.
 Cease thou therfore thy plaintes, let hope thy sorowes ease,
 The shipme though their sayles be rent, yet hope to scape the seas
 Though strange she seme a while, yet thinke she will not change.
 Good causes durt a ladies loue, some time to some ful strange.

I. iii. No

Songes

No louer that hath wit, but can foresee such such happe,
 That no wight can at with or will slepe in his ladies lappe.
 Achilles for a tyme saye Bziles did forgo,
 Yet did they mete with ioy againe. Then thinke thou mayst do so.
 Though he, and louers al, in loue sharpe stormes do finde,
 Dispaize not thou pooze Chetilis, though thy loue seme vnkind,
 Ah thinke her grassed loue cannot so sone decay,
 Eye springes may cease from swelling still, but neuer dzye away.
 Oft stormes of louers yre, do moze their loue encrease,
 As thynning sunne refresheth the frutes, when raining gins do cease.
 When springes are waxen lowe, then must they flowe agayne,
 So shall thy hart aduanced be, to pleasure out of payne.
 When lacke of thy delight most bitter grief apperes,
 Thinke on Etrascus worthy loue, that lasted thyty yeres.
 Which could not long atchene, his heartes desyred choyce,
 Yet at the ende he founde rewarde, that made him to reioyce.
 Since he so long in hope with patience did remayne,
 Cannot thy seruient loue forbear thy loue a month or twaine?
 Admit she munde to chaunge and nedes will thee forgo,
 Is there no moe may thee delyght but she that paines thee so?
 Chetilis draw to the towne and loue as thou hast done,
 In tyme thou knowest by faithfull loue, as good as she is wonne.
 And leaue the desert woodes and wayling thus alone,
 And seke to salue thy soze els where, if all her loue be gone.

The louer praieth pittie shewing that
 nature hath taught his dog as it
 wer to sue for the same
 by kissing his ladies
 handes.

Nature that taught my self dog god wat
 Euen for my sake to like where I do loue,
 Inforced him wher as my lady sat,
 With humble sute before her falling flat.
 As in his sort he might her pray and moue
 To rne vpon his lord and not forgeat,
 The stedfast faith he beareth her, and loue,
 Kissing her hand whome she could not remoue.

I way

A way that would for frowning nor for threat
As though he would haue sayd in my behoue,
Pity my lord your slaue that doth remayne,
Lest by his death, you gyltlesse slay vs twayne.

Of his ring sent to his
ladie.

Since thou my ring mayst go, where I ne may,
Since thou mayst speake where I must holde my peace,
Say vnto her that is my lines stay
Grauen within which I do here expresse,
That sooner shall the sunne not shine by day,
And with the raine the floodes shall waxen lesse,
Sooner the tree the hunter shall be wrap,
Then I for change, or choyce of other loue,
Do euer feke my fansy to remoue.

The changeable state
of louers.

For that a restless hed must some what haue in bre
where with it may acquainted be, as falcon is with lure
Fansy doth me awake out of my drowly slepe,
In seing how the litle mouse, at night begins to crepe.
So the desyrous man, that longes to catche his pray,
In spying how to watche his tyme, lyeth lurking still by day.
In hoping for to haue, and fearing for to finde
The salue that should recure his soze, & soroweth but the minde.
Such is the guyse of loue, and the vncertaine state,
That some should haue their hoped hap, and other harde estate.
That some should seme to ioy in that they neuer had,
And some again shall frown as fast, where causelesse they be sad.
Such trades do louers vse, when they be most at large.
That guyd the stere when they the selues lye fettered in the barge,
The grenesse of my youth cannot therof expresse,
The proceffe, for by prooffe vnknowen, all this is but by gesse.
Wherefore I hold it best, in tyme to hold my peace,
But wanton will it cannot hold, or make my pen to cease.

A pen

Songes

I pen of no anayle, a fruitlesse labour eke,
My troubled hēd with fanfics fraught, doth paine it selfe to seke.
And if perhaps my woordes of none auaille do pricke
Such as do fele the hidden harmes. I would not they shoul'd kicke
As causelesse me to blame which thinketh them no harme,
Although I seme by others fyre, sometime my self to warme.
Which clerely I denye, as gilllesse of that cyprie,
And though wrong deeme I be therin, trath it will trye in tyme.

A praise of Audley.

When Audley had run out his race, and ended wth his dayes,
His fame stept forth & bad me w^{rite} of him som worthy praise
What lyfe he lad, what actes he did, his vertues and good name,
Wherto I calde for true report, as witnes to the same.
Well borne he was, well bēt by kyng, whose mind did neuer swerue
A skilfull head, a valiant hart, a ready hand to serue.
Brought vp and trainde in seates of war long tyme beyond y^e seas,
Calde home agayn to serue his p^{rin}ce, whō still he sought to please.
What turnay was there he refu^{se}d, what seruice did he shoon?
Where he was not no^r his aduice, what great exploite was doon?
In towne a Lambe, in fild full fierce, a Lyon at the nede,
In sob^{er} wit a Salomon, yet one of Hector's se^{de}.
Then shame it w^{er} that any tong shoul'd now defame his dedes,
That in his lyfe a mirror was to all that him succedes.
No poore estate no^r h^{ye} renowne his nature could peruart,
No hard mischance that him befell could moue his constant hart;
Thus long he liued, loued of all, as one mislykte of none,
And where he went who calde him not the gentle Baragon.
But course of kinde doth cause eche frute to fall when it is ripe,
And spitefull death wil suffer none to scape his grievous grype.
Yet though the ground receiued haue his corps into her wombe,
This Epitaphe y^{gr}auē in brasse, shal stand vpon his tombe.
Lo here he lyes that hated vyce, and vertuous lyf imbrail,
His name in earth, his sp^{ir}ite aboue, deserues to be well plail.

Tyme tryeth truethe.

Eche thing I see hath tyme, which tyme must trye my truth,
Which truethe deserues a special trust, on trust gret frēdshipp growe
And frendshipp may not faile where faithfulness is found. (w^{ith}
And

And faithfullnesse is full of fruite, and fruitfull thinges be sound.
 And sound is good at prooffe, and prooffe is prince of prayse,
 and precious praise is such a pearle, as seldome ner decayes.
 All these thinges tyme tryes fourth, which tyme I must abyde,
 How shoulde I boldly credite craue till tyme my truth haue tryde,
 For as I found a tyme to fall in fancies frame,
 So I doe with a lucky tyme for to declare the same.
 If hap may aunswer hoape, and hoape may haue his hyze,
 Then shall my heart possesse in peace, the tyme that I desyre.

The louer refused of his loue,
 embraceth vertue.

My pothfull yeres are past,
 My ioyfull dayes are gone,
 My lyfe it may not last,
 My graue and I am one.

My myrth and iopes are fled,
 and I a man in wo,
 Desyrous to be ded,
 My mischicfe to forgo.

I burne and am a colde,
 I freeze ampyddes the fyre,
 I see she doth withholde
 That is my most desyre.

I see my helpe at hande,
 I see my lyfe also,
 I see where she doth stande
 That is my deadly fo.

I see how she doth see,
 and yet she wilbe blynde,
 I see in helping me,
 She sekes and will not fynde.

I see how she doth wyre,
 When I begynne to mone,
 I see when I come nye,
 How fayne she would be gone.

I see what wil be more,
 She will me gladly kill,
 and you shall see therfore
 That she shall haue her will.

Songes

I cannot liue with stones,
It is to hard a foode,
I wilbe dead at ones
To doe my lady good.

The picture of a louer.

Beholde my picture here wel portrayed for the nones,
With heart consumed and falling fleshe, behold the very bones.
Whose cruel chaunce alas, and destiny is such,
Onely because I put my trust in some folke all to muche.
For since the tyme that I did enter in thys pyne,
I neuer sawe the ryling sunne but with my weping eyen.
Nor yet I neuer heard so swete a voyce or sounde,
But that to me it dyd encrease the dolour of my wound.
Nor in so soft a bedde, alas I neuer lay,
But that it seemed hard to me or ever it was day.
Yet in this body bare, that nought but life retaynes,
The strength wherof cleane past away, the care yet still remaines,
Like as the cole in flame doth spend it selfe you see,
To vaine and wretched cindze dust till it consumed bee.
So doth this hope of myne enforce my seruent sute,
To make me for to gape in vayne, whilst other eate the fruite.
And shall do tyll that death doth geue me such a grace,
To rid this sely wofull spryte out of this dolefull case.
And then would God wer writ in stone or els in leade,
This Epitaph vpon my graue, to shew why I am dead.
Here lyeth the louer lo, who for the loue he aught,
Alpye vnto his ladie dere, his death therby he caught.
And in a shielde of blacke, lo here hys armes appears
With weping eyes as you may see, well poudzed all with teares.
Lo here you may beholde, aloft vpon hys brest,
A womans hand strapping the hart of him that loued her best.
Wherfore all you that you see this corps for loue that starnes,
Example make vnto you all, that thankelesse lovers sarues.

Of the death of Philips.

Swayle with me all ye that haue profess
Of musike tharte, by touch of coarde or winde,

Lay

Lay downe your lutes and let your gyttens rest,
 Philips is dead whose lyke you cannot fynde,
 Of musike much exceeding all the rest,
 Whiles therfore of force now must ye wrest
 Your pleasant notes into another sounde,
 The string is broke, the lute is dispoessed,
 The hande is colde, the body in the ground,
 The lowring lute lamenteth now therfore,
 Philips her frende that can her touche no more.

That all thing sometime finde
 ease of theyr paine, saue
 onely the louer,

I See there is no sort
 Of thinges that liue in grieve,
 Which at some time may not resort
 wheras they haue reliefe.

The stricken Dere by kinde
 Of death that standes in awe,
 For his recure an herbe can fynde,
 The arrowe to withdraue.

The chased Dere hath soyle,
 To coole him in his heate,
 The Assle after his wery toyle,
 In stable is vp set.

The cony hath his caue,
 The litle byrd his nest,
 From heate & cold theselues to saue,
 at all times as they list.

The Owle with feble sight,
 Lyes lurking in the leaues,
 The sparrow in the frosty night
 May shroude her in the eaues.

But wo to me alas,
 In sunne noz yet in shade,
 I cannot find a resting place,
 My burden to vnlade.

But day by day still beares
 The burden on my backe,

with

Songes

With weeping euen and watry teares,
To holde my hope abacke.

All thinges I see haue place,
Wherin they bowe or bende,
Sawe this alas my wofull case,
Which no where fyndeth ende.

Thassaute of Cupide vpon the fort
where the louers hart lay wound-
ded, and how he was taken.

Vhen Cupide scaled fyrst the fort
wherin my heart lay wounded soze,

The bairry was of such a sort
That I must yelde or dye therfore.

There sate I loue vpon the wall,

Now he his banner dyd dysplay,

Alarme alarme he gan to call,

and bad his souldiours kepe aray.

The armes the which that Cupide bare,

Were pearced heartes with teares besprent,

In siluer and sable to declare

The stedfast loue he alwayes ment.

There myght you see his hand all dyest,

In colours, like to whyte and blacke,

With powder and with pellets prest,

To bring the fort to spoyle and sacke.

Good will the maister of the shot,

Stood in the ramppye braue and proude,

For spence of powder he spared not,

Assaulte assaulte to crye aloude.

There myght you heare the cannons roze

The peece dyscharged a louers looke,

Which had the power to rent, and toze

In any place wheras they tooke.

And euen with the trumpets sowne,

The scaling ladders were vp set,

and beauty walked vp and downe,

with bow in hand and arrowes whet,

Then fyrst desyre began to scale

and shrowded him vnder his targe,

As one the worthiest of them all,
and aptest for to geue the charge.

Then pushed souldiers with theyr pykes,
and holbarbers with handy strokes,
The hargabushe in fflshe it lightes,
and dims the ayre with misty smokes.

And as it is now souldiers vse,
when shot and powder gins to want,
I hanged vp my flagge of truce,
and pleaded for my lyues graunt.

When fany thus had made her breach,
and beauty entred with her bande,
With bagge and baggage self wretch,
I yelded into beauties hand.

Then beauty had to blowe retrete,
and euery souldiour to retyre,
and mercy mylde with speede to set
The captiue bound as prisoner.

Madame (quod I) sith that this day
Hath serued you at all assaies,
I yelde to you without delay,
Here of the fortreffe all the keyes.

And sith that I haue been the marke,
at whom you shot at with your eye,
Redes must you with your handy warke,
Or salue my loze or let me dye.

The aged louer renoun- ceth loue.

I Lothe that I dyd loue,
In youth that I thought swete,
As time requires for my behoue,
He thinks they are not mete.
My lustes they doe me leaue,
My fancies all are fled,
and tract of time begynnes to weaue
Gray heates vpon my hed.

For age with stealing steppes
Hath clawde me with his cronche,

Songes

And lasty lyfe away she leapes
as there had been none such.

My muse doth not delight
Me as she dyd befoze,
My hand and pen are not in plight,
as they haue been of yore.

Foz reason me denyes
This yonthly ydle ryme,
and day by day to me she cryes,
Leaue of these toyes in tyme.

The wrinkles in my browe,
The furrowes in my face,
Say lymping age will lodge hym now;
where youth must geue him place.

The harbinger of death,
To me I see him ride,
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath
Doth byd me to prouyde

A pickeaxe and a spade,
and eke a shrowding shete,
a house of clay for to be made,
For such a geast most mete.

He thinks I heare the clorke
That knoles the carefull knell,
and byddes me leaue my wofull worke
Ere nature me compell.

My keepers knit the knot,
That youth did laugh to skorne,
Of me that cleane shalbe forgot,
as I had not been borne.

Thus must I youth geue by,
whose badge I long dyd weare,
To them I yelde the wanton cup,
That better may it beare.

Lo here the barehed skull,
By whose balde signe I know,
That stouping age away shall pull,
which yonthfull yeres did sowe.

For beauty with her band
These croked cares hath wrought
and shipped me into the land,
From whence I fyrst was brought.

And ye that byde behinde,
 Haue ye none other trust.
 As ye of clay were cast by kynd,
 So shall ye waste to dust.

Of the lady wentworths death.

To liue to dye, and dye to liue againe,
 With good renouene of fame well led before
 Herelyeth she that learned had the loze,
 Whom if the perfect vertues woulden dayne,
 To be set furth with soyle of worldly grace,
 Was noble borne, and matcht in noble race,
 Lord Wentworthes wife, nor wanted to attayne
 In natures gistes, her prayse among the rest.
 But that that gaue her prayse aboue the best
 Not fame, her wedlockes chastnes durst distayne
 Wherin with child, deliuering of her wombe
 Thūtimely birth hath brought them both in tombe,
 So left she life by death to liue againe.

The louer accusing his loue for her vnfaithfulnesse purposeth to liue in libertie.

The smoky sighes the bitter teares,
 That I in vaine haue wasted,
 The broken sleepes, the woe and feares,
 That long in me haue lasted,
 The loue and all I owe to thee,
 Here I renounce and make me free.
 Which fredome I haue by thy guylt,
 And not by my deseruing,
 Since so vnconstantly thou wilt
 Not loue, but still be sweruing
 To leaue me of which was thine owne,
 Without cause why as shalbe knowne.
 The frutes were sayre the which did growe

Songes

with in thy garden planted,
The leaues were grene of euery bough,
And moysture nothing wanted,
yet oz the blossomes gan fall,
The caterpillar wasted all.

Thy bodie was the garden place,
And sugered woordes it beareth,
The blossomes all thy faith it was,
Which as the canker weareth
The caterpillar is the same,
That hath wonne thee and lost thy name.

I meane the louer loued now,
By thy pretenced folp,
Which will proue like, thou shalt find hore
Vnto a tree of holly
That barke and beary beares alwayes,
The one, byrdes feedes, the other slayes.
And right well mightest thou haue thy wish,
Of thy loue new acquainted,
For thou art like vnto the dishe,
That Adrianus painted.

Wherin were grapes portrayd so fayre,
That fowles for foode did there repayre.

But I am lyke the beaten fowle,
That from the net escaped,
And thou art lyke the rauening owle,
That all the night hath waked,
For none entent but to betray,
The sleeping fowle before the day.

Thus hath thy loue ben vnto me,
As pleasant and comunodious,
As was the fyre made on the se
By Paulus hate so odious.
Therwith to trayne the grekish host,
From Troyes returne where they were lost.

The louer for want of his desire,
sheweth his death at
hande.

As Cypres tree that tent is by the roote,
 As branche or slippe better fro whēce it growes,
 As well sowne seede for brought that cannot sprout
 As gaping ground that rainlesse cannot close
 As moles that want the earth to doe them bote
 As fishe on land to whom no waters flowes,
 As Chameleon that lacks the ayre so sore,
 As flowers do fade when Phebus rarest shewes,
 As Salamandra repulsd from the fyre,
 So wanting my wish I dye for my desyre.

A happy end exceedeth al ple
 sures and riches of the
 world.

The shyning season to some,
 The glozp in the worldes light,
 renoumed fame though fortune worne
 The glittering gold the eyes delight.
 The sensuall lyfe that semes so swete,
 The heart with ioyfull dayes replete,
 The thing whereto eche wight is thral
 The happy end exceedeth all.

Against an vnstedfast
 woman.

O Temerous tauntres that delightes in toyes,
 Tumbling cockboare tottering too and fro,
 Fangling icillnes, deprautes of swete ioyes,
 Ground of the grasse whence all my grief doth grow
 Sullen serpent enuironed with despyte,
 That ill for good at all tymes dost requite.

A prayse of Petrarche and of Laura
 his Ladie.

Songes

O Petrarche head and prince of Poets all,
 Whose liuely gyft of flowing eloquence
 Well may we seke, but find not how or whence,
 So rare a gyft with thee did ryse and fall,
 Peace to thy bones, and glozy immortall
 Be to thy name, and to her excellence,
 Whose beauty lighted in thy time and sence,
 So to be set furth as none other shall.
 Why hath not our pens rymes so perfit wroughte,
 Ne why our time furth bringeth beauty such?
 To trye our wittes as gold is by the touch,
 If to the stile the matter ayded ought?
 But there was neuer Laura moze then one,
 And her had Petrarche for his Paragone.

That Petrark cannot be passed but not,
 withstandinge that Laura is
 tarre surpassed.

With Petrarche to compare there may no wight,
 Nor yet attayne vnto so high a stile,
 But yet I wot full well where is a file,
 To frame a learned man to praise a right,
 Of stature meane, of semely forme and shappe,
 Eche line of iust propozcion to her height,
 Her colour fresh, and mingled with such sleight,
 As though the rose sat in the lilies lap.
 In wit and tong to shew what may be sed,
 To euery dede she ioynes a perfit grace,
 If Laura liued, she would her cleane deface.
 For I dare say, and lay my life to wed
 That Bonus could not, if he downe descended,
 Once iustly say, Lo this may be amended.

Against a cruel woman.

Cruel unkinde whom metey cannot moue,
 Harbour of unhappe where rigours rage both raigne,
 Ground of my grieve where pittie cannor proue,

Tickle

Fickle to trust of all vntruth the trayne,
 Thou rigorous rocke that truth cannot remoue.
 Daungerous delph, depe dungeon of disdaine,
 Sacke of selfwill, the chest of craft and chaunge,
 What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change?

Ah pittielesse plant whom plaint cannot prouoke,
 Den of disceit that right doth still refuse,
 Causelesse vnkinde that carieth vnder cloke
 Cruelty and craft me onely to abuse,
 Stately and stubborne withstanding Cupides stroke,
 Thou marueilous mase that makest men to muse,
 Swollen by selfwill, most stony skiffe and strange,
 What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change?

Slipper and secret where suertie cannot sow,
 Net of neweltie, nest of newfangelnesse,
 Spring of all spyte, from whence whole fluddes doe flow,
 Thou caue and cage of care and craftinesse,
 Wauering willow that euery blast doth blow,
 Grasse without growth and cause of carefulnesse,
 Heape of mishappe of all my grieve the grange,
 What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change?

Hast thou forgot that I was thyne infect
 By force of loue, hast thou not hart at all?
 Sawest thou not other for thy loue were left
 Knowest thou vnkinde, that nothing mought befall
 From out of my heart that coulde haue thee bereft,
 What meanest thou then, at ryot thus to range?
 And leapest thine owne that neuer thought to change.

The louer sheweth what he woulde haue,
 if it were graunted him to haue
 what he would
 wishe.

If it were so that god would graunt me my request,
 And that I might of earthly thinges haue that I lyked best,
 I would not wish to clyme to princely hye estate,
 which slipper is and slydes so oft, and hath so fickle fate,
 Nor yet to conquer realmes with cruel sword in hande,

B.iii.

And

Songes.

And so to shed the gylelesse blood of such as would withstand,
 Nor I would not desyre in worldly rule to raygne
 Whose frutte is al vnquietnesse, and breaking of the brayne.
 Nor richesse in excesse of vertue so abhorde,
 I woulde not craue which bredeth care, and causeth all discorde.
 But my request should be moze worth a thousand folde,
 That I might haue and her enioy that hath my hearth in holde.
 Oh God what lusty lyfe should we lyue then for euer,
 In pleasant ioy and perfect blisse to length our liues together.
 With woordes of frendly chere, and lokes of liuely leue,
 To vnter all our hot desyres, which neuer should remoue.
 But grosse and gredy wittes which grope but on the ground,
 To gather mucke of worldly goodes which oft do them confound,
 Cannot attayne to knowe the misteries diuine,
 Of parfit loue wherto hye wittes of knowledge do encline.
 A niggard of his golde such ioy can neuer haue,
 Which geates with toyle & kepes with care, & is his mony slave,
 As they enioy alwaies, that tast loue in his kinde,
 For they do holde continually a heauen in their minde,
 No worldly goodes could bring my heart so great an ease,
 As for to finde or doe y thing that might my lady please.
 For by her onely loue, my heart should haue all ioy,
 And with thesame put care away, and all that could annoy.
 As if that any thing should chaunce to make me sadde,
 The touching of her corall lippes, woulde straight waies make me
 And when that in my hart I fele that did me greue, (gladde,
 With one embracing of her armes she might me sone relieue.
 And as the Angels all which sit in heauen hye,
 With presence and the sight of God, haue their felicitie.
 So lyke wise I on earth, should haue all earthly blisse,
 With presence of that Paragon, my god in earth that is,

The ladie forsaken of her louer praieth
 his returne, or the end of her
 owne life.

To lone, alas who would not feare,
 That seeth my wofull state,
 For he to whom my heart I beate.
 Doth me extremely hate,

And

And why therfore I cannot tell,
He will no lenger with me dwell.

Did you not sue and long me serue,
Ere I you graunted grace?
And will you thus now from me swerne
That neuer did trespase?

Alas poore woman then alas,
I wery life here must I passe.
And shal my faith hane such refuse
In dede and shall it so?

As there no choyce for me to chuse
But must I leaue you so?
Alas poore woman then alas,
I wery lyfe hence must I passe.

And is there now no remedy
But that you will forget her?
There was time when that perdy
you would haue harde her better.
But now that time is gone and past,
And all your loue is but a blast,

And can you thus breake your behest,
In dede and can you so?
Did you not swear you loved me best?
And can you now say no?
Remembre me poore wight in paine,
And for my sake turne once againe.

Alas poore Dido now I fele,
Thy present painfull state,
When false Eneas did him stele,
From thee at Carthage gate.
And left thee sleeping in thy bed,
Regarding not what he had sed.

Was neuer woman thus betrayde,
Nor man so false forsworne,
His faith and trouth so strongly tyde,
Untrouth hath all to tozne.

And I haue leaue for my good will,
To wayle and wepe alone my fil.

But since it will not better be
My teares shall neuer bin,
To moult the earth in such degree.

It. ill.

That

Songes.

That I may drowne therein.
That by my death all men may say,
Lo women are as true as they.
By me all women may beware,
That see my wofull smart,
To seke true loue let them not spare,
Before they set their hart.
Or els they may become as I,
Which for my truth am lyke to dye.

The louer yelden into his ladies
handes, praieth
mercy.

I freedome was my fantasie,
Abhorring bondage of the minde,
But now I yelde my libertie,
And willingly my selfe I bynde,
Cruely to serue with all my heart,
Whiles lyfe doth last not to reuert.
Her beutie bounde me first of all,
And forst my will for to consent,
And I agree to be her thrall,
For as she list I am content.
My will is hers in that I may,
And where she biddes I will obey,
It lyeth in her my woe or welth,
She may do that she lyketh best,
If that she list I haue my health,
If she list not, in wo I rest,
Sins I am fast within her bandes,
My woe and welth lye in her handes.
She can no lesse then pittie me,
Sith that my faith to her is knowne,
It were to much extremitie
With crueltie to vse her owne,
Alas a sinfull enterpryse,
To slay that yeldes at her deuyse.
But I thinke not her hart so harde,
Nor that she hath such cruel taill.

I doubt nothing of her rewarde,
 For my desert, but well I trust,
 As she hath beautie to allure,
 So hath she a hart that will recure.

That nature w^hich worketh all thinges
 for our behoofe, hath made wo-
 men also for our comfort
 and delight,

Amongst nature's workes such perfit law is wrought,
 That thinges be rulde by course of kind in order as they ought
 And serueth in their state, in such iust frame and sort,
 That slender wits may iudge the same, and make therof report.
 Behold what secret force the wynde doth easely shewe,
 Which guides the shippes amid the seas, if he his bellows blowe.
 The waters waxes wilde where blustering blastes do ryle,
 Yet seldome do they passe their boundes, for nature that deuise.
 The fire which boyles the leade, and tryeth out the golde,
 Hath in his power both helpe and hurt, if he his force vnfolde.
 The frost which killes the fruite, doth knit the brused bones,
 And is medicine of kinde, prepared for the nones.
 The earth in whose entrilles the foode of man doth liue,
 At euery spring and fall of leafe, what pleasure doth she geue?
 The apple which lyfe desyres, and is to health so swete,
 Of nature yeldes such liuely smelles, that comfortes euery spete.
 The Sunne through nature's might, doth draw away the dew,
 And spreds y^e flowers where he is wont, his princely face to shew.
 The Moone which may be calde the lanterne of the night,
 Is halfe a guide to traveling men, such vertue hath her light.
 The starres not vertuelesse are beauty to the eyes,
 And leades man to the Mariner, a spgne of calmed skyes.
 The flowers and fruitfull trees, to man do tribute pay,
 And when they haue their duetic done, by course they fade away:
 The beaste both fishe and fowle, doth offer lyfe and all,
 To nourish man and do him ease, yea serue him at his call.
 The serpent's venomous, whose ougly shapen we hate,
 Are soueraigne salues for sundry sores, and nedefull in their state.
 Such nature shewes her power, in eche thing thus at large,
 Why shoulde not man submit himselfe to be in nature's charge?
 who

Songes

Who thinkes to flee her force, at length becomes her thrall,
The wylfelle cannot slippe her snare, for nature gouernes all.
Lo, nature gaue vs shape, lo nature sedes our liues,
The they are worse the mad I thinke, against her force & strides,
Though some do vse to say, which can do nought but raine,
Women wer made for this entent, to put vs men to paine,
yet sure I think they are a pleasure to the mynde,
Ioy which man can neuer want, as nature hath asynde.

when aduersitie is once fallen
it is to late to beware.

To my mishappe alas I finde
That happy hap is dangerous,
And fortune worketh but her kynde,
To make the ioyfull dolorous.
But all to late it comes to mynde,
To wayle the want that makes me blynde.
Amid my mirth and pleasantnesse,
Such chaunce is chaunced sodainly,
What in dispayze without redresse,
I finde my chiefest remedy.
No new kinde of unhappinesse,
Should thus haue left me comfortlesse.
Who would haue thought that my request,
Should bring me furth such bitter fruite?
But now is hapt that I feard lest,
And all this harme comes by my suite.
For when I thought me happiest
Euen then hapt all my chief unrest.
In better case was neuer none,
And yet vnwares thus am I trapt,
My chief desyre doth cause me mone,
And to my harme my welch is hapt,
There is no man but I alone,
That hath such cause to sigh and mone.
Thus am I taught for to be ware,
And trust no more such pleasant chance,
My happy hap bred me this care,
And brought my myrth to great mischaunce.
There is no man whom hap will spare,
But when the list his welch is bare,

Of a louer that made his onely
God of his loue.

All you that frendshippe doe prolesse,
And of a frend present the place,
Gue care to me that did possesse,
As frendly fruites as ye embrace,
And to declare the circumstance,
Where were themselves that did aduance,
To teache me truely how to take,
A faithfull frende for vertues sake,
But I as one of little skill,
To know what good myght grow thereby,
Unto my wealth I had no will,
Nor to my neede I had none eye,
But as the chylde doth learne to goe,
So I in time did learne to knowe,
Of all good fruites the world brought forth,
A faithfull frende is thing most worth.

Then with all care I sought to finde,
One woorthy to receiue such trust,
One onely that was riche in minde,
One secret, sobre, wyse and iust,
Whom riches coulde not rayse at all,
Nor pouertie procure to fall,
And to be short in few woordes playne,
One such a frende I did attaine,

And when I did enioy this welth,
Who liued lord in such a case,
For to my frendes it was great helth,
And to my foes a fowle deface,
And to my selfe a thing so riche
As seke the world and fynde none suche,
Thus by this frende I set such store,
As by my selfe I set no more,

Thys frende so much was my delight
When care had elene overcome my heart,
One thought of her rid care as quyte,
As neuer care had caused my smart.
Thus ioyed I in my frend so deere,
Was neuer frende sate man so nere.

Songes

I carde for her so much alone,
That other God I carde for none.
But as it doth to them befall,
That to themselves respect haue none
So my swete grasse is growen to gall
where I sowed mirth I reaped mone,
This ydoll that I honozde soe,
Is now transformed to my so.
That me most pleased, me most paynes
And indispayre my heart remaynes,
And for last scourge of such desart,
Thre plages I may my selfe assure,
First of my frende to lose my part,
And next my lyfe may not endure,
And last of all the moze to blame,
My soule shall suffer for the same.
Wherfore ye frendes I warne you all,
Sit fast for feare of such a fall.

Vpon the death of sir An- tony Denny

Death and the king, did as it wer contend,
whitch of them two bare Denny greatest lene,
The king to shew his loue ganne farre extende,
Did him aduance his betters farre aboue.
Here place, much welth, great honoz, eke him gaue,
To make it known what power great princes haue
But when death came with his triumphant gift,
From worldly carke he quit his wried ghost,
Free from the corps, and straight to heuen it list,
Now deme that can, who did for Denny most,
The kinge gaue welch but fading and vnure,
Death brought him blisse that euet shall endure.

A comparison of the lo- uers paines.

Like as the brake within the ryders hande
Doth straine y horse, nye woode & grief of paine

Not bled before to come in such a bande.
 Strueth for griefe, althouh god wot in vayne,
 To be as erst he was at libertie,
 But force of force doth strain the contrary.

Even so sins band doth cause my dedly griefe,
 That made me so my wofull chaunce lament,
 Like thing hath brought me into paine and mischief
 Saue willingly to it I did assent.
 To binde the thing in fredome which was free,
 That now full loze alas repenteth me.

Of a Rosemary branche sent.

Such grene to me as you haue sent,
 Such grene to you I send againe,
 A flourishing heart that will not feint
 For drede of hope or losse of gayne,
 A stedfast thought all wholly bent,
 So that he may your grace obtayne,
 As you by prooffe haue alwaies sent.
 To live your owne & alwaies grene.

To his loue of his con- stant heart.

As I haue been, so will I euer be
 Unto my death, & lenger if I might
 Haue I of loue & frendly looking eye,
 Haue I of fortune fauour or despyte,
 I am of rooke by prose as you may see
 Not made of wax, nor of ro mettal light
 As leefe to die, by change as to deceiue
 Or breake the promise made. And so I
 (leauē.

Of the token which his loue sent him.

The

Songes

The golden apple that the Troian boy,
Gave to Venus the fayrest of the three
Which was the cause of all the wracke of Troy,
Was not receiued with a greater ioy,
Then was the same (my loue) thou sent to me,
It healed my soze it made my sorowes free,
It gave me hope, it banisht mine annoy,
Thy happy hande full oft of me was blis,
That can geue such a salue when that thou list.

Manhode auaieth not without
good fortune.

The Coward oft whom deynty byanders led,
That boasted muche his ladies cares to please,
By helpe of them whom vnder him he led,
Hath reapt the palme that balance cold not cease.
The vnerpert that shoves vnknoen nere sought,
Whom Neptune yet appalled not with feare,
In wandering shippe on trustles seas hath tought,
The skill to fele that tyme to long doth leare.
The sporting knight that scorneth Cupides kinde,
With fayned chere the payned cause to hinde,
In game vnhides the leaden sparkes of mynde,
And garnes the gale, where glowing flames should
Thus I see prooffe & treth a manlic heart (spede.
May not anayle, if fortune chaunce to start.

That constancy of all vertues,
is most worthy.

Though in the ware a perfect picture made,
Doth shew as fayre as in the marble stone,
yet doe we see it is esteemed of none.
Because that fier or force the fourme doth fade,
Wheras the marble holden is full dore.
Since that endures the date of lenger dayes.
Of Dymondes it is the greatest prayse,

So long to last and alwayes one tapper.
 Then if we doe esteeme that thing for best,
 which in perfection longest tyme do last,
 And that most vaine that turnes with euery blast,
 what iewel then with tong can be exprest
 Like to that hert where lone hath framde such seth,
 That cannot fade but by the force of deth.

The vncertayne state of a louer.

Like as the rage of rayne,
 fillles riuers with excesse,
 And as the drought agayn,
 Doth draw them lesse and lesse,
 So I both fall and clyme,
 With no and yea sometime.

As they swell hic and hie,
 So doth encrease my state,
 As they fall dyce and dyce,
 So doth my welth abate.
 As yea is mixt with no,
 So mirth is mixt with wo.

As nothing can endure,
 That liues and lacks reliefe,
 So nothing can stand sure,
 where chaunge doth raygne as chiefe,
 wherfore I must intende,
 To bowe when others bende.

And when they laugh to smyle,
 And when they wepe to wayle,
 And when they craft begyle,
 And when they fight, assayle,
 And thinke there is no change
 Can make them seme to strange.

Oh most vnhappy slave,
 what man may leade his courser
 To lacke he would fainest haue,
 Or els to doe much worse.
 These be rewardes for such,

Songes

As line and lone to much.

The louer in libertie smileth at
them in thraldome, that some-
time skorned his
bondage.

At libertie I sit and see,
Them that haue erst laught me to scoone,
Whipt with the whip that scourged me,
And now they banne that they wer bozne.
I see them sit full sobzely,
And thinke their earnest lokes to hide,
Now in them selues they cannot spyde,
That they oz this in me haue spyde,
I see them sitting al alone,
Wharking the steppes eche woorde and looke,
And now they treade where I haue gone
The paynfull path that I forsoke.
Now I see well I saw no whit,
When they saw well that now are blinde,
But happy hap hath made me quit,
And iust iudgement hath them assynd.
I see them wander all alone,
And treade full fast in dzedfull dout
The selfe same path that I haue gone,
Blessed be hap that brought me out.
At libertie all this I see,
And say no woord but erst among.
Smpling at them that laught at me,
Lo such is hadde, marke well my song.

A comparison of his loue with
the faithful and painful loue
of Troylus to
Creside.

Weede how Troilus serued in Troy
 A lady long and many a day,
 And how he boade so great anoy,
 For her as all the stories say,
 That halfe the paine had neuer man,
 Which had this wofull Troyan than,
 His yon h, his sport, his pleasant chere,
 His courtly state and company,

In him so straungely altered were,
 With such a face of contrary,
 That euery ioy became a wo,
 This popson new had turnde him so:
 And what me thought might most him ease,
 And most that for his comfort stode,
 The same did most his minde displease,
 And set him most in furious mode,
 For all his pleasure euer lay,
 To thinke on her that was away.

His chamber was his common walke,
 wherein he kept him secretly,
 He made his bed the place of talke,
 To here his great extremity,
 In nothing els had he delight,
 But even to be a martyr right.

And now to call her by her name
 And straight therewith to sigh and throbbe:
 And when his fanfies might not frame,
 Then into teares and so to sobbe,
 All in extremes and thus he lyes,
 Making two fountains of his eyes.

As agues haue sharpe shiftes of fits
 Of colde and heat successiuelly:
 So had his head like chaunge of wits,
 His patience wrought so diuersly.
 Now vp, now down, now here, now there,
 Like one that was he wist not where.

And thus though he were Priams sonne
 And comen of the kinges hye bloode,
 This care he had ere he her wonne,
 Till she that was his maistresse good,
 And lothe to see her seruant so,
 Became Physician to his wo.

Songes

And tooke him to her handes and grace,
and sayd she would her mynde applye,
To helpe him in his wofull case
If she might be his remedy.

And thus they say to ease his smart
She made him owner of her hart.

And truth it is except they lye,
From that day fourth her study went,
To shew to loue him faithfully,
and his whole mynde full to content,
So happy a man at last was he,
and eke so worthy a woman she.

O lady then iudge you by this
Myne ease, and how my case doth fall,
For sure betwene my lyfe and his,
No difference there is at all,
His care was great, so was hys payne,
and myne is not the least of twayne.

For what he felt in seruice true
For her whom that he loued so,
The same I feele as large for you,
To whom I doe my seruice owe.
There was that time in him no payne,
But now the same in me doth raigne.

Which if you can compare and weye,
and how I stand in euery plight,
When this for you I dare well say,
Your hart must nedes remorde of right
To graunt me grace and so to do,
as Cresside then dyd Troylus to.

For well I wot you are as good,
and euen as fayre as euer was she,
and comen of as woorthy blood
and haue in you as large pitie
To tender me your owne true man,
as she did him her seruant than.

Which gyft I pray God for my sake,
Full soone and shortly you me send,
So shall you make my sorowes slake,
So shall you bring my wo to ende.
and let me in as happy case,
as Troylus with his lady was.

To leade a vertuous and
honest lyfe.

Flee from the ptease and dwell with soothfastnes,
Suffise to thee thy good though it be small,
For horde hath hate, and clyming ticklenes,
Ppayse hath enuy, and weale is blynde in all,
Fauour no more then thee behoue shall,
Kede well thy selfe that others well canst rede,
and trouth shall thee deliuer, it is no drede.

Wayne thee not eche crooked to redresse,
In hoape of her that turneth as a ball,
Great rest standeth in litle busynesse,
Beware also to spurne agaynst a nail,
Striue not as doth a crocke against a wall,
Deme first thy selfe, that demest others dede,
and trouth shall thee deliuer, it is no drede.

That thee is sent, receiue it in burdennesse,
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall,
Here is no home, here is but wilderness,
Fourth pilgryme, fourth beast out of thy stall,
Looke vp on hye, geue thanks to God of all,
Weane well thy luit, and honest lyfe aye leade,
So trouth shall thee deliuer, it is no drede.

The wounded louer determineth
to make suite to his lady
for his recure.

Since Mars first moned warre, or styred men to stryfe,
Was neuer seen so fierce a fight, I scarce could scape with lyfe,
Resist so long I dyd, tyll death appoched so nye,
To saue my selfe I thought it best with speede away to flye.
In daunger still I fled, by flight I thought to scape
From my deare foe, it bayled not, alas it was to late.
For Venus from her campe brought Cupide with his bynde,
Who sayde now pelde, or els desyre shal chase thee in euey lande.
Yet would I not straight pelde, till fany fiercely stroke,
Who from my will did cut the raines & charged me with this roke.

L. ii.

When

Songes

When all the dayes and nightes mine eare might here the sounde
 What carefull sighes my hart wolde steale, to feele it self so bound
 For though within my brest, thy care I worke (he sayde)
 Why for good will didst thou beholde her percing eye displayde?
 Was the fish is caught through bayte that hydes the hooke,
 Euen so her eye me trayned hath, and tangled with her looke.
 But oz that it be long, my hart thou shalt be fayne
 To stay my life, pray her forth throw swete lokes whē I cōplayn.
 When that she shal denye, to doe me that good turne,
 Then shall she see to ashes gray, by flames my body burne.
 Desert of blame to her, no wight may yet impute,
 For feare of nay I neuer sought, the way to frame my sute,
 Yet hap that what hap shall, delay I may to long,
 assay I shall for I heare say, the still man oft hath wrong.

The louer shewing of the continuall paines
 that abyde within his brest, determi-
 neth to dye because he can-
 not haue redresse.

The dolefull bell that still doth ring
 The wofull knell of all my toyes,
 The wretched hart doth perce and wring,
 and filles myne eare with deadly noyes.
 The hungry Wiper in my brest,
 That on my hart doth lye and gnawe,
 Doth daily brede my new vncrest,
 and deeper sighes doth cause me drawe.
 And though I force both hande and eye,
 On pleasant matter to attende,
 My sorowes to deteine therby,
 and wretched lyfe for to amende:
 Yet goeth the myll within my hart,
 which grindeth nought but payne and wo,
 and turneth all my ioy to smart,
 The euill corne it yeldeth so.
 Though Venus smile with yelding eyes,
 and swete musike doth play and sing,
 Yet doth my sprites feele none of these,
 The clarke doth at myne eare so ring.

As smallest sparkes vncared for,
 To greatest flames do sonest grow,
 Euen so did this mine inward soze,
 Begin in game and end in wo.

And now by vse so swift it goeth,
 That nothing can mine cares so fill,
 But that the clacke it ouergoeth,
 and plucketh me backe into the mill.

But since the mil will nedes about,
 The pinne wheron the wheele doth go
 I will assay to strike it out,
 and so the mill to ouerthrow.

The power of loue ouer gods them selves.

For loue Appollo (his Godhed set aside)
 Was seruant to the kinge of Thessaly,
 Whose daughter was so pleasant in his eye,
 That both his harpe and sawtrey he deside:
 and bagpipe solace of the rurall bride,
 Did pufte and blow, and on the hoities hye,
 His cattell kept with that rude melody.
 and oft eke him that doth the heauens gide,
 Hath loue transfozmed to shapen for him to base
 Transmuted thus sometime a swan is he,
 Leda taccop, and est Europe to please,
 a milde white bull, vnwrinkled front and face,
 Suffreth her play till on his backe lepte she,
 Whom in great care he feriet through the seas.

The promise of a constant louer.

As Lawrell leaues that cease not to be grene.
 From parching sūne, noz yet frō winters threte,
 As hardened oke that feareth no sworde so hene
 As flint for toole in twaine that will not fete.
 As fast as rocke, or pillar surely set:
 So fast am I to you, and ay haue bene,
 Surety whom I cannot forget.

L.iii.

Songes

For loy, for payne, for torment nor for tene,
For losse, for gayne, for frowning, nor for thye,
But euer one, yea both in calme and blast,
Your faithfull friende, and will be to my last.

Against him that had flandered
a gentle woman with
himselie,

False may be, and by the powers aboue
Neuer haire he good speede or lacke in loue,
That so can lye or spot the worthe fame,
Of her for whom thou art to blame.
For chaste Diane that hunteth still the chace,
and all her maydes that sue her in the race,
With fayre bowes bent and arrowes by their side,
Can say that thou in this hast falsely lye.
For neuer hong the bowe vpon the wall,
Of Diances temple, no nor neuer shall,
Of broken chaste the sacred vowe to spot,
Of her whom thou dost charge so large I wot.
But it ought be wherof her blame may ryle,
It is in that she did not well aduise
To marke thee right, as now she both thee knowe,
False of thy bedde, false of thy talke also.
Lurker of kinde lyke serpent layde to byte,
as popson hid vnder the suger white.
What daunger such so was the house besylde
Of Collatme, so was the wyfe begylde.
She smarted she, and by a trayterous force,
The Carthage queene, so she fordyd her corse.
So strangled was the Rodopeyan mayde,
I fe trayt our fe, to thy shame be it sayde.
Thou dunghill Crow that crockst against the raine,
Home to thy hole, brag not with Ihebe agayne.
Carrion for thee, and lothsome be thy voice,
Thy song is foule, I weary of thy noyse.
Thy blacke fethers, which are thy wearyng wede,
wet them with teares, and sorow for thy deede.
And in darke caues wher piteous moynes do crye
Awake thou all day, and slee whē thou shouldest slee.

And neuer light where liuing thing hath life,
 But eate and drinke where stinche and filth is rife
 For she that is a fowle of fethers bright,
 Admit she toke some pleasure in thy sight.
 As fowle of state sometimes delight to take,
 Fowle of meane sort their flight with them to make.
 For play of wing, or solace of their kinde,
 but not in sort as thou dost breake thy minde.
 Not for to treade with such foule fowle as thou,
 No no I sweare, and dare it here avow.
 Thou neuer settest thy foot within her nest,
 boast not so broad then to thine owne breast.
 but blushe for shame, for in thy face it standes,
 And thou canst not vnspot it with thy handes.
 For all the heauens against thee recorde beare,
 And all in earth against thee eke will sweare,
 That thou in this art euen none other man,
 but as the iudges were to Susan than.
 Forgers of that wherto their lust them prickt,
 blashe, blaser then, the truth hath thee conuict.
 And she a woman of her worthy fame
 Unspotted standes, & thou hast caught the shame,
 And there I pray to God that it may rest,
 false as thou art, as false as is the best,
 That so canst wrong the noble kinde of man,
 In whom al trouth first florist and began.
 And so hath stand, till now thy wretched part
 hath sported vs, of whose kinde one thou art,
 That all the shame that euer rose or may,
 Of shamefull dede or the may light I say.
 And on thy kinde, and thus I wishe thee rather,
 That all thy seede may like be to their father.
 Untrue as thou and forgers as thou art,
 So as all we be blamelesse of thy part,
 And of thy dede, and thus I do thee leane,
 Still to be false, and falsely to deceiue.

A praise of maistresse R.

I heard when fame with thundring voice did sommon to appere
 Of a chiefe of nature's children all, that kinde hath placed here.

B. III.

To

Songes

No blete what bzute by vertue got their lines coulde lustily crane,
 And had the shew what praise by truth they worthy were to haue.
 Wherwith I saw how venus came and put her selfe in place,
 And gaue her ladies leane at large to stand and pleade their case,
 Eche one was cald by name a row, in that assembly there
 That hence are gone or here remaines, in court or other where.
 A solemne silence was proclaimde, the iudges sate and herd,
 What truth could tell, or craft could faine, & who should be preferd.
 Then betwixt shept before the barre, whose brest & neck was bare,
 With heare trust vp, and on her hed a caule of golde she ware.
 Thus Cupides thzailes began to flock whose hogry eyes did say,
 That she had stained all the dames, that present were that day.
 For er she spake, & whispzig wordes, the prease was fild throught-
 And fany forced common voice, therat to giue a shout. (out
 Which cried to fame take forth thy trump, & sound her praise on hy
 That gladdes the hart of euery wight that her beholdes with eye.
 What stirre and rule (quod order than) do these rude people make,
 We hold her best that shall deserue a praise for vertues sake.
 This sentence was no soner saide, but beauty therewith blusht,
 The noyse did cease, the hal was still and euery thing was whusht
 Then finenesse thought by training talke to win that beauty lost,
 And whet her tonge with ioly wordes, and spared for no cost,
 yet wantonnesse could not abide, but brake her tale in hast,
 And peuisly pride for Perockes plumes would nedes be hiest plast.
 And therewithall came curionsnesse and carped out of frame,
 The audience laught to heare the strife as they beheld the same.
 yet reason sone appeard the bzute her reuerence made and doone,
 She purchascd saugur for to speake, and thus her tale begon.
 Sins bountie shall the garland weare, and crowned be by fame,
 O happy iudges call for her, for she deserues the same.
 where tēperance gouernes beauties flowers & gloxy is not sought
 And shamefast mekenesse mastreth pride, & true dwels in thought.
 Bid her come forth and shew her face, or els assent eche one,
 That true report shall graue her name in gold or marble stone,
 For all the world to reade at will, what worthy nesse doth erit,
 In perfect pure vnspotted life, which she hath here posselt.
 Then skill rose vp and sought the prease to finde it that he might
 A person of such honest name, that men shoude praise of right.
 This one I saw full sadly sit, and shrinke her selfe afoe,
 whose sober lokes did shew what giftes her wiuely grace did hide.
 A lo here (quod skill, good people all) is Lucres left alide,
 And she shall most accepted be, that least for praise did stieue.

No lenger fame could hold her peace, but blew a blast so hye,
 That made an eccho in the ayre and sowning through the lye.
 The voice was loude, and thus it sayd, come I. with happy dayes
 Thy honest life hath wonne the fame, & crowned thee with praise
 And when I heard my maistres name, I thrust amiddes y throng.
 And clapt my handes & wisht of god that she might prosper long.

Of one vniustly
 defamed.

I Ne can close in short and cunning verse,
 Thy worthy praise of bountie by desert,
 The hatefull spite and sclauder to reherse,
 Of them that see but know not what thou art.
 For kinde by craft hath wrough't thee so to eye,
 That no wight may thy wit and vertue spy.
 But he haue other fele then outward sight,
 The lacke wherof doth hate and spite to trie,
 Thus kinde by craft is let of vertues light,
 He how the outward shew wittes may dull,
 Not of the wise but as the most entend,
 Minerva yet might neuer perce their scull
 That Circes cup and Cupides brand hath blend,
 Whose sonde affectes now stirred haue the braine,
 So doth thy hap thy hue with colour staine.
 Beauty thy foe thy shape doubleth thy soze,
 To hede thy wit and shew thy vertue dayne,
 Fell were thy fate, if wisdom were not moze.
 I meane by thee euen G by name,
 Whome stormy windes of enuy and disdain
 Do tolle with boisterous blastes of wicked fame,
 Where stedfastnesse as chiefe in thee doth raigne.
 Pacience thy suttile minde doth guide and steere,
 Silence and shame with many resteth there.
 Till tyme thy mother list them forth to call.
 Happy is he that may enjoy them all.

Of the death of the late countesse
 of Penbroke.

Songes

Yet once againe my muse I pardon pray,
 Thine intermitted song if I repeate
 Not in such wise as when loue was my pay,
 My toly too with ioyfull verse to treat.
 But now (vnthanke to our desert be genen,
 Whiche merite not a heauens gift to kepe)
 Thou must with me bewaile that fate hath reuen
 From earth a iewel laide in earth to slepe.
 A iewell, yea a gemme of womanhed,
 Whose perfect vertues linked as in chaine,
 So did adorne that humble wiuely hed,
 As is not rife to finde the like againe.
 For wit and learning framed to obey,
 Her husbandes will that willed her to vse
 The loue he bare her chiefly as a stay,
 For al her frendes þ would her furtherance chuse
 Well said therfore a heauens gift she was,
 Because the best are sonest hence bereft,
 And though her selfe to heauen hence did passe,
 Her spoile to earth from whence it came she left.
 And to vs reares her absence to lament,
 And eke his chaunce that was her make by law,
 Whose losse to lose so great an ornament,
 Let the esteeme which true loues knot can draw.

That ech thing is hurt of
 it selfe.

Why fearest thou thy outward so,
 when thou thy selfe thy harme dost fede,
 Of grief, or hurt, of paine or wo,
 within eche thinges sownen the seede.
 So fine was neuer yet the cloth,
 No smith so hard his yron did beate,
 But thou e consumed was with mothe,
 E bother with canker all to create.
 The knotty oke and waynscoot old,
 Within doth eat the selly worme
 Even so a minde in enuy relde,
 Alwayes within it selfe doth burne.

Thus

Thus enery thing that nature wrought
Within it selfe his hurt doth beare,
No outward harine nede to be sought,
Where enemies be within so neare.

Of the choyse of a wyfe.

The flickering fame that flyeth from eare to eare
and aye her strength encreaseth with her flight,
Gives fyrst the cause why men to heare delight
Of those whome she doth note for beauty bright,
and with this fame that fleeth on so fast,
Fantie doth hye when reason makes no halt.

And yet not so content they wishe to see,
and therby know if fame haue sayde a right,
More trusting to the tryall of theyr eye,
Then to the brute that goes of any wight,
wise in that poynt that lightly will not leue,
Unwise to seeke that may them after griene.

Who knoweth not how sight may loue allure,
and kinde in the hart a hote desyre,
The eye to worke that fame could not procure,
Of greater cause there cummeth hotter fyre.
For ere he wete himselfe he feleth warme
The fame and eye the causers of his harme.

Let fame not make her knownen who I shal know,
Nor yet myne eye therein to be my gyde,
Suffiseth me that vertue in her growe,
Whose simple lyfe her fathers walles do hyde,
Content with this I leaue the rest to go,
and in such choise shall stand my wealth and wo.

Description of an vngodly worlde.

VVho loues to liue in peace, and marketh enery change,
shal heare such newes frō time to time, as seme right wondrous
Such fraude in frendly lokes, such frendship al for gain, (straunge.
Such cloked wrath in hateful hartes which worldly men retaine.
Such fained flattering sayth, amonges both hye and lowe,
Such

Songes

Such great disceit, such subtil wittes, the pooze to ouerthrowe.
 Such spite in sugred tonges, such malice full of pryde,
 Such open wrong, such great vnt ruth, which cannot go vnspyde,
 Such restless suite for rowmes, which byngeth men to care,
 Such sliding downe from slippery seates, yet can we not beware,
 Such barking at the good, such bolstring of the yll,
 Such thzeatning of the wrath of god, such vyce embraced still,
 Such stryuing for the best, such clymyng to estate,
 Such great dissembling euery where, such loue all mirt with hate,
 Such traynes to trap the iust, such prouling faulces to pike,
 Such cruell wordes for speaking trouth, who euer heard the lyke?
 Such strife for stirring strawes, such discord daily wrought,
 Such forged tales dul wits to blind, such matters made of nought,
 Such tryfles told for trouth, such credityng of lyes,
 Such silence kept when fooles do speake, such laughyng at y wise.
 Such plentie made so scarce, such cryyng for redress,
 Such feared signes of our decay, which tong dares not expresse.
 Such chauges lightly markt, such troubles still apperes,
 Which neuer were befoze this time, no not this thousand yeres.
 Such bypbing for the purse, which euer gapes for more,
 Such hordyng vp of worldy wealth, such keepyng mucke in store.
 Such folly founde in age, such will in tender youth,
 Such sondry sorts among great clerkes, & few that speake y trouth.
 Such falshed vnder crafte, and such vnstedfast wayes,
 Was neuer scene within mens heartes, as is found now a dayes.
 The cause and ground of this, is our vnquiet mynde,
 Which thinkes to take those goodes away, which we must leue be.
 Why doe men seeke to geat which they cannot possesse? (hind.
 Or breake their sleepes with careful thoughts & al for wretchenesse
 Though one amonges a scoze, hath welth and ease a while,
 A thousand want which topleth sore and trauayle many a myle,
 And some although they slepe, yet wealth failes in theyr lap,
 Thus some be riche, and some be pooze, as fortune geues the hap.
 Wherefore I holde him wise which thinkes hymselfe at ease,
 and is content in simple state, both God and man to please.
 For those that liue lyke Gods, and honourde are to day,
 within short tyme theyr glory falles, as flowres doe fade away.
 Uncerteyne is theyr lyues on whom this worlde will frowne,
 For though they sit aboue y starres, a storme wil cast them downe.
 In welth who feares no fall, may slide from ioy full lone,
 There is no thing so sure on earth, but chaungeth as the mone.
 What pleasure hath the riche, or ease moze then the pooze?

Although he haue a pleasant house, his trouble is the more.

They bowe and speake him fayre, which seeke to sucke his blood,
And some doe wish his soule in hell, and all to haue his good.

The coueting of the goodes, doth nought but dull the sprite,
and some men chaunce to taste the sower, that gropeth for þe swete.

The riche is still enuyed by those which eate his bread,
with fawning speche and flattering tales his eares are daily lead.

In fine I see and proue the riche haue many foes,
He slepeth best, and carcth least, that litle hath to lose.

As time requireth now, who woulde auoyde much Griefe,
were better liue in pooze estate, then leade a princes lyfe.

To passe those troublesome times I see but litle choyse,
But helpe to waile with those that wepe, & laugh whē they reioyce
For as we see to daye, our brother brought in care,

To morow may we haue such chaunce to fall with him in snare,
Of this we may be sure, who thinkes to sit most fast,

Shall sonest fall like wythered leaues that can not bide a blast,
Though that the flood be great, the ebbe as low doth runne:

When euery man hath played his part our pagent wylbe doone,
Who trustes this wretched world, I, hold him worse then madde

Here is not one that feareth God, the best is al to badde,

For those that seme as saintes, are diuels in their dedes,

Though that the earth bringes furth som flowers it beareth many
I see no present helpe from mischiefe to preuaile, webes

But flee the seas of worldly care or beare a quiet sayle,

For who that mebleth least, shall saue him selfe from smart,

Who stirres an oare in euery boate shall play a foolish part,

The dispayring louer lamenteth.

Walking the path of pensiue thought,

I askt my hart how came this wo:

Thine eye (quod he) this care me brought,

Thy mynde, thy witte, thy will also

Enforceth me to loue her euer,

This is che cause ioye shall I neuer,

And as I walke as one dismaide,

Thinking that wrong this wo me sent:

Right sent me worde by wrath, whyche sayd,

Thys full iudgement to the is sent:

¶ *Finis*

Songes

Neuer to dye, but dying euer,
Eyll breath thee sayle ioy shalt thou neuer.
With right doth iudge this wo tendre,
Of health, of wealth, of remedy,
as I haue done so be the sure,
Of faith and truth vntill I dye.
And as this payne cloke shall I euer,
So inwardly ioy shall I neuer.

Gripping of gripes greue not so sore,
Nor serpentis sting causeth such smart,
Nothing on earth may payne me more,
Then sight that perist my wofull hart,
Drowned with cares still to perleurt,
Come death betimes ioy shall I neuer.

O libertie why doest thou swatue,
and steale away thus all at ones,
and I in prison lyke to statue
For lacke of food do gnawe on bones,
Why hoape and trust in thee was euer,
For now thou art gone ioy shall I neuer.

But styll as one all desperate,
To leade my lyfe in misery,
With feare from hoape hath lockte the gate,
Where pitie should graunt remedy,
Dispayre this lot assignes me euer,
To liue in payne, ioy shall I neuer.

The louer prayeth his seruice to
be accepted, and his de-
faulces pardoned.

Proerin that sometime serued Cephalus,
with hart as true as any louer might,
Yet her betide in louing his vnrigh,
That as in heart with loue surprised thus,
She one day to see this Cephalus,
where he was wont to shrowde him in the shade,
when of his hunting he an ende had made.
Within the woods with dyedfull foote forth stalketh,

So busily loue in her head it walketh.
 That she to see him may her not restrayne,
 This Cephalus that heard one shake the leaues,
 Aprill all eager thrusting after pray,
 With dart in hand him lyst to further dayne
 To see his loue, but slew her in the greaues,
 That ment to him but perfect loue alway.

So curious been alas the rites all
 Of mighty loue, that vnnethe may I thinke
 In his hygh seruice how to looke or winke.
 Thus I complaine that wretchedst am of all,
 To you my loue, and soueraigne ladie dere,
 That may my heart with death or lyfe sterc.
 As ye best lyst, that ye vouchsafe in all,
 Myne humble seruice, and if me misfall
 By negligence, or els for lacke of wit,
 That of your mercy you doe pardon it,
 and thinke that loue made Procrin shake the leaues,
 when with vnrighthe she slaine was in the greaues.

Description and praise of his loue.

L Ike the Wherix a byrd most rare in sight,
 That nature hath with gold and purple drest,
 Such she me seemes in whom I most delight,
 If I might speake for enuy at the least,
 Nature I thinke fyrst wrought her in despite
 Of rose and lylly that summer bringeth fyrst.
 In beauty sure excading all the rest.
 Under the bent of her browes tustly pight,
 as Dyamondes or Saphyres at the least,
 Her glistering lights the darkenes of the nyght
 whose litle mouth and chynne like all the rest,
 Her ruddy lippes excede the corall quite,
 Her yuery teeth where none exceeds the rest,
 faultlesse she is from foote vnto the walke,
 Her body small, and strait as mast vpright,
 Her armes long in full propozcion cast,
 Her handes depaunt with baynes all blew & white,

What

Songes

What shall I say for that is not in sight?
The hidden parties I iudge them by the rest,
And if I were the foreman of the quest,
To geue a verdict of her beauty bryght,
Forgeue me Ihebus, I shouldst be dispossest,
Which dost vsurpe my ladies place of right
Here will I cease lest enuy cause despight.
But nature whē she wrought so fayre a wight
In this her worke she surely did intend,
To frame a thing that god could not amende.

The louer declareth his paynes
to exccade farre the paynes
of hell.

The soules that lacked grace,
which lye in bitter payne
are not in such a place
as foolish folke doe sayne.

Tormented all with fyre,
and boyle in leade agayne
with serpentes full of yre
Steng oft with deadly payne.

Then cast in frosen pittes
To frese there certain howres,
and for their painfull fittes
appointed tormentours.

None it is not so,
Their sorow is not such,
and yet they haue of wo,
I dare say twise as much.

Which comes because they lack
The sight of the Godhed,
and be from that kept backe
wherewith are angels fed.

This thing know I by lone
Through absence cruelle,
which makes me for to proue
Hell paine before I dye.

Chere

There is no tong can tell,
My thousand part of care,
There may no fire in hell
With my desire compare.

No boyling leade can passe
My scalding sighes in here,
Nor snake that ever was,
With stinging can so frete

A true and tender hart,
As my thoughtes daily doe,
So that I know but smart,
And that which longes therto.

O Cupid venus sonne,
As thou has shewed thy might,
And hast this conquest wonne
Now end the same aright.

And as I am thy slave,
Contented with all this,
So helpe me soone to haue
My perfit earthly blisse.

Of the death of sir Thomas wiate the elder.

I O dead he liues, that whilome liued here
Among the dead, that quicke goes on the ground,
Though he be dead, yet doth he quick appere,
By liuely name that death cannot confound,
His life for ay of fame the trump shall sound.
Though he be dead, yet liues he here a liue.
Thus can no death from Wiate life depriue.

That length of time consumeth all thinges.

What harder is then stone, what more then water soft?
Yet with soft water drops, hard stones be perced oft,
What giues so strong impulse,
That stone ne may withstand?
What giues more weake repulse,
Then water prest with hand,

Songes

Yet weeke though water be,
It holoweth hardest flint,
By proofe wherof we see,
Time giues the greatest dint.

The beginning of the epistle of Penelope to Vlisses, made into verse.

O lingering Mache Vlisses deere, thy wife so sendes to thee
Her durtie plaint, write not againe, but come thy selfe to mee:
Our hateful scourge that womans foe, proud Troy now is fordon
We bpe it deere, though Ham flaine, and all his kingdome won,
O that the raging surges great that lechers bane had wrought,
When first with ship he forowd seas, and Lacedemon sought.
In desert bed my shivering carse the should not haue sought rest
Nor take in grieve the cherefull sunne so slowly fall to west.
and whiles I cast long runnyng nights, how best I might begile,
No distaff should my widowish hand haue weary made the while
When dread I not more dangers great then are befall in dede,
Loue is a carefull thing god wot and passing full of drede.

The louer asketh pardon of his passed follie in loue.

Y ou that in play peruse my plaint, and reade in rime the smart,
Which in my youth with sighes full cold I harbourd in my heart
I know ye that loue in that fraile age, draue me to that distresse,
When I was halfe another man, then I am now to gesse.
Then for this worke of wauering wordes where I now rage now
Toit in the toyes of troublous loue, as care or comfort grew (rew
I trust with you that lodes affaires by proofe haue put in byt,
Not onely pardon in my plaint, but pietie to procure.
For now I wote that in the world a wonder haue I be,
And wher to long loue made me blind, to late shame makes me se,
Thus of my fault shame is the fruite, and for my youth thus pall,
Repentance is my reconpence and thus I learne at last.
Toke what the world hath most in price, as sure it is to kepe,
As is the dreame which fantic d. lues, whiles sence & reason slepe.
The

The louer sheweth that he was stricken by
loue on good friday,

It was the day on which the sunne berayned of his light
To rew Chzistes death & his course gaue place vnto the night,
When I amid mine eare did fall to such distemperate fits,
That for the face that hath my heart I was bereft my wits.
I had the batte, the hooke and all, & wist not louses pretence
But farde as one that fearde none ill, nor forst for no defence.
Thus dwelling in most quiet state, I fell into this plight,
And that day gan my secret sighes, when all folk wept in sight.
For loue that bewod me bothe of care, appoacht to take his pray,
And kept by stelth from eye to heart, so open lay the way,
And straight at eyes brake out in teares, so fast & did declare,
By token of their bitter taste that they were forgoe of care.
How vaunt thee loue which fleest a maid defence & vertues care
And wounded hast a wight vnwise, vnweaponed and vnware.

The louer describeth his whole state vnto his loue
and promising her his faithfull good
will assureth himself of hers
againc.

The sunne when he hath spred his tales,
And shewde his face ten thousand waies,
Ten thousand thinges do then begin,
To shew the life that they are in.
The heauen shewes liuely art and hue,
Of sundry shapes and colours new.
And laughes vpon the earth anone,
The earth as cold as any stone
Wet in the teares of her own kinde,
Gins then to take a ioyfull minde.
For well she seles that out and out,
The sunne doth warme her round about,
And dries her children tenderly.
And shewes them forth full orderly,
The mountaines hye and how they stand,
The balletes and the great maine land.
The trees, the herbes, the towers strong,
The castels add the riuers long.

Songes

And euen for ioy thus of this heate,
She sheweth forth her pleasures great.
And slepes no more but sendeth forth
Her clergions her own dere worth
To mount and flie vp to the ayre,
Where then they sing in ordre faire,
And tell in song full merely,
How they haue slept full quietly,
That night about their mother sides
And when they haue song more besides,
Then fall they to their mothers brestes,
Where els they fede or take their restes,
The hunter then soundes out his horne,
And rangeth strait through wood and corne,
On hilles then shew the Ewe and Lambe,
And euery yong one with his damme,
Then louers walke and tell their tale,
Both of their blisse and of their bale
And how they serue, and how they doe,
And how their lady loues them to.
Then tune the birdes their armonie,
Then flocke the foule in companie,
Then euery thing doth pleasure finde,
In that that comforts al their kinde.
No dreames do drench them of the night,
Of foes that would then flea or bite,
As houndes to hunt them at the taile,
Or men force them through hill and dale,
The shepe then dreames not of the woulf.
The shipman forces not the goulfe.
The Lambe thinkes not the butchers knife
Should then bereue him of his life.
For when the Sunne doth once runne in,
Then all their gladnes doth begin,
And then their skips, and then their play
So falles their sadnes then away.
And thus all thinges haue comforting,
In that that doth them comfort bring,
Sauz I alas, whome neither sunne,
Nor ought that god hath wrought and done
May comfort ought, as though I were
A thing not made for comfort here.

For being absent from your sight,
 Which are my toy and whole delight,
 My comfort and my pleasure to.
 How can I toy, how should I doe
 May sick men laugh that roze & paine
 Joy they in song that doe complaine:
 Are martirs in their torments glad?
 Do pleasure please them that are mad?
 Then how may I in comfort be,
 That lack y thing should comfort me?
 The blinde man oft lacks his sight,
 Complaines not most the lack of light
 But those that knew their perfectnes,
 And then doe misse their blissefulnesse,
 In martirs tunes they sing and waile
 They waite of y which doth them faile,
 And herof comes that in my braines,
 So many fantasies worke my paines.
 For when I waight your worthines,
 Your wisdom and your gentlenes,
 Your vertues & your sundry grace,
 And minde y countenance of your face,
 And how that you are she alone,
 To whom I must both plaine & mone
 Whom I doe loue and must doe still,
 Whom I embrace and ay so will.
 To serue and please you as I can,
 As may a wofull faithfull man
 And finde my self so far you fro,
 God knowes what tormēt & what wo
 My rufull heart doth then embrace,
 The blood then changeth in my face.
 My sinewes dull in dompes I stand,
 No life I fele in foote nor hande,
 As pale as any clout and ded,
 Lo sodeinly the blood ouerspred
 And gone againe it nill so bide.
 And thus from life to death I slide,
 As colde sometimes as any stone,
 And then againe as hote anone.
 Thus comes and goes my sundry fits,
 To giue me sundry sortes of wits.

Songes.

Till that a sigh becomes my frende.
And than to all this wo doth ende,
and sure I think y^e sigh doth runne,
From me to you where as you wonne
For well I finde it easeth me,
And certes much it pleaseth me,
To think that it doth come to you,
as would to god it could so doe.
For the I know you would sone finde
By sent and saour of the winde,
That euen a martirs sight it is,
Whose ioy you are and his blisse,
His comfort and his pleasure eke.
And euen the same that he doth seke.
The same that he doth wish a craue,
The same that he doth trust to haue,
To tender you in all he may,
and all your likinges to obey.
As farre as in his powze shal lye,
Till death shall dart him for to die.
But welaway mine own most belk.
My ioy, my comfort and my rest,
The causer of my wo and smart,
and yet the pleaser of my heart,
And she that on the earth aboue,
Is euen the worthiest for to loue.
heare now my plaint, here now my wo
Here now is paine that loues you so.
and if your hart doe pitie beare,
Write the cause that you shall heare.
A dolefull foe in all this doot,
Who leaues me not but seke me out,
Of watched forme and lothsome face,
While I stand in this wofull case,
Comes forth and takes me by y^e hand,
and saies friend hark and vnderstande.
I see well by thy port and chere,
and by thy lokes and thy manere
And by thy sadnes as thou goest.
and by y^e sighes y^e thou outthrowest,
That thou art stuffed full of wo,
The cause I think I do well know.

I fantasie thou art of some,
 By whom thy wits are overcome
 But hast thou red old pamphlets oft?
 Or hast thou knowen how bokes haue taught?
 That loue doth vse to such as thou,
 When they do think them safe enow,
 And certain of their ladies grace,
 Hast thou not sene oft times the case
 That sodenly their hap hath turnde
 As thinges in flame consume and burne
 Some by disceit forsaken right,
 Some likewise changed of fansie light,
 And some by absence sone forgot,
 The losses in loue, why knowest thou not?
 And tho that he be now thine owne,
 And knowes thee wel as may be knowne,
 and thinkes thee to be such a one,
 As she likes best to be her owne,
 Thinkes thou that others haue not grace,
 to shew and plaine their wofull case?
 And chose her for their lady now,
 And swere her trooth as well as thou,
 and what if she do alcer minde?
 where is the loue that thou wouldest finde
 absence my frende workes wonders oft
 Now brings ful low that lay ful loft,
 Now turnes the minde now to now fro,
 and where art thou if it wer so?
 If absence quod I, be maruellous
 I finde her not so dangerous,
 For she may not remoue me fro,
 the poore good wil that I do owe,
 To her, whom vnneeth I loue and shall
 and chosen haue about them all.
 To serue and be her owne as far,
 as any man may offer her.
 and wil her serue, and wil her loue,
 and lowly as it shall behoue.
 and die her owne if fate be so.
 Thus shal my hart ray part her fro,
 and witnes shall my good wil be,
 that absence takes her not from me,

Songes.

But that my loue both still encrease,
To minde her still and neuer cease:
And what I fele to be in me,
The same good wil I think hath she.
As firme and fast to biden ay,
Till death depart vs both away.
And as I haue my tale thus told
Steps vnto me with countenance bold
A stedfast frende a counsellour,
And named is hope my comfortour,
And stoutly then he speakes and saies,
Thou hast said trouth withouten naies,
For I assure the euen by othe,
And thereon take my hand and troth,
That she is one the worthiest,
The truest and the faitfullest,
The gentlest and the meekest of minde,
That here on earth a man may finde.
And if that loue and trouth were gone,
In her it might be founde alone.
For in her minde no thought there is,
But how she may be true to is,
And tenders thee and all thy heale,
And wisheth both thy heath and weale,
And loues thee euen as farforth than,
As any woman may a man.
And is thyn own and so she saies
And cares for thee ten thousand waies.
On thee she speakes on the she thinkes,
With the she eates with the she drinks,
With the she talkes, with thee she mones
With the she sighes, with the she grones,
With the she sayes farewell mine owne,
Whē thou god knowest ful farre art gon.
And euen to tell thee all aright,
To the she saies ful oft good nigh,
and names the self, her own most dere,
Her comfort weale and all her chere.
And telles her pillow al the tale,
How thou hast don her wo and bale,
and how she longes and plaines for the.
And saies why art thou so from me?

Am I not she that loues the best,
Do I not wish thyn ease and rest?
Seke I not how I may the please?
Why art thou then so from thine ease?
If I be she for whom thou carest,
For whom in tormentes so thou farest,
Alas thou knowest to find me here,
Wher I remaine thine most dere,
Thine own most true, thine own most iust,
Thine own that loues the still and must,
Thine owne that cares alone for the,
As thou I thinke dost care for me.
And euen the woman, she alone,
That is ful bent to be thine owne,
What wilt thou more what canst thou crane,
Since she is as thou wouldest her haue?
Then set this drinell out of the dore,
That in thy braines such tales both pouze,
Of absence and of changes straunge,
Send him to those that vse to chaunge,
For she is none I the anow,
And well thou maist beleue me now,
When hope hath thus his reason said,
Lord how I fele me wel apaide.
A new blood then orespredes my bones
That al in ioy I stande at ones.
My hand I throw to heauen aboue,
And humbly thanke the god of loue,
That of his grace I shoulde bestow,
My loue so wel as I it owe,
And al the planets as they stande
I thank them to with hart and hand,
That theire aspectes so frendly were
That I should so my good will bere
To you that are the worthiest,
The fairest and the gentlest.
And best can say, and best can do,
That longes me thinks a woman to.
And therfore are most worthy far,
To be beloued as you are.
And saies hope in all this tale,
Wherby he easeth al my bale,

Songes

For I beleue and think it true.
 That he doth speake or say of you.
 And thus contented lo I stand,
 With that that hope beares me in hand,
 That I am yours and shal so be,
 Which hope I kepe full sure in me
 As he that al my comfort is,
 On you alone which are my blis.
 My pleasure chief which most I stude,
 And euen the whole top of my minde,
 And shal so be until the death,
 Shal make me yelde vp life and breath.
 Thus good my owne, lo here my trust.
 Lo here my truth and seruiue iust.
 Lo in what case for you I stand,
 Lo how you haue me in your hand
 And if you can requite a man,
 Requite me as you finde me than.

Of the troubled comen welth restored
 to quiet by the mightie power
 of God.

The secret flame that made al Troy so hot,
 Long did it lurke within the wooden horse,
 The machine huge Troians suspected not,
 The guiles of Grekes, nor of their hidden force,
 Til in their beddes their armed foes them met
 And slew them there, and Troy on fire set.

Then rose the roze of treason round about,
 And childzen could of treason cal and cry.
 Wyues wrong their handes, the whole fyred towne throughtout
 When that they saw their husbandes slain them by,
 And to the gods and to the skies they shright,
 Vengeance to take for treason of that night.

When was the name of Sinon spred and blowne
 And wherunto his fyled tale did tende,
 The secret states and metinges then wer knowne
 Of Troian traitours tending to this ende,
 And euery man could say as in that case,
 Treason in Antenor and Eneas,

Bat

But all to long such wisdom was in store,
 To late come out the name of traptour than
 When that their kinge the altar lay before,
 Slaine there alas, that worthy noble man,
 All on flame, the matrons crying out,
 and all the stretes and streemes of blood about.

But such was fate, or such was simple trust,
 That king and all should thus to ruine runne,
 For if our stories certain be and iust,
 There were y sawe such mischief should be donne,
 and warning gaue which compted were in sort,
 As said diuines in matter but of sport.

Such was the time and so in state it stode,
 Troy trembled not, carrells were the men
 They brake the walles they toke this horse for good
 they demed Grekes gon, they thought al surtie the
 When treason starte, and set the towne on fire,
 and stroyed Troians a gaue Grekes their desire.

Like to our time, wherein hath broken out,
 The hidden harine that we suspected least,
 Wombed within our walles and realme about,
 as Grekes in Troy wer in the Grekish beast,
 Whose tempest great of harmes and of armes,
 We thought not on till it did noyse our harmes.

Then felt we well the piller of our welth,
 How soze it shoke, then sawe we euen at hande,
 Ruine how she rusht to confounde our helth,
 Our realme and vs with force of mighty hande,
 and then we heard how treason loude did roze,
 Whine is the rule, and raigne I will therefore.

Of treason marke the nature and the kind.
 A face it beares of all humilitie.
 Truth is the cloke and friendship of the minde,
 and depe it goes, and worketh secretely,
 Like to a mine that crepes so ne the wall,
 Till out breakes sulphure, and oreturneth all.

But he on hie that secretely beholdes
 The state of thinges, and times hath in his hande,
 And pluckes in plages, and them again vnfoldes.
 and hath appointed realmes to fall and stand,
 He in the midst of all this hurte and route,
 Can bende his browes, and moue himself about.

Songes

As who should say, and are ye minded so?
And thus to those, and whom you know I loue,
Am I such one as none of you do know?
Or know ye not that I sit here aboue,
And my handes doe hold your welth and wo,
To raise you now to ouerthrow,

Then think that I as I haue set you all,
In places where your honours lay and fame,
So now my selfe shall geue you eche your fall,
Where eche of you shall haue your worthy shame,
And in their handes I will your fall shall be,
Whose fall in yours you sought so sore to see.

Whose wisdomc hye as he the same foresaw,
So is it wrought, such loe his iustice is,
He is the Lord of man and of his law,
Praise therfore now his mighty name in this,
and make accompt that this our case doth stande,
as Israell free from wicked Pharaos hand.

The louer to his loue hauing for-
saken him, and betaken her
selfe to an other.

The birde that sometime built within my brest
And there as then chief succour did receiue,
Hath now els where built her another nest,
And of the old hath taken quite her leane.
To you my olde that harbour mine old guest,
Of such a one, as I can now conceiue,
With that in change her choise doth chiefe consist,
The hawk may check, that now comes faire to fist.

The louer sheweth that in dissembling
his loue openly he kepeth secret
his secret good will.

Not like a God came Iupiter to woo,
when he the faire Europa sought vnto,

In other forme his godly wisedome toke,
 Such in effect as writeth Ouides boke.
 as on the earth no living wight can tell,
 That mighty Ioue did loue the queene so well.
 For had he come in golden garmentes bright,
 Or so as men mought haue stard on the sight,
 Spred had it bene both thzough earth and aire,
 That Ioue had louen the Lady Europa faire.
 and then had some bene angry at the heart
 And some againe as iewels for their part.
 Both which to stop, this gentle god toke minde
 To shape himself into a brutish kinde,
 To such a kinde as hid what state he was,
 And yet did bring him what he sought to passe.
 To both their loyes, to both their comfort sone,
 Though knownen to none till al the thing was done.
 In which attempt if I the like assay,
 To you to whom I do my self bewrap,
 Let it suffice that I do seke to be,
 Not counted yours, and yet for to be he.

The louer disceiued by his loue
 repenteth him of true
 loue he barcher.

I That Ulysses yeres haue spent,
 To finde Penelope,
 Finde well that folly I haue ment,
 To seke that was not so,
 Since Troylus case hath caused me,
 From Cressed for to go.
 and to bewaile Ulysses truth,
 In seas and stormy skies,
 Of wanton will and raging youth,
 which me haue tossed soze.
 From Scilla to Caribdis clines
 Upon the drowning shore.
 where I sought haue, there found I
 From danger vnto death. (hap.
 Much like the House that treades
 In hope to finde her soode, (trap,

Songes

And bites the bread that stops her breath,
So in like case I stode.

Till now repentance hastened him
To further me so fast,
That where I sank, there now I swimme,
and haue both streame and winde,
and luck as good if it may last,
As any man may finde.

That where I perished, safe I passe,
and finde no perill there,
But Oedy Stone, no ground of glasse,
How am I sure to saue,
And not to flete from feare to feare,
Such anchor holde I haue.

The lover hauing enioyed his loue humbly
thanketh the god of loue, and auowing
his heart onely to her faithfully
promiseth vtterly to forsake
all other.

Thou Captiue god of loue, whom Venus thralles do serue.
I yelde thee thanks vpon my knees, as thou dost well deserue.
By the my wished ioyes haue shaken of dispaire,
and all my storming daies be past, and wether mereth faire.
By the I haue receiued a thousand times more ioy,
Then euer Paris did possesse, when Helen was in Troy.
By the haue I that hope, for which I longde so sore,
and when I think vpon the same, my heart doth leape therefore.
By the my heappy doubts and trembling feares are fled.
and now my wits & troubled ier, with pleasat thoughts are fed
For dreade is banisht clene, wherein I stode full oft,
and doubt to speake that lay full low, is lifted now a loft
With armes be spred abroad, with opende handes and heart,
I haue enioyed the fruite of hope, reward for all my smart.
The seale and signe of loue, the key of trouth and trust,
The pledge of pure good will haue I, which makes y^e louers iust,
Such grace sins I haue sounde, to one I me betake,
The rest of Venus darlings all, I vtterly forsake.

And

And to perforce this beow, I bid my eyes beware,
 That they no strangers doe salute, nor on their beauties stare,
 My wits I warne ye all from this time forth take hede,
 That ye no wanton toyes deuisse my fancies newe to fede,
 My cares be ye shut vp, and here no womans voice,
 That may procure me once to smile, or make my hart reioyce,
 My feete full slow be ye and lame when ye should mone,
 To bring my body any where to seke an other loue,
 Let all the gods aboue, and wicked spirites below,
 and euery wight in earth accuse and curse me where I goe
 If I do false my faith in any point or case,
 I soe in vengeance fall on me, I aske no better grace,
 away then sily ryme present myne earnest faith,
 Unto my lady where she is, and marke thou what she saith,
 and if she welcome thee, and lay thee in her lap,
 Spring thou for toy, thy maister hath his most desired hap.

Totus mundus in maligno
 positus.

Complaine we may, much is a misse,
 Hope is nie gone to hane redress,
 These daies bea ill, nothing sure is,
 kinde hart is wraopt in heauines.
 The sterue is broke, the saile is rent,
 The ship is giuen to wade and wate,
 all helpe is gone, the rocke preser,
 That will be lost, what man can saue,
 Things hard, therfore are now refused;
 Labour in youth is thought but vaine,
 Dury by (will no?) is excused,
 Remoue the stop the way is plaine.
 Learning is lewde, and helde a fogle,
 Wisedome is spent, counted to ratie,
 Reason is banisht out of schale,
 The blinde is bold, and woordes preuaile.
 Power without care slepeth at ease,
 Will without law runth where he list,
 Might without mercy cannot please,
 A wise man saith not, had I wilt.

When

Songes

When power lackes care and forceth not,
When care is feble and may not,
When might is slothfull and will not,
Wedges may grow where good herbes cannot.

Take wrong away, law nederth not,
For law to wrong is bridle and paine.
Take feare away, law booteth not.
To striue against streame, it is but vaine.

Will is witty, brainsick is wise,
Trough is folly, and might is right,
Wordes is reason, and reason is lies,
The bad is good, darknesse is light.

Wrong to redresse, wisdom dare not.
Hardy is happy, and ruleth most,
Willfull is witleffe, and careth not,
Which end go first, till all be lost.

Few right doe loue and wrong refuse,
Pleasure is sought in euery state.
Likink is lust, there is no chuse,
The low geue to the high checke mate.

Order is broke in thinges of weight.
Measure and meane who doth not flee.
Two thinges preuaile, mony and sleight,
To seme is better then to bee.

The boule is round, and doth downe slide,
Eche one thrusteth, none doth vphold,
A fall failes not, where blinde is guide,
The stay is gone, who can him holde?

Folly and falshed praieth apace,
Trough vnder bushell is faine to crepe.
Flattery is treble, pride singes the base,
The meane the best part scant doth pepe.

This fiery plage the world infectes,
To vertue and trouth it geues no rest.
Mens hartes are burnde with sundry sectes,
And to eche man his way is best.

With flodes and stormes thus be we tost,
Awake good lord, to the we crie,
Our ship is almost sunk and lost.
Thy mercy help our misery.

Mans strength is weake, mans wit is dull,
Mans reason is blinde, these thinges tamennd,

Thy hand (O lord) of myght is fall,
awake beryme, and helpe vs scnde.

In thee we trust, and in no wight,
Saue vs as chickens vnder the hen,
Our crokedness: thou canst make right,
Glozy to thee for aye. Amen.

The wise trade of lyfe.

Do all your dedes by good aduise,
Cast in your mynde alway the ende,
Wit bought is of to deare a price,
The tryed trust, and take as frende,
For frendes I fynde there be but two,
Of countenaunce, and of effect,
Of thone sort there are ynowe,
But few been of the tother sect.
Beware also the venome swete
Of craspy woozdes and flattery,
For to deceiue they be most mete,
That best can play hypocryse.
Let wisdom rule your dede and thought,
So shall your woozkes be wisely wrought.

That few wordes shew wisdom
and woorke much quiet.

Vho lyst to leade a quiet lyfe,
who lyst to ryd hymselfe from stryfe,
Geue care to me, marke what I say,
Remember well, beare it away,
Hold backe thy tong at meate and meale,
Speake but few woozdes, bestow them well,
By woozdes the wise thou shalt espye,
By woozdes a foole soone shalt thou rye,
A wise man can his tong make cease,
A foole can neuer hold his prae.
Who loueth rest of wordes beware,
Who loueth woozdes, is sure of care.

Songes.

For wordes oft many haue been spent,
 For silence kept none hath repent.
 Two eares, one tong onely thou hast,
 No thinges to heare then woordes to waste,
 A foole in no wise can forbear,
 He hath two tonges and but one eare.
 Be sure thou kepe a stedfast brayne,
 Lest that thy woordes put thee to payne.
 Woordes wisely set are worth much golde,
 The price of rashenes is soone tolde.
 If tyme require woordes to be had,
 To holde thy peace I count thee mad,
 Talke onely of nedefull verities,
 Strive not for tryfling fantasies.
 With sobrenesse the truth bout out,
 Affirme nothing wherein is doute.
 Who to this loze will take good hede,
 and spend us no woordes then he nede,
 Though he be a foole and haue no brayne,
 yet shall he a name of wisdomes gayne.
 Speake while time is or holde thee still,
 Woordes out of time doe oft thinges spill,
 Say well and doe well are thinges twayne,
 A wise blis is he in whom both raygne.

The complaint of a hot woer
 delayed with doubtfull
 colde aunsweres.

A Kynde of coale is as men say,
 which haue assayed the same,
 That in the fyre will wast away,
 And outward cast no flame.
 Unto my selfe may I compare,
 These coales that so consume,
 where nought is seene though men do stare
 In stede of flame, but fume.
 They say also to make them burne,
 Colde water must be cast,
 Or els to ashes will they turne,

And halfe to rinder waste.
 As this is wonder for to see,
 Cold water warme the fyre,
 So hath your coldnesse caused me,
 To burne in my desyre.
 And as this water cold of kinde,
 Can cause both heate and colde,
 and can these coales both breake and bynde
 To burne as I haue tolde:
 So can your tong of frozen yse,
 From whence colde answers come,
 Both coole the fyre, and fyre entice
 To burne me all and some.
 Lyke to the corne that standes on stacke,
 which mowen in winter sunne,
 full fayre without, within is blacke,
 Such heate therein doth runne.
 By force of fyre this water colde,
 Hath bred to burne within,
 Euen so am I, that heate doth holde,
 which cold did fyrst begyn.
 Which heate is stynt when I do strue
 To haue some ease some tyme,
 But flame a freshe I doe reuiue,
 wherby I cause to clyme
 In stede of smoke a sighing breath,
 with sparkes of sprinkled teares,
 That I should liue this liuing death,
 which wastes and neuer weares.

The aunswere.

Your borrowed meane to moue your mone, of fume Bonten fl
 Being set from smithy smoking coales, ye seme so by the same
 To shew what such coale vse is taught by such as haue assayde,
 as I, that most do wish you well, and so right well appayde
 That you haue such a lesson learnde, how epyther to mayntayne
 Your fredome of vnkinded coale, bpheaped all in bayne
 O: how most fruitfully to frame, with worthy workemans arte
 That cunning piece may passe therfro, by helpe of heated hart.
 Out of the forge wherin the fume of sighes doth mount aloft

It.

Songes

That argues present force of fyre to make the mettall soft.
 To pelde vnto the hammer hed, as best the workeman lyketh.
 That thyron glowing after blast in time and temper strikes.
 Wherin the vse of water is, as you doe seeme to say,
 To quenche no flame ne hinder heate, ne yet to waste away.
 But that which better is for you and more delpteth me,
 To saue you from the soapyne waste, vaine cyndrelpe to be.
 Which lasting better lyketh in long, as you your semble pleye,
 Then both the bawen blase, that flames and flitteth by and by.
 Sith then you knowe the vse, wherin our cole may be applyde,
 Either to lye and last on horde, in open ayre to byde,
 Withouten vse to gather fat by falling of the raynes,
 That makes the pitchy tynce to growe, by soking in his baines,
 Or lye on furnace in the forge, as is his vse of right,
 Wherin the water trough may serue, and enterpelde her myght
 By worke of symthes both hand and head, a cunning kay to make,
 Or other piece as cause shall craue and byd him vndertake,
 Do as you deme most fit to do, and wherupon may grow
 Such ioy to you, as I may ioy your ioyfull case to know.

An Epitaphe made by w. G. lying on
 his death bed, to be set vpon
 hys owne tombe.

Where lyeth G vnder the grounde,
 among the greedy woozmes,
 Which in his lyfe tyme neuer sounde
 But strife and sturdy stozmes.
 And namely through a wicked wyfe,
 as to the world apperes,
 She was the shortning of hys lyfe,
 By many dayes and yerres.
 He might haue liued long, god wot,
 Hys yerres they were but yong.
 Of wicked wiues this is the lot,
 To kill with spitefull tong.
 Whose memory shall still remayne
 In writing here with me,
 That men may know whome she hath slayne,
 and say this same is she.

An aunswere.

If that thy wicked wife had sponne the thread,
 and were the weauer of thy wo,
Then art thou double happye to be dead,
 as happely dyspatched so.
If rage dyd causelesse cause thee to complayne,
 and mad mode mouer of thy mone,
If frensy forced on thy testy braine,
 Then blist is she to lyue alone.
So whether were the ground of others grieve,
 Because so doutfull was the dome,
Now death hath brought your payne a right reliefe,
 and blessed be ye both become.
She that she liues no longer bound to beare
 The rule of such a froward hed,
Thou, that thou liuest no longer sayne to feare
 The restlesse rampe that thou hadst wed.
Be thou as glad therfore that thou art gone,
 as she is glad she doth abyde,
For so ye be a sunder, all is one,
 a badder match cannot betyde.

An epitaph of maister Henrye
williams.

From worldly wo the ende of mysbeliefe,
 From cause of care that leadeth to lament,
 From vayne delight, the grounde of greater grieve,
 From feare for frendes, from matter to repent,
 From painfull panges last sorow that is sent,
 From dreade of death, with death doth set vs free,
 With it the better pleased should we be.

This lothsome life where lyking we do finde
 Thenceafter of our crimes, doth vs berene
 Our blisse that alway ought to be in mynde,
 This wily worlde, whiles here we breath alyue,
 and flesh our fained so, do stryfly strue
 To flatter vs, assuring here the ioy
 Where we, alas, do finde but great annoy.

Sanges

Untold heapes though we haue of worldly welth,
Though we possesse the sea and fruitfull ground,
Strength, beauty, knowledge, & vnharmed helth,
Though at a wish all pleasure doe abounde,
It were but vayne, no friendship can be founde,
When death assauteth with his dreadfull darte,
No raunsome can stay the home hasting hart.

And sith thou cut the lyues lyne in twayne
Of Henry, sonne to syr John Williams knight,
Whose manly hart and prowes none could stayne,
Whose godly lyfe to vertue was our light,
Whose worthy fame shall flourish long by right,
Though in this lyfe so cruel mightest thou be,
His spyte in heauen shall triumphe ouer thee.

Another of the same.

Say gentle frend that passest by,
And learne the loze that leadeth all,
From whence we come with hast to hys,
To lyue to dye, and stand to fall.

And learne that strength and lusty age,
That wealth and want of worldly wo
Cannot withstand the myghty rage
Of death, our best vnwelcome so.

For hopefull yooth had hight me health,
My lust to last till tyme to dye,
and fortune found my vertue wealth,
But yet for all that here I lye.

Learne also thys, to ease thy mynde,
When death on corps hath wrought his spight,
A tyme of triumphe shalt thou fynde,
With me to scorpe him in dellyght.

For one day shall we meete agayne
Whan deathes darte, in lyfe to dwell,
Then will I thanke thee for thy payne,
Now marke my woordes and fare thou well.

Against women eyther good
or bad.

A Man may liue thysse Nestors lyfe,
 Thysse wander out Allices race,
 yet neuer finde Allices wyfe,
 Such change hath chaunced in this case.
 Lesse age will serue then Paris had,
 Small peyn (if none be small ynough)
 To finde good stoz of Helenes trade.
 Such sappe the roote doth yeld the bough.
 For one good wyfe Allices slew
 A worthy knot of gentle blood,
 For one ill wyfe Grece ouerthrew
 The towne of Troy: Sith bad and good
 Bring mischief, Lord let be thy will
 To kepe me free from eyther ill.

An aunswere.

The vertue of Allices wyfe
 Doth liue, though she hath ceast her race,
 And farre surmountes elde Nestors lyfe,
 But now in moe than then it was,
 Such chaunce is chaunced in this case.
 Ladies now liue in other trade,
 Farre other Helenes now we see,
 Than she whom A roian Paris had,
 As vertue fedes the roote, so be
 the sap and roote of bough and tree.
 Allices rage, not his good wyfe
 Spilt gentle blood. Not Helenes face
 But Paris eye did rayse the strife,
 that did the Troyan buylding race,
 Thus sith ne good, ne bad do yll,
 Them all, O Lord maintaine my will,
 to serue with all my force and fail.

Against a gentle woman by whom
 he was refused,

To false report and flying fame,
 Whylest my mynde gaue credit light,
 R. III.

Sorges

Believing that her bolstred name
Had stiffe to shew that praise did hight,
I finde wel now I did mistake
Upon report my grounde to make.

I heard it laide such one was she,
as rare to finde as paragon,
Of lowly chere of heart so free,
as her for bountie could passe none.
Such one wer faire though fourme & face,
Were meane to passe in seconde place.

I sought it neare, and thinking to find
Report and dede both to agree,
But chaunge had tried her suttel minde,
Of force I was enforced to see
That she in dede was nothing so,
Which made my will my heart forgo.

For she is such, as geason none,
and what she most may boast to be,
I finde her matches no then one,
What nede she so to deale with me?
A slyering face with scornefull hart,
So ill reward for good desert?

I will repent that I haue done,
To ende so well the losse is small,
I lost her loue, that lesse hath wonne
To vaunt she had n'e as her thral.
What though a gylot sent that note,
By cocke and pye I meant it not.

The answer.

Whom fany forced fyrst to loue,
Now frensy forceth for to hate,
Whose minde erst madnesse gan to moue,
Inconstance causeth to abate.

No mynde of meane, but heate of braine,
Bred light loue, like heate hate againe.

What hurlede your hart in so great heate?
Fany forced by fained fame.
Welyke that she was light to geat,
For yf that vertus and good name

Month

Moued your minde, why changed your will,
 Sith vertue the cause abideth still.

Such fame reported her to be
 as rare it were to finde her peere,
 for vertue and for honestie,
 for her free hart and lowly cheere.
 The laud had lyed if you had sped,
 and fame ben false that hath ben spred.

Sith she hath so kept her good name,
 Such praise of life and giftes of grace,
 as brute self blasseth for to blame,
 Such fame as fame feares to deface,
 you slander not but make it plaine,
 Cha' you blame brute of brutish traine.

If you haue founde it looking neere,
 Not as you toke the brute to be,
 Wholye you ment by lowly cheere,
 Countie and hart that you cal free,
 but lewde lightnesse easy to frame,
 To winne your will against her name.

May she may deme your deming so,
 I marke of madness in his kinde,
 Such causeth not good name to go,
 as your fond folly sought to finde,
 for brute of kinde bent il to blase,
 alway saith ill, but forced by cause.

The mo there be, such as is she,
 More should be gods than for his grace.
 The more is her ioy it to see.

Good should by reason earne no place,
 Nor number make nought, that is good,
 Your strange lusting hed wants a hood.

Her dealing greueth you (say ye)
 Besides your labour lost in vaine,
 Her dealing was not as we see,
 Sclaunder the end of your great paine,
 Ha lewde lyping lips, and hatefull hart,
 What canst thou desire in such desert?

Ye will repent, and right for done.
 Ye haue a dede deserving shame.
 From reasons race farre haue ye ronne.
 Hold your rayling kepe your tong tame.

Songes

Her loue, ye lye, ye lost is not.
 Ye neuer lost that ye neuer got.
 He rest ye not your libertie,
 He haunterh not she had you thall.
 If oft haue done it, let it lye,
 On rage that rest you wit and all,
 What though a varlets tale you tel
 By cocke and ppe, you do it well.

The louer dreading to moue his sute
 for dout of deniall, accuseth
 all women of disdain
 and fickle=
 nesse.

To walk on doutfull ground, where danger is vnseene,
 Doth double men that carelesse be in depe dispaire I wene.
 For as the blinde doth feare, what foating he shall finde,
 So doth the wise befoze he speake, mistrust the straungers minde.
 For he that blottly runnes, may light among the breeches,
 And so be put vnto his plunge where danger least apperes,
 The birde that selly soole, doth warne vs to beware,
 Who lighteth not on euery bushe, he breedeth so the snare.
 The House that shons the trap, doth shew what harme doth lye
 within the swete betraung bait, that oft deceiues the eye.
 The fishe auoides the hooke, though hunger bids him bite,
 And houereth still about the worme, wheron is his delite.
 If birdes and beastes can see, where their vndoing lies,
 How should a mischief scape our heades, & haue both wit & eyes?
 What madnes may be moze, then plow the barren felde,
 Or any fruitfull wordes to sow, to eares that are vnwilde.
 They heare and than mislike, they like and then they lothe
 They hate, they loue, they scorn, they praise, yea sure they ca do
 we se what falles they haue & clime on trees vnknowne. (both,
 As they that trust to rotten bowes, must nedes be ouerthrowne.
 A smart in silence kept, doth ease the hart much moze,
 Than for to plaine where is no salue, for to recure the soze.
 Therfore my grief I hide, within a holow hart,
 Until the smoke therof be spred, by flaming of the smart.

In

An answer.

TO trust the fained face, to rue on forced teares,
 To credite finely forged tales wherein there oft appeares,
 And breathes as from the brest a smoke of kyndled smart,
 where onely lurkes a diepe deceit within the hollow hart,
 Betrayes the simple soule, whom plaine deceitlesse mynde
 Caught not to feare that in it selfe it selfe dyd neuer finde.
 Not euery trichlyng teare doth argue inward paine,
 Not euery sigh both surely shewe the sigher not to fayne.
 Not euery smoke doth proue a presence of the fyre,
 Not euery glistring geues the golde, that greedy folke desyre.
 Not euery wayling woord is drawen out of the depe,
 Not grieve for want of graunted grace enforceth all to wepe.
 Oft malice makes the mynde to shed the boyled byrne,
 and enuies humoz oft vnclades by conduites of the eye.
 Oft craft can cause the man to make a semyng shew,
 Of heart with dolour all distreyned, where grieve dyd neuer grow.
 As curled Crocodile most cruelly can tole,
 with truthlesse teares vnto his death the self pityng soule.
 Blame neuer those therfore, that wisely can beware
 The guyleful man, that sutly saith himselfe to dread the snare.
 Blame not the stopped eares against the Syrenes song,
 Blame not the mynd not moued by none of falsheds flowing tong.
 If guyle do guyle your wit by sylence so to speake,
 By craft to craue & fayne by fraude & cause that you wold breake,
 Great harme your suttile soule shall suffer for the same,
 and mighty loue will wreake the wrong, so clothed with his name.
 But we whom you haue warnde, this lesson learne by you,
 To know the tree before we clyme, to trust no rotten bowe.
 To blete the lynded bushe, to looke afoze we lyght,
 To shunne the perileous bapted hooke, and vse a further sight.
 As do the moule, the byrd, the fische, by sample fitly shew,
 That willy wittes and gynnes of men do worke the simples wo.
 So, simple lth we are, and you so suttile be,
 God helpe the mouse, the byrd, the fische, & vs your sleights to flee.

The louer complaineth his faulte, that
 with vngentle writing had dis-
 pleased his lady.

Songes

A lone how wastward is his wit, what pāges do perce his bze
 whom thou to waite vpon thy will hast reued of hys rest.
 & he light, the darke, the sunne, the moone, the day & eke the night,
 His daily dying lyke himselfe, he hateth in despight.
 Sith syt he light to looke on her that holdeth him in thzall,
 His mouyng epen, his mouing wit he curseth hart and all.
 From hungry hoape to pyning scare eche hap doth hurle his hart,
 From panges of plaint to fits of fume, from aking into smart.
 Eche moment so doth chaunge his chere, not with recourte of ease,
 But with sere soztes of sorowes still, he worketh as the seas.
 Not turning windes not calme returned rule in vnruly wise,
 as if their holdes of hylles vphuride they bracken out to rise.
 And pufte away the power that is vnto theyz king assignde,
 To pay that sith theyz pzisonment they deme to be behynd.
 So doth the passions long repest withyn the wofull wight,
 Breake down the bankes of all his wits & out they gushen quite,
 To reare vpozres now they be free from reasons rule and stay,
 and hedlong hales thynruled race, his quiet quite away.
 No measure hath he of his ruth, no reason in hys rage, (age
 No bottom ground n here stayes his griefe, thus weares away hys
 In wishing wants, in wailpng v oes death doth he daily call,
 To bring release, when of reliefe he seeth no hoape at all.
 Thence comes that oft in diepe dispayre to ryse to better state,
 On heauen and heauenly lampes he layeth the faute of al his fate.
 On god and gods decreed dome cryeth out with cursing bzeath,
 Eche thyng that gaue and saues him lyfe he damneeth of his death.
 The wōbe him bare, & brests he suckt, eche star & with heir might
 Their secret succout brought to bring the wretch to worldly light.
 Yea that to his soules perill is most haynous harme of all,
 and craues the cruellest reuenge that may to man befall.
 Per he blasphemes in whom it lyeth in pzent as she please,
 To damne him downe to depth of hell, oz plant in heuens case.
 Such rage constrainde my strayned hart to gypde this happy hand,
 That sent vnsiring blots to her on whom my lyfe doth stand.
 But graunt O god that he for them may beare the worthy blame,
 Whom I doe in my diepe distresse fynde gyltic of the same.
 Euen that blynde boy that blindly gypdes & faulters to their fall,
 That laughs when they lament that he hath thzowen into thzall.
 O Lord saue lowring lokes of her, what penance els thou please
 So her contented will be wonne, I count it all myne case.
 And thou on who doth hang my will, with hart, with soule & care
 With lyfe and all that lyfe may haue of well oz euill fare.

Gra

Graunte grace to him that grates therfore with sea of saltish byns
 By extreme heate of boylng brest distilled through his eyen.
 And with thy tansy render thou my self to me agayne,
 That daily then we duely may employ a painlesse payne,
 To yelde and take the ioyful frutes that hartp loue both lend,
 To them that meane by honest means to come to happy ende.

The louer wounded of Cupide,
 wisheth he had rather been
 stricken by death.

The blynded boy that bendes the bowe
 To make with dynt of double wound
 The stoutest state to skoupe and knowe
 The cruell craft that I haue founde.
 With death I would had chopt a change
 To bozow as by bargayne made,
 Eche others shaft when he dyd range
 With resiles roauing to inuade
 Chanyzalled myndes of simple wightes,
 whose gyltes ghostes deserued not
 To feele such fall of theyr Delightes,
 Such panges as I haue past god wot.
 Then both in newe vnwonted wise,
 Should death deserue a better name,
 Not (as tofore hath been his gylse)
 Of crueltie to beare the blame.
 But contrary be counted kynde
 In lending lyfe and sparing space,
 For scke to ryse and scke to fynde,
 away to wish theyr wery race.
 To drawe to some desyred ende,
 Theyr long and lothed tyme to ryd,
 and so to feele how lyke a frend,
 Before the bargayne made he did.
 And loue should cyther bring agayne,
 To wounded wightes theyr owne desyre,
 a welcome end of pyning payne,
 as both theyr cause of ruth require,

Songes

O when he meanes the quiet man
a harme to haften him to griefe,
a better dede he should do than,
with borrowed dart to geue reliefe.

That both the sicke well demen may
He brought me rightly my request,
and eke the other fort may say,
He wrought me truely for the best.

So had not fawly forced me,
To heare a brunt of greater wo,
Then leauing such a lyfe may be,
The ground where onely griefes do grow.

Unlucky lyking lynkt my hart,
In forged hoape and forced feare,
That oft I wist the other dart
Had rather perced me as neare.

A fained trust, constryned care,
Most loth to lacke, most hard to fynde,
In sunder so my iugement tare,
That quite was quiet out of mynde.

Absent in absence of myne ease,
Present in presence of my payne,
The woes of want dyd much displease
The sighes I sought dyd grieue agayne.

Oft griefe that boyled in my brest,
Hath fraught my face with saltish teares,
Pronouncing proues of myne vnrest,
Wherby my pilled payne appeares.

My sighes full often haue supplied
That sayne with wordes I would haue sayd
My voice was stopt, my tong was tyed,
My wittes with wo wer ouerwaped.

With tremblyng soule and humble chere
Oft graced I for graunt of grace,
On hoape that bounty myght be there
Where beauty had so pight her place.

At length I found, that I dyd fere
How I had labourde all to losse,
My selfe had been the carpentere,
That framed me the cruel crosse.

Of thys to come if dout alone,
Though blent with trust of better spede,

So oft hath moued my mynde to mone,
So oft hath made my hart to blede.

What shall I say of it in dede,
Now hope is gone myne olde reliefe,
and I enforced all to feede
Vpon the fruites of bitter griefe.

Of womens chaungeable will.

I Would I found not as I feele,
Such chaunging chere of womens will,
By fickle sight of Fortunes whele,
By kinde or custome neuer still.

So should I finde no fault to laye
On Fortune for theyr mouyng mynde,
So should I know no cause to say
This chaunge to chaunce by course of kynde.

So should not loue so worke my wo,
To make death surgeon for my soze,
So should theyr wittes not wander so,
So should I recke the lesse therfore.

The louer complayneth the losse of his lady.

NO ioy haue I, but lye in heavinesse,
My dame of pryncesse bereft by Fortunes cruelnesse,
My hap is turned to unhappinesse,
Unhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe.

My pastime past, my youthlike yeres are gone,
My monthes of myrth, my glystring dayes of gladnesse,
My tymes of tryumphe turned into mone,
Unhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe.

My wonted wynde to chaunt my cherefull chaunce
Doth sigh, that song sometime the balades of my lesse,
My sobbes, my soze and sorow do aduaunce,
Unhappy I am vnlesse I fynde releffe.

I mourne my myrth for griefe that it is gone,
I mourne my myrth wherof my myning mynde is gone,

Songes

Is grounde of greater grieve that growes thereon,
Unhappy I am vnlesse I fynde releffe.

No ioy haue I, for fortune frowardly,
Hath bent her browes, hath put her hand to crueltie,
Hath rest my dame, constrained me to crye,
Unhappy I am vnlesse I finde releffe.

Of the golden meane.

The wisest way, thy boate in wane and winde to gape,
Is neither still the trade of middle streame to trape,
Be (warely shunning wrecke by weather) aye to tye

To presse vpon perillous shore.

Both clenely flees he filth, ne wonnes a wretched wight,
In calisb coate, and carefull court aye thral to spyt,
With port of proude estate he leues, who doth delite

Of golden meane to hold the toze.

Stormes rifest rend the sturbye stoute pine apple tree,

Of lofty ruing towers the fallies he seller be,

Most fierce both lightning light, where furthst we doe see

The hilles the valley to forsake.

Well furnisht brest to byde eche chaunces chaunging cheare,

In woe hath cherefull hope, in weale hath warefull feare,

One selfe Ioue winter makes with lothfull looks appeare,

That can by course the same aslake.

What if into my shap thy case now casten be?

It forceth not such fourme of lucke to last to thee,

Not alway bent is Phebus bowe, his harpe and he,

I cast silver sound sometime both raise,

In hardest hap vse helpe of hardy hopefull hart,

Some bolde to beare the brunt of fortune ouerthwart,

Eke wisely when forewinds too full breathes on thy part,

Swage swelling sayle and doubt decayed.

The praise of a true frende.

Whoso that wisely wayes the profite and the price
Of thinges wherein delight by worth is wont to ryle,

Shall

Shall finde no lewell is so riche ne yet so rare,
That with the frendly heart in value may compare.

What other welth to man by fortune may be fall,
But fortunes changed chere may reue a man of all,
A frend no wracke of wealth, no cruel cause of wo,
Can force his frendly faith unfrendly to forgoe.

If fortune frendly fawne, and lend the welthy store,
Thy frendes conioyned ioy doth make thy ioy the more.
If frowardly she frowne and driue the to distresse,
His ayde releues thy ruth, and makes thy sorow lesse.

Thus fortunes pleaiant frutes by frendes encreased bee,
The bitter sharpe and sowre by frendes alaide to thee.
That when thou doest reioyce, then doubled is thy ioy,
And eke in cause of care, the lesse is thy anoy.

Loft if thou do liue, as one appointed here,
A stately part on stage of worldly state to bere,
Thy frende as onely free from fraud will thee aduise,
To rest within the rule of mean as do the wise.

He seeketh to foresee the peril of thy fall.
He findeth out thy faulces, and warnes thee of them all,
Thee, not thy locke he loues, what ever be thy case,
He is thy faithfull frend, and thee he doth embrace.

If churlish chere of chance haue thrown thee into thral,
And that thy nede aske aide for to releue thy fall,
In him thou secret trust assured art to haue,
and succour not to seke, before that thou can craue.

Thus is thy frende to thee, the comfort of thy paine,
The staier of thy state, the doubler of thy gaine,
In welth and wo thy frende, an other self to thee,
Such man to man a God, the prouerb saith to bee.

As welth will bring thee frendes in louing wo to proue,
So wo shall yeld thee frendes in laughing welth to loue.
With wisdom chuse thy frende with vertue him retaine.
Let vertue be the ground, so shall it not be vaine.

The louer lamenteth other to haue
the frutes of his seruice,

Some men would thinke of right to haue,
For their true meaning some reward,

D. i.

But

Songes

But while that I do cry and crane,
I see that other be preferred,
I gape for that I am debarred.

I fare as doth the hound at hatch,
The worse I speede, the longer I watch,

My wastfull will is trie by trust,

My fond fantasie is mine abuse,

For that I would refraine my lust,

For mine auaille I cannot chuse,

I will, and yet no power to vse,

I will no will by reason lust,

Sins my will is at others lust.

They eat the hony, I hold the hyne,

I sow the seede, they reape the corne.

I wast, they winne, I drinke they drine.

Theirs is the thank, mine is the scorne.

I seeke they speede, in wast my winde is worne.

I gape they get, and greedely I snatche,

Will worse I speede, the longer I watch.

I fast, they fede, they drinke, I thirst.

They laugh, I waile, they ioy, I mourne,

They game, I lose, I haue the worst.

They whole, I sicke, they cold, I burne.

They leape, I lye, they slepe, I trosse and turne.

I would, they may, I craue, they haue at will

That helpeth them, so cruelty doth me kill.

Of the fittletie of crasty

louers.

Such the waitward wales haue some whē folly stirres their braines
To saue a paine full oft of loue, when lest they fele his paines.

And for to shew a grise such craft haue they in store,

That they can halt and lay a saluē wheras they fele no sore.

As hound vnto the soote, or dog vnto the bow,

So are they made to bent her out, whom bent to loue they knowe,

That if I should describe one hundred of their driftes,

Two hundred wits beside mine own I should put to their shifts

No woodman better knowes how for to lodge his dere.

For shipman on the sea that more hath skill to guide the ster.

For beaten dogge to heare can waite chole his gaine,

For

For scholeman to his fantasie can a schollet better frame,
 Then one of these which haue old Duds art in vse,
 Can seke the waies vnto their minde a woman to allure.
 As round about a hyue the Bees do swarme alway,
 So rounde about the house they pzele wherin they seke their pray,
 And whom they so besige, it is a wonderous thing,
 What crafty engins to assault these wily warriors bring.
 The eye as scout and watch to stirre both to end fro,
 Doth serue to stale her here & there where she both come and goe,
 The tonge doth pleate for right as herauld of the hart,
 And both the handes as oratours do serue to point their part.
 So shewes the countenance then with these fowze to agre,
 As though in witnes with the rest, it would hers sworne bee,
 But if she then mistrust it would turne blacke to white,
 For that y woozrier lokes most smoth when he would fainest bite,
 Then wit as counsellour a helpe for this to finde,
 Straight makes y hand as secretaire forthwith to write his minde
 and so the letters straight embassadours are made,
 To treate in hast for to procure her to a better trade.
 Wherin if she do thinke all this is but a shewe,
 Or but a subtile masking cloke to hide a crafty shewe,
 Then come they to the larm, then shewe they in the fielde,
 The muster they in colours strange, that waies to make her peld,
 Then shoote they battay of, then compasse they her in,
 At tilt and turney oft they strue this felly soule to winne.
 Then sounde they on their lutes, then strain they forth their song
 When rumble they with instruments to lay her quite a long.
 Then bozde they her with gistes, then do they woo and watch,
 Then night and day they labour hard this simple holde to catch,
 As pathes within a wood, or turnes within a maze,
 So then they shewe of wiles & trailes they can a thousand waies,

Of the vanitie of mans life.

Vpne is the fleting welth,
 Wheron the world stales,
 With stalking time by pray stelh,
 Entrocheeth on our dayes.
 And elde which crepeth fast,
 To taint vs with her wounde,

D. II.

wyl

Songes

Will I turne eche blisse vnto a blast,
Whiche lasteth but a staunde.

Of youth the lusty floure,
Whiche whilome stode in price,
Shall vanish quite within an houre
As fire consumes the ice.

Where is become that wight,
For whose sake Troy towne,
Withstode the Grekes till ten yeres sight,
Had rasde their walles adowne?

Did not the wormes consume,
Her carion to the dust?
Did dreadfull death forbear his fume,
For beauty, pride, or lust?

The lover not regarded in earnest
sute being become wiser, re-
fuseth her profred
loue.

Doe way your phisike I faint no more,
The salve you sent it comes to late,
You wist well al my grieve before,
And what I suffered for your sake.
Hole is my hart I plaine no more,
I new the cure did undertake,
Wherefore doe way you come to late.

For whiles you knew I was your own,
So long in vaine you made me gape,
And though my faith it were well known,
Yet small regarde thou toke therat,
But now the blast is ouerblowne.
Of vaine phisick a salve you shape,
Wherefore doe way you come to late.

How long or this haue I bene faine,
To gape for mercy at your gate,
Till the time I spide it plaine,
That pite and you sell at debate.
For my redresse then was I faine,
Your seruice cleane for to forsake,

Wher:

Wherefore doe way you come to late.

Foz when I bzent in endlesse fire,
Who ruled then but cruell hate:

So that vnweth I durst desire
One looke my feruent heate to slake.

Therfoze another doth me hyze,
and all the profer that you make
Is made in vaine, and comes to late.

Foz when I asked recompence,
Which cost you nought to graunt god wat,
Then said disdaine to great expence
It wer foz you to graunt me that,
Therfoze doe way your rere pretence
That you would binde that erst you brake,
Foz lo your salue comes all to late.

The complaint of a woman rauished,
and also mortally wound
ded.

A Cruell Tiger al with teeth be bleed,
A bloody tirantes hand in eche degree,
A lecher that by wretched lust was led,
(alas) deflowred my virginite.
And not contented with this villaynie,
Foz with thoutragious terrour of the dede,
With bloody thirst of greater crueltie,
Fearing his heinous gilt should be bewraied,
By cryeng death and vengeance openly,
His violent hand forthwith alas he layed
Upon my guiltles sely childe and me,
and like that wretche whom no horrour dismayde,
Drownde in the sink of depe iniquitie,
Misusing me the mother foz a time,
Hath slaine vs both foz clogging of his crime.

The louer being made thrall by loue
perceiueh how great a losse
is libertie.

Songes.

A libertie now haue I learned to know,
By lacking thee what I well I possess,
When I receiued first from Cupids bow
The deadly wound that fasteth in my brest.
So farre (alas) forth strayed were mine eyes
That I ne might retrain them back, for lo,
They in a moment all earthly thinges despise
In heavenly sight now are they fixed so.

What then for me but still with mazed sight
To wonder at that excellence diuine,
Where loue (my freedom hauing in despight)
Hath made me thrall through errour of mine eyes,
For other guerdon hope I not to haue,
My solting tong so basheth ought to craue.

The diuers and contrarie passions of the louer.

Holding my peace alas how loud I crie,
PRESSED with hope and dread euen both at ones,
Strained with death, and yet I cannot die,
Burning in flame, quaking for cold that grones,
Unto my hope withouten winges I flie.
PRESSED with dispaire, that breaketh all my bones,
Walking as if I were, and yet am not.
Faining with mirth, most inwardly with moones.
Hard by my help, vnto my helth not nie.
Whide of the calme my ship on rock it rones.
True vnbond, fast fettered yet I lie,
In bedde of milke that fede on marble stones,
My most will is that I do espie,
What workes my ioyes and sorowes both at ones.
In contraries standeth al my losse and gaine,
And loe the guiltlesse causeth all my paine.

The testament of the haw- thorne.

I Selv hath whose hope is past,
In faithfull true and fixed minde,

To her whom that I serued last,
haue all my ioyfulness resignde,
Because I know assuredly,
My dying day approacheth nie.

Dispaired hart the carefull nest
Of all the sighes that kept in store,
Conuey my carefull corps to rest,
that leaues his ioy for ever more,
And when the day of hope is past,
Geue by thy sprite and sigh the last.

But oz that we depart in twaine,
tell her I loued with all my might,
that though the corps in clay remayne,
Consumed to ashes pale and white.
And though the vitall powers do ceasse,
the sprit shal lone her nathelisse.

And pray my liues ladie dere,
During this little tyme and space,
that I haue to abiden here,
Not to withdraue her wonted grace,
In recompensing of the paine,
that I shall haue to part in twaine.

And that at least she will wilsaue,
to graunt my lust and last request,
When that she shall beholde his grane,
that lieth of life here dispossest,
In recorde that I once was hers,
to bathe the frosen stone with teares.

The seruice tree here do I make,
For my executour and my frende,
that liuing did not me forsake,
Nor will I trust vnto my ende,
to see my body well conueide
In grounde where that it should be laide.

Combed vnderneath a goodly Oke,
with Iuy grene that fast is bound,
Where this my graue I haue bespoken.
For there my ladies name do sounde,
Beset euen as my testament tels,
with oken leaues and nothing els.

Graven wheron shalbe exprest,
Here lyeth the body in this place,

Songes.

Of him that liuing neuer cest
To serue the fairest that euer was,
The corps is here, the hart he gaue
to her for whome he lieth in graue.

And also set about my herse,
Two lamps to burne and not to quene
Which shalbe token, and reherse
that my good will was neuer spent.
When that my corps was layd alow,
My spirite did sweare to serue no mo:

And if you want of ringing bells,
When that my corps goeth into graue,
Repete her name and nothing els,
to whom that I was bonden slaue.
When that my life it shall vnframe,
My sprite shall toy to heare her name.

With dolefull note & piteous sound,
Wherwith my hart did cleaue in twain,
With such a song lay me in ground,
My sprite let it with her remaine,
That had the body to commend,
till death therof did make an end.

And euen with my last bequest,
When I shall from this life depart,
I geue to her I loued best,
My iust my true and faithfull hart,
Signed with the hand as cold as stone,
Of him that liuing was her owne.

And if he here might liue againe,
as Phoenix made by death anew,
Of this she may assure her plaine,
that he will still be iust and true.
Thus farewell she on liue my owne.
And send her ioy when I am gone.

The louer in dispaire lamen-
teth his case.

Adieu desert, how art thou spent?
Wh dropping teares how do ye wash?
Wh scalding sighes, how be ye spent?

To picke them forth that will not hast,
 Th paind hart thou gapst for grace
 Euen there where pitte hath no place.

As easp it is the stony rocke
 From place to place for to remoue,
 as by thy plaint for to prouoke
 a frosen hart from hate to loue,
 what should I say: such is thy lot,
 To fawne on them that force thee not.

Thus mayst thou safely say and sweare,
 that rigour raigneth and ruth doth faile.
 In thanklesse thoughtes thy thoughtes do weare
 Thy truth, thy faith may nought auaille,
 For thy good will why should thou so,
 Still graft where grace it will not grow.

Alas pooze hart thus hast thou spent
 Thy flowing time, thy pleasant yeres:
 With sighing voice wepe and lament,
 For of thy hope no frute apperes,
 Thy true meaning is paide with scozne,
 That euer soweth and reapeth no corne.

And where thou sekest a quiet port,
 Thou dost but weigh against the winde,
 For where thou gladdest wouldst resort,
 There is no place for the assinde,
 Thy destiny hath set it so
 That thy true hart should cause thy wo.

Of his maistresse, M.B.

In Bayes I boast whose bzaunch I beare:
 Such ioy therin I finde,
 That to the death I shall it weare,
 To ease my carelesse minde.

In heat, in cold, both night and day,
 Her vertue may be sene,
 when other frutes and flowers decay.

The bay yet growes full grene.
 Her beries fede the birdes full oft,
 Her leues sweete water make,

Songes

Her bowes be set in euery loft,
For their swete saours sake.
The birdes do shrowb the frof cold,
In her we dayly see,
And men make arbers as they wold
Under the pleasant tree.
It doth me good when I repaire,
There as these dates do grow,
Where oft I walke to take the ayre,
It doth delight me so.
But loe I stande as I were donne,
Her beauty for to blase,
Wherewith my sprites be ouercome,
So long thereon I gase.
At last I turne vnto my walke,
In passing to and fro,
And to my self I smile and talke,
And then away I go.
Why smilest thou say lokers on,
What pleasure hast thou found
With that I am as cold as stone
And ready for to sound,
Fie fie for shame sayth fantsy than,
Pluck vp thy fainted hart,
And speake thou boldely like a man,
Shrink not for litle smart.
Wherat I blush and change my chere,
My senses waxe so weake,
O god think I what make I here,
That neuer a worde may speake.
I dare not sigh lest I be heard,
My lokes I slyly cast,
And still I stand as out were scard,
Untill my stormes be past
Then happy hap doth me reuue,
The blood comes to my face,
A merrier man is not aliue,
Then I am in that case.
Thus after sorow seke I rest,
When fied is fantsies fit,
And though I be a homely gest,
Besore the bayes I sit,

where

Where I doe watche till leanes do fall
 When winde the tree doth shake,
 The though my bzanche be very small
 My leafe away I take.
 And then I go and clap my handes,
 My hart doth leape for ioy,
 These bayes do ease me fro my bādes,
 That long did me annoy,
 For when I doe beholde the same,
 Which makes so faire a show,
 I finde therein my maistresse name,
 And see her vertues grow.

The louer complianeth his
 harty loue not requited.

When Phebus had the serpent slaine
 He claimed Cupides boe,
 Which strife did turne hi to great paine
 The sorow well both proue.
 For Cupide made him selfe much woe
 In seeking Daphnis loue.
 This Cupide hath a shaft of kinde,
 Which wounded many a wight,
 whose golden hed had power to binde
 Eche heart in Venus bandes,
 This arrow did on Phebus light,
 Which came from Cupides handes.
 An other shaft was wrought in spight
 which headed was with lead,
 Whose nature quenched swete delight,
 That louers most embrace.
 In Daphnis bzeil this cruell hed
 Had founde a dwelling place.
 But Phebus fond of his desire,
 Sought after Daphnis so,
 He burnt with heat, she felt no fire,
 Full fast she fled him fro.
 He gate but hate for his good wil,
 The gods assigned so.

Songes

My case with Phebus may compare,
his hap and mine are one,
I cry to her that knowes no care,
yet seke I to her most,
When I appoche then is she gone,
Thus is my labour lost.

Now blame not me but blame the shaft,
That hath the golden heade,
And blame those Gods that with their craft
Such arrowes forge by kinde
and blame the colde and heauy leade,
That doth my ladies minde.

A praise of M.M.

In Court as I behelde, the beautye of eche dame,
Of right me thought from all the rest should M. steale the same.
But, er I ment to iudge, I vewed with such aduise,
as retchlesse dome should not inuade the boundes of my deuise.
And whiles I gased long, such heate did brede within,
as Priamus towne felt not more flame, when did the bale begin,
By reasons rule, ne yet by wit perceiue I could,
That M. face of earth pfounde, enioy such beautie shoulde.
and fanlie doubted that from heauen had Venus come,
Conozish rage in Britaines heartes, while corage yet doth blame
her native hue so stroue, with colour of the rose,
That Paris would haue Helene left, and M. beauty chose,
I wight farre passing all, and is more faire to seme,
Then lusty May the lodge of loue, that clothes the earth in grene,
So angell like she shines, she semeth no mortall wight,
But one whom nature in her forge, did frame her selfe to spight.
Of beauty princeesse chiefe, so makelesse doth she rest,
whose eye would glad an heauy wight, and prison paine in best.
I waxe astonied to see, the feature of her shappe
and wordzed that a mortall heart, such heauely brames could scape
her limmes so answering were, the mould of her faire face,
Of Venus stocke she semde to spring the roote of beauties grace.
Her presence doth pretend, such honour and estate,
That simple men might gesse her birth if folly bred debate,
her lookes in hartes of flint would such effectes impresse,
Spiras of flame not Nilus streames in Nestors peres encrease,
within

with in the subtile seat of her bright eyen doth dwell
 Blinde Cupide with the pꝛicke of paine, that pꝛinces fredome sel,
 A paradise it is her beauty to behold,
 where natures stufte so full is founde, that natures ware is solde.

An old louer to a yong
 gentle woman.

Ye are to yong to bring me in,
 And I to old to gape for flies,
 I haue to long a louer been,
 If such yong babes should bleare mine eyes,
 But trill the ball before my face,
 I am content to make you play,
 I will not see, I hide my face,
 and turne my backe and runne away.

But if you folow on so fast,
 And crosse the waies where I should go,
 Ye may ware wery at the last,
 and then at length your selfe oꝛethrow.
 I meane where you and al your flocke,
 Deuise to pen men in the pound,
 I know a key can picke your lock,
 and make you runne your selves on ground.

Some birdes can eat the strawie corne,
 And flee the lime that fowlers set,
 and some are ferde of euery thorne,
 And so therby they scape the net.
 But some do light and neuer loke,
 and seeth not who both stand in waite,
 As fish that swallow vp the hoke,
 and is begiled thzough the baite.

But men can loke before they leape,
 And be at pꝛice for euery ware.
 And penitworthes cast to by good cheape,
 And in eche thing hath eye and care.
 But he that blunty runnes on hed,
 and seeth not what the race shalbe,
 Is like to bring a foole to bed,
 and thus ye get no moze of me.

Songes

The louer forsaketh his vnkinde loue.

Farewell thou frozen hart and eares of hardened Steele,
Thou lackest peres to vnderstand the grief that I did feele.
The Gods reuenge my wrong, with equal plague on thee,
When pleasure shal prick forth thy youth, to learn what loue shalbe
Perchance thou prouest now, to scale blinde Cupides hold,
And matchest where thou maist repēt, when al thy cardes are told.
But blush not thou therfore, thy betters haue done so,
Who though: they had retainde a done, whē they but cougth a croe
And some do linger time with losly lookes we see,
That lightes at length as low or worse, then both the betell bee.
Yet let thy hope be good, such hap may fall from hie,
That thou maist be if fortune serue, a princeesse ere thou die:
If chaunce preferre thee so, alas poore self man,
Where shall I scape thy cruell handes, or seeke for succour than?
God shild such greedy wolues should lap in guiltlesse blood,
and sende shorē hoznes to hurtfull hedds, that rage like lions wood.
I seldome see the day, but malice wanteth might,
and hatefull hartes haue neuer hap, to wrecke their wrath aright.
The mad man is vnmete, a naked sword to gide,
and moze vnfit are they to elime, that are overcome with pride.
I touch not thee herein, thou art a falcon sure,
That can both soer and scup sometime, as men cast by the lure.
The peacock hath no place in thee when thou shalt list,
For some no soner make a signe, but thou perceiuest the fist.
They haue that I doe want, and that hath thee begilde,
The lacke that thou doest se in mee, doth make thy looke so wilde,
My luring is not good, it liketh not thine eare,
My call it is not halfe so swete, as would to God it were,
well wanton yet beware, thou do no tiring take,
At euery hand that woulde ther sece, or to the frendship make.
This counsell take of him that ought thee once his loue,
who hopes to mete thee after this, among the saintes aboue.
But here within this worlde, if he may shonne the place,
he rather asketh pzelent death, then to beholde thy face.

The louer preferreth his lady aboue al other.

Religne

Resigne you dames whom tikeling brate deligt,
The golden praise & flatterers tromp doth sound,
And vassals be to her that claims by right
The title iust that first dame beauty found.

whose dainty eyes such sugred baits do hide,
As popson hartes where glimes of loue do glide.

Come eke & see how heauen and nature wrought,
Within her face where framed is such toy,

As Priams sonnes in vaine the seas had sought,

If halfe such light had had abode in Troy.

For as the golden sunne doth dark eche starre,

So doth her hue the fairest dames as farre.

Eche heauenly gift, eche grace that nature could,

By art or wit my lady lo retaines,

A sacred head, so heapt with heartes of golde,

As Phebus beames for beauty farre it staines,

A sugred tong, where eke such sweetnesse snowes.

That well it semes a fountain where it flowes.

Two laughing eyes so linked in pleasing lookes,

As would entice a tigers hart to serue

As he baite is swete but eager be & hookes,

For Dyane seeks her honour to preserue,

Thus Arundel sits, throned still with fame,

Whom ennies tromp can not attaint with shame,

My dased head so daunted is with heapes

Of giftes diuine & harbor in her brest,

Her heauenly shape, that to my verses leapes,

And touch but & wherein she cloudes the rest.

For if I should her graces all recite,

Both time should want & I should wonders write.

Her chere so swete, so chaste all is her eyes,

Her mouth so snail, her lips so liuely red,

Her hand so fine, her wordes so swete and wise,

That Dallas semes to sojourne in her hed

Her vertues great, her forme as farre exceeds,

As sunne the shade that mortall creatures leades.

Would God & wretched age would spare to race

her liuely hew that as her graces rare

We goddesse like, euen so her goddesse face

Shight neuer change but still continue faire,

That eke in after time ech wight may see,

how vertue can with beauty beate degree.

The

Songes

The louer lamenteth that he
would forgeat loue, and
cannot.

Alas when shall I toy,
When shall my wofull heart
Cast forth the folish toy
That bredeth all my smart?
A thousand times and mo,
I haue attempted soze,
To rid this restlesse wo,
Which reigneth moze and moze.

But when remembrance pass
Hath laid dead coales together,
Olde loue renewes his blast,
That cause my iopes to wither.
Then sodenly a spark,
Startes out of my desire,
And lepes into my heart,
Setting the coales a fire.

Then reason runnes aboute,
To seke forgetfull water,
To quenche and cleane put out,
The cause of all this matter,
And saith dead flesh must needs
Be cut out of the coze,
For rotten withered wedes
Can heale no greuous soze.

But then euen sodenly
The feruent heat doth flake,
And cold then straineth me,
That makes my body shake.
Alas who can endure,
To suffre all this paine,
Whos her that should me cure,
Most cruell death hath slaine.

well well, I say no moze,
Let dead care for the dead,
Yet wo is me therfore,
I must attempt to lead

One other kynde of lyfe,
 When hitherto I haue.
 Or els thys payne and tryfe
 Will bring to me my graue.

Songes written by N. G.

Of the .ix. Muses.

7 Mps of kyng Ioue, and Quene remembraunce is,
 The sisters nine, the poets pleasant feres.
 Calliope doth stately style bestowe,
 And worthy praises payntes of princely peters,
 Clion in solemne songes reneweth all day,
 With present yerres conioyning age by past,
 Delightfull talke loues Comickall Chalep,
 In freshe grene youth, who doth lyke lawrell last
 With voyces Tragicall soundes Melpomen,
 And as with cheynes, thallured care she byndes,
 Her stringes when Terpescor doth touch, euen then
 She toucheth hartes and raigneath in mens myndes,
 Fyne Erato, whose looke a lyuely there
 Presents in dauncing kepes a comely grace,
 With semely gesture doth Polymine stee,
 Whose woordes whole routes of ranks do rule in place,
 Urary her globes to view all bent
 The ninefold heauen obserues with fixed face,
 The blastes Entrepe tunes of instrument,
 With solace swete hence my heauy dumps to chase.
 Lord Phebus in the myddes (whose heauenty spyte
 These ladies doth inspyre) embraceth all,
 The graces in the Muses weed, delpte
 To leade them fourth, that men in maze they fall.

Musonius the Philosophers
 saying.

Songes

In working well, if trauell you sustaine,
 Into the winde shall lightly passe the payne,
 But of the dede the glozyp shall remayne,
 and cause your name with worthy wights to raigne.
 In working wrong, if pleasure you attayne,
 The pleasure soone shall vade, and voide as hayne,
 But of the dede, throughout the lyfe the shame
 Endures, defacing you with foule defame,
 and still tormentes the mynd both night and daye,
 Scant length of time the spot can washe away,
 If e then ill suading pleasures baites vntreue,
 and noble vertues saye renowne pursue.

Description of vertue.

What one art thou, thus in tozneyde yclad?
 Vertue in price, whom auncient sages had,
 Why poozely rayde? for fading goodes past care,
 Why double faced? I marke eche fortunes fare,
 This bydle, what? Wyndes rages to restraine
 Tooles why beare you: a loue to take great payne,
 Why winges? I teache aboue the starres to flye,
 Why I reade you death? I onely cannot dye.

Praise of measure keping.

The auncient time commended not for nought
 The meane, what better thing can there be sought?
 In meane is vertue placed on eyther syde,
 Both right and left amisse a man shall lyde,
 Fear with fire hadst thou the midway shoue,
 I carian becke by name had no man knowne.
 If myddle path kept had proude Phaeton,
 No burning brand this earth had saue vpon,
 The cruel power, he none so soft can raigne,
 What keepes a meane, the same shall still remayne,
 Thee Iulie once dyd to much mercy spilt,
 Thee Nero stern, rigor extreme dyd kill,

How

How coulde August so many yeres well passe?
 Nor ouermeke, nor ouer fierce he was
 worshop not Ioue with curious fantasies baine,
 Nor him despyse holde right a twene these twaine,
 No wastfull wight, no greedy gut is prazed,
 Stand largesse iust in egall balance payzde
 So Catoes meal surmountes Antonius chere,
 And better fame his sober fare hath here.
 To slender building bad, as bad to grosse,
 One an eye sore, the tother falles to losse.
 As medicines helpe, in measure, so (God wot)
 By ouermuch the sick the bane haue got,
 Minere me semes to bitter this mo wates,
 Measure forbiddes vnmearurable praise.

Mans life after Possidonius
 or Crates.

What path list you to treade: what trade will you assay?
 The courts of plea by bzaile, & hate, drawe geile praece away
 In house for wife, and childe, there is but carke and care,
 With trauell, and with toyle enough, in fieldes we vse to fare.
 Alpon the seas lyeth bread, the riche in sozein lande
 Do feare the losse, and there the poore, like mylers poorly stand
 Strype with a wyfe, without your thrift salhatde to see,
 Pong bzats, a troble, none at all, a mayme it semes to be,
 Youth, sonde, age hath no hart, and pincheth all to nye,
 Chooie then the liefer of these two, ny lyfe, or soone to dye.

Metrodorus mynde to the
 contrarie.

What race of lyfe runne you: what trade will you assay?
 In courts is glozy got, & wit encreased day by day.
 At home we take our ease and beake our selues in rest,
 the fieldes our nature do refreche with pleasures of the best,
 On feastis gaine to geat, the stranger he shalbe
 Esteemed, hauing much, if not, none knoweth his lacke, but he,
 A wyfe wil trimme thy house, no wyfe then art thou free,
 Wood is a lonely thing, without, thy lyfe is loose to thee
 Pong bleodes be strong, olde lyzes in double honoure dwell.

Songes

Doway that choyle, no lyfe, or soone to dye, for all is well.]

Of frendship.

Of all the heuenly giftes, that mortall men commend,
What trusty treasure in the worlde can counteruaile a frende?
Our health is soone decayed, goodes, casual, light, and baine,
Broke haue we seen the force of power, and honour suffer staine,
In bodie's lust man doth resemble but base brute,
True vertue geats, and kepes a frende, good guyde of our pursute
Whose hearty zeale with ours accordes, in euery case,
No terme of time, no space of place, no storme can it deface.
When sickle fortune failes, this knot endureth still,
The kin out of their kind may swerue, when frendes owe & good
What sweter solace shall befall, than one to kinde (will
Upon whose brest thou mayst repose the secretes of thy minde?
He wailleth at thy wo, his teares with thine be shed,
With thee doth he al ioyes entoy, so lefe a lyfe is led.
Beholde thy frende, and of thy selfe the paterne see,
One soule a wonder shal it seme in bodie's twaine to bee.
In absence, present: ryche in want, in sicknesse sounde,
Ye after death aliue, maist thou by thy sure frende be founde,
Eche houso, eche towne, eche realme by stedfast loue doth stande:
Where foule debate bredes bitter bale in eche diuided lande
O frendship, flower of flowers, O liuely spryte of lyfe,
O sacred bond of blissefull peace, the stalworth stanche of strife
Scipio with Lelius didst thou conioyne in care
At home, in warres for weale and wo, with egall faith to fare:
Gisippus eke with Tyte, Damon with Pythias,
And with Menethus sonne Achill, by thee combyned was,
Curialus and Rissus gaue virgil cause to sing,
Of Hylades doo many tymes, and of Orestes ryng,
Downe Theseus went to hell with his frende to kinde,
O that the wyues in these our daies wer to their mates so kynd.
Cicero, the frendly man, to Atticus his frende
Of frendship wrote, such couples lo doth lot but seldom lende,
Recount thy race, now conne, how few shalt thou there see,
Of whome to say, this same is he, that neuer failed mee.
So rare a iewel then must nedes be holden dere:
And as thou wilt esteeme thy self, so take thy chosen sere.
The tyrant in dispaire no lacke of golde bewayles,

But

But, out I am bndone (saith he) for all my frendships failles,
 Wherefore since nothing is moze kyndly for our kynde,
 Next wisdom thus that teacheth vs, loue we the frendly mind.

The death of Zoroas, an Egiptian
 an Astronomer, in the first
 fight, that Alex-
 ander had with
 the Persi-
 ans.

Now clattring armies, now raging broyles of warre,
 Can passe the noys of dreadfull trumpets clang,
 Shrowded with shafts, the heauen, with cloude of darts,
 Couered the ayre, against full-fatted bulles,
 As forceth kyndled yre the Lyons keen,
 Whose greedy guts the gnawing hunger pricks,
 So Macedons against the Persians face.
 Now corpses hyde the purpurde soyle with blood,
 Large slaughter on eche side, but Perses moze
 Mopt fieldes be bled, theyr heartes, and numbers bate,
 Faynted while they gaue backe, and fall to flight,
 The litening Macedon by swordes by gleaues,
 By bandes and troupes of footemen with his garde
 Spedes to Dary, but hym his nierenest kyn
 Drate preserues, with horsemen on a plump
 Before his carre, that none the charge should gene,
 Here grunts here grones, eche where strong youth is spent,
 Shaking her bloudy handes Bellone among
 The Perses, soweth all kind of cruel death.
 With throte ycut, he rozes, he lyeth along,
 His entrailes with a launce through gyrded quyte.
 Hym smytes the club, him woundes farre strikynge bowe,
 and him the sling, and hym the shyning sword,
 He dyeth, he is all dead, he pantes, he restes.
 Right ouer stoode in snowe whyte armour brane

Songes

The Memphite Foros, a cunnyng clarke
To whom the heauen lay open as his booke,
and in celestiaill bodies he could tell
The mouyng, meting, light aspect, eclips,
and influence, and constellationes all,
What earthly chaunces would betyde, what pere
Of plenty storde, what sight forwarned death,
How winter genbreth snow, what temperature
In the primetyde both season well the soyle,
Why summer burnes, why autumnne hath ripe grapes,
Whither the circle quadrate may become,
Whether our tunes heaueus armony can yelde,
Of foure begyns, among themselues howe great
Proportion is, what sway the erryng lightes
Doth send in course gayn that fyrt mouyng heauen,
What grees one from another distant be,
What starre doth let the hurtfull fyre to rage,
Or him more mylde what opposition makes,
What fyre doth qualifie Hauorles fyre,
What house eche one doth seeke: what planet raignes
within this heauensphere, or that small thynges
I speake, whole heauen he doleth in his brest.
This sage then in the starres hath spied, the fates
Threatned him death without delay, and sith
He saw he could nor catall order chaunge,
Forward he prest, in battayle that he myght
Mete with the ruler of the Macedons,
Of his right hand desyrous to be slayne,
The boldest beurne, and worthiest in the felde,
and as a wight now wery of his lyfe,
and seking death in fyrt front of his rage,
Comes desperately to Alexanders face,
at him with dartes one after other throwes,
with reckeles wooddes, and clamour him prouokes
and sayth. Accursed be that shamefull stayne
Of mothers bed, why lostst thou thy strokes
Cowardes amonge? Turne thee to me, in case
I haue there be so much left in thy hart,
Come fight with me that on my helmet weare
Hippollos laurell, both for learninges laude,
and eke for martiall praise that in my shielde
The seven folde Sophic of Minerue containe

A matche more mete for king then any here,
 The noble prince amoned, takes ruth vpon
 The wilfull wight, and with soft woordes ayen
 O monstrous man (quod he) what so thou art,
 I pray thee liue, ne doe not with thy death
 This lodge of loze, the Huses manlion marre,
 That treasure house this hand shall neuer spoyle,
 My sword shall neuer bruse that skilfull brayne,
 Long gathered heapes of science some to spill,
 O how fayre frutes may you to mortall men
 From wisdomes garden geue: how many may
 By you the wiser and the better proue?
 What error, what mad moode, what frensy thee
 Perswades to be downe sent to kepe Auerne,
 Where no artes flourish, noz no knowledge hailes?
 For all these sawes when thus the soneraigne sayd,
 Alighted Foras with sword vntheathed,
 The carelesse king there smote aboue the greut,
 At thopening of his quishes wounded him
 So that the blood downe trailed on the grounde,
 The Macedon perceiuing hurt, gan gnashe,
 But yet his mynde he bent in any wyse
 Hym to forbear, set spurres vnto his stede,
 and turnde away, lest anger of his smart
 Should cause reuenger hand deale balefull blowes.
 But of the Macedonians chieftaines knights,
 One Melcager could not beare this sight,
 But ran vpon the sayd Egyptian reuk,
 and cut him in both knees, he fell to grounde,
 wherwith a whole route came of souldiours sterne,
 and all in pieces hewed the sely seg,
 But happely the soule fled to the starres,
 where vnder him he hath full sight of all,
 wherat he gazed here with reaching looke,
 The Persians wailde such sapience to forgo,
 The very fore, the Macedonians wist
 He would haue liued, king Alexander selfe
 Demde him a man vnmete to dye at all,
 who wonne like praise for conquest of his pre,
 As for stout men in fiede that day subdued,
 who princes taught how to discerne a man,
 B.iii.

That

Songes

That in his head so rare a Iewel beares,
But ouer all, those same Camenes, those same
Diuine Camenes, whose honour he procurde
as tender parent doth hys daughters weale,
Lamented, and for thanks all that they can
Do cherish hym deceast, and set him free
From darke obliuion of deuouring death.

Marcus Tullius Ciceros death.

Therfore when restles rage of wynde and wane
He sawe by fates, alas calde for (quod he)
Is haplesse Cicero, sayle on, shape course
To the next shore, and bring me to my death.
Werdy these thanks rescued from euill sword
Wilt thou my countrey pay? I see myne end,
So powers diuine, so byd the Gods aboue,
In citie saued that Consul Marcus shend,
Speaking no more, but drawing from diepe hart
Great groanes, euen at the name of Rome reheart,
His eyes & chekes, with showres of teares he washt,
And (though a route in daily daungers worne)
With forced face the shipmen held theyr teares,
and striuyng long the seas rough flood to passe,
In angry windes and stormy showres made way,
And at the last safe ancred in the rode
Came heauy Cicero a land, with payne
Hys faynted lymmes the aged syze doth drawe,
and rounde aboute theyr maister stode his band,
Nor greatly with theyr owne hard happe dismayde,
Nor plighted faith, proue in sharpe tyme to breake,
Some swordes prepare, some theyr dere lord assist
In littour layde, they lead him vnkouth wayes
If so decaue Antonius cruell gleaues
They might, and threats of folowing routs escape,
Thus lo, that Tullie, went that Tullius,
Of royall robe, and sacred senate prince,
When he a farre the men approche espyeth.

And

And of his fone the ensignes doth acknow
 and with drawen sword, Popilius threatnyng death,
 whose lyfe and w'hole estate, in hazard once
 He had p'ferued, when Rome as yet to free
 Heard him, and at his thundring voyce amaze,
 Herennius eke, more tyger then the rest
 Present enflamde with fury, him pursues,
 What might he do? Should he vse in defence
 Dysarmed handes, or pardon aske for mede?
 Should he with woordes to turne the wrath
 Of tharmed knight, whose safegard he had wrought?
 No, age forbids, and firt within deepe brest
 His countreys loue, and falling Romes ymage,
 The charret turne sayeth he, let lose the raines
 Runne to the vnderferued death, mee, lo,
 Hath Phebus foule, as messenger forwarnde,
 and Ioue desires a new heauensman to make
 Brutus, and Cassius soules, liue you in blisse
 In case yet all the fates gainstrie vs not,
 Neither shall we perchauce dye vnreneged.
 Now haue I liued, O Rome, ynough for me:
 My passed lyfe nought suffreth me to doute
 Noysome obliuion of the lothsome death,
 Slae me, yet all the offspring to come shall know
 and this deccas shall bring eternall lyfe,
 Pea, and (onlesse I fall, and all in vaine,
 Rome, I sometime thy Augur chosen was)
 Not euermore shall frendly fortune thee
 fauour, Antonius, once the day shall come,
 When her deare twights, by cruel spight thus slaine,
 Victorious Rome shall at thy hands require,
 He likes therwhile, go see the hoaped heauen
 Speche had he left, and therwith he, good man
 His throate preparte, and helde his head vnmoued,
 His hasting to those fates the very knightes
 We loth to see, and rage rebated, when
 They his bare necke behelde, and his hoare hzares,
 Scant could they hold the teares, y fourth gan burst,
 and almost fell from bloudy handes the swordes.
 Onely the stern Herennius, with grim looke,
 Masterdes, why stand you still? he sayth, and straight
 Swaps of the head, with his presumptuous yron.

Songes

He with that slaughter yet is he not filde,
Feule shame on shame to heape is his delight,
Wherfore the handes also doth he of smyte,
Which durst Antonius lyfe so lyuely paynt,
Him pelding strained ghost from welkin hye,
With lothy chere, lord Phobus gan behold,
and in blacke cloude, they say, long hid his head.
The latine Muses, and the Graces they wept
and for his fall eternally shall pepe,
And lo, here percing Ditho (strange to tell)
who had to him suffisde both sence and woordes
when so he spake, and drest with nectar foode
That flowing tong, when his wind pipe disclosde,
Fled with her fleeing frend, and (out alas)
Hath left the earth, he will no more retorne,
Popilius flieth therwhile, and leauing there
The senslesse stocke, a grieously sight doth beare
Vnto Antonius boord with mischief fed,

Of M. T. Cicero.

For Tullie late, a tombe I gan prepare,
when Cyprius, thus, bad me my labour spare,
Such maner thinges become the dead, quod he,
But Tully liues, and still alpyue shalbe.

N.G.

The table.

A

Alas so all thinges now
 Althoughe I had a checke
 As oft as I behold
 Bussing the bright
 Alas madame for steling
 Accused though I be
 All in thy looke my lyfe
 A face that should content
 A lady gaue me a gyfte
 A spending hand
 Alas that zuer death
 A student at his booke
 As Cypresse tree
 Among dame natures
 All ye that frendship
 As I haue been so will
 At libertie I sit and see
 As lawrell leaues
 A kind of coale is
 A man may liue thys
 Ah loue how watward
 A cruel Tyger
 Ah libertie now haue I
 A diu desert, how art
 Alas when shall I lope

B

Bittle beauty that
 Because I will kept
 Behold loue thy power
 By fortune as I lay
 Behold my picture
 Bewaile with me

C

Clar when that the
 Cruel vnkinde
 Complaine we may

D

Diuers by death
 Disdain me not

Desyre alas my maister 41
 Driven by desyre I dyd 44
 Death and the king 78
 Do all your dedes by 97
 Do way your phisike 106

E

Eche beast can choose 14
 Eche man me telth 21
 Euer my happe is slacke 36
 Expence now doth 67
 Eche thing I set hath 69

F

From Tuscan came 5
 Fare well the hart of 24
 From these bye hilles 25
 For want of will in wo 31
 Fare well loue 37
 For shamefull harme 42
 Full faire and whyte she is 61
 For that a restless hed 69
 Flee from the please 81
 For lone Apollo 83
 False may he be 84
 From worldly wo 99
 Fare well thou frozen hart 111
 For Callie late 117

G

God ladies ye that 9
 Geue place ye louers 10
 Girt in my gyltlesse gowne 13
 Go burning sighes 38
 Geue place ye ladies 67

H

He is not dead that 19
 Heu of thau I 36
 Holding my peace 107

I

In Cypresse springes 1
 I neuer saw my A. lay 6
 In 31

The table.

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In the rude age.	17	Like as the Larke	52
If waker care	20	Lo here the ende of man	56
I finde no peace	21	Like as the byake	78
It may be good	23	Like as the rage of raine	80
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In Grece sometime	52	Maruel no more altho	27
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I lent my loue to losse	64	My lute awake	33
In seking rest	66	My hart I gaue thee	37
I see there is no sort	71	My trustfull mynde	40
I lothe that I dyd loue	72	My mothers maydes	45
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I heard when fame	84	Nature that gaue the bee	34
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I would I found not	104		
I silly Haw	107	O	
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The table

O Ingring make.

Of all the heavenly giftes

P

Pass fourth my wonted

Perdy I said it not

Phillida was a faire maide

Procrine that sometime

R

Right true it is

Resound my voice

Resigne ye dames,

S

Such wayward wapes

So cruell prison

Set me wheras the sun

Sins fortunes wraath.

Such vain thought as

Some soules there be

She sat and sowd

Sometime I fled the fire

Such is the course

So feble is the thred

Sufficed not madame

Sins loue will nedes

Seake you and spede

Sighes are my foode

Stand who so list

Sith singing gladdeth

Shall I thus ener long

Sith that the way to

Sins thou my ring

Such grene to me

Sins Mars first moued

Stay gentle frend

Some men woulde think

Such wayward waies

T

The sunne hath twise

The soote season that

89 The golden gift

114 To derely had I bought

Though I regarded not

The great Macedon

30 Chalcidian king

35 The fansie which that I

55 The stormes are past

87 The lively sparkes

They flee from me

The wandering gadling

13 The restfull place, renewer

24 The furious gonne

112 The aunswer that ye made

The enmy of life

The flaming sighes that

The piller perisht is

Throughtout the worlde

Tagus farewell.

The life is long

The longer life the more

To this my song geue eare

The plague is great

The restless rage of

The doutfull man hath

The winter with his

The still is a sely man

The still is thou sely man

To liue to die

The smoky sighes

The shining season

To loue alas, who would

To my mishap alas

The golden apple

The coward oft

Though in the were

The dolefull bell

The flickring fame

The soules that lacked

The sun when he hath

The secret flame that

The birde that sometime

Thou Cupide god

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19

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23

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The

The table

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 To false report
 To walke on doubtfull
 To trust the fained face
 The blinded boy
 The wisest way, thy bote
 The auncient time com.
 Therefore when restlesse
 The long loue that in my

V

Vnstable dycame
 Unwarely so was
 Venemous thornes
 Vulcan begat me.
 Vnto the liuing lord.
 Vain is the fleeting welth

VV

VVhen youth had led me
 When former toke in
 When wind for walles
 When raging loue
 Wapt my carlelle
 What restes here
 Was neuer file
 What needes these thzeat
 Where shall I hane.
 What man hath heard
 What vaileth trowth
 Within my best I neuer
 When first mine eyes

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57	who list to leade a quiet	97
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Y

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